Nov. 14, 1931

THE NEW YORKER

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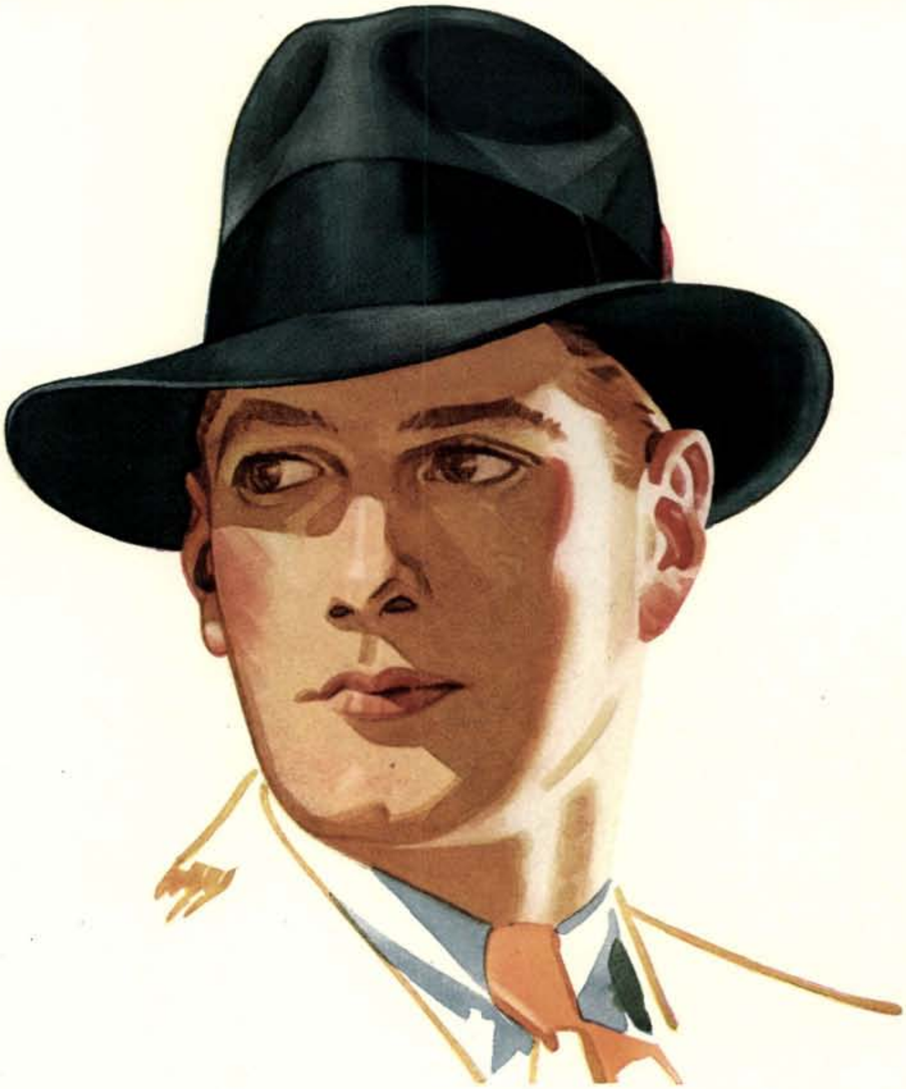

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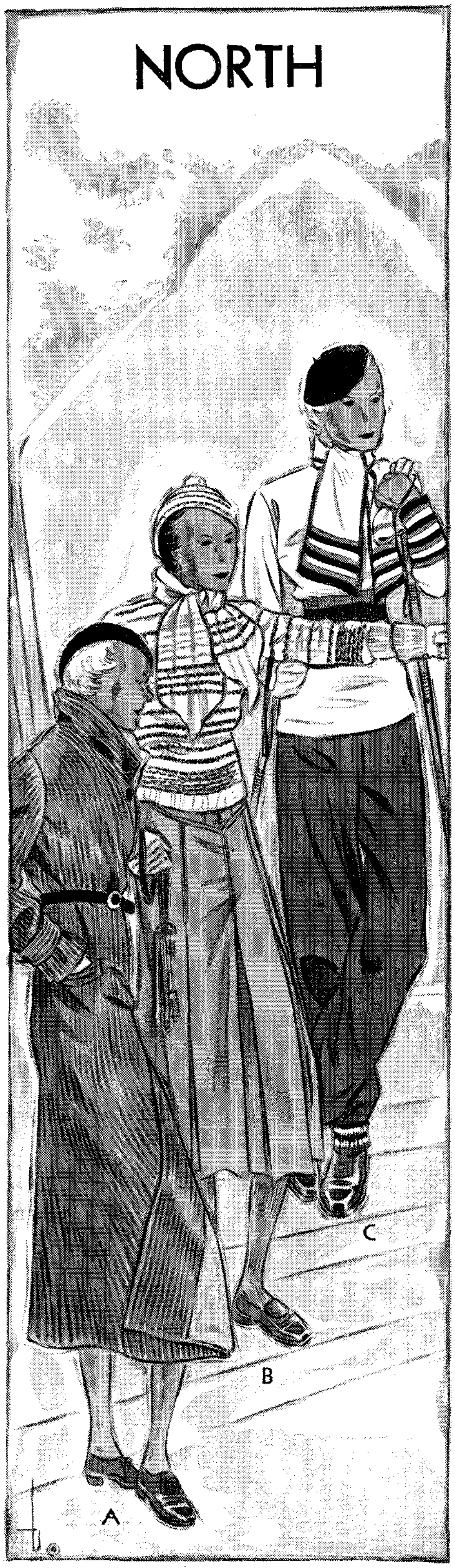

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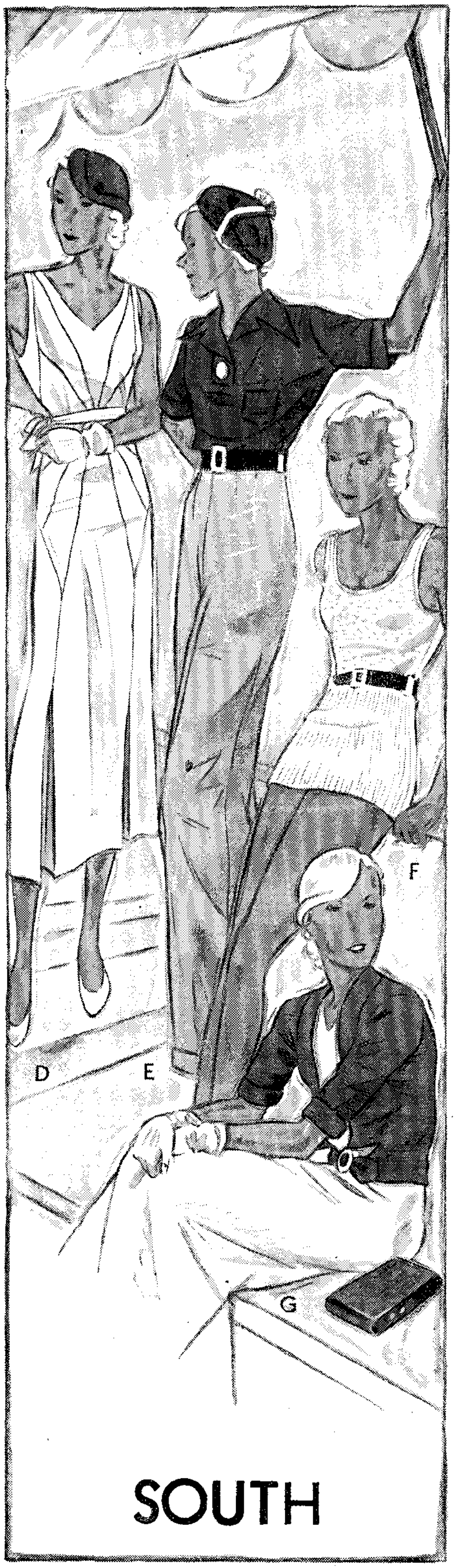

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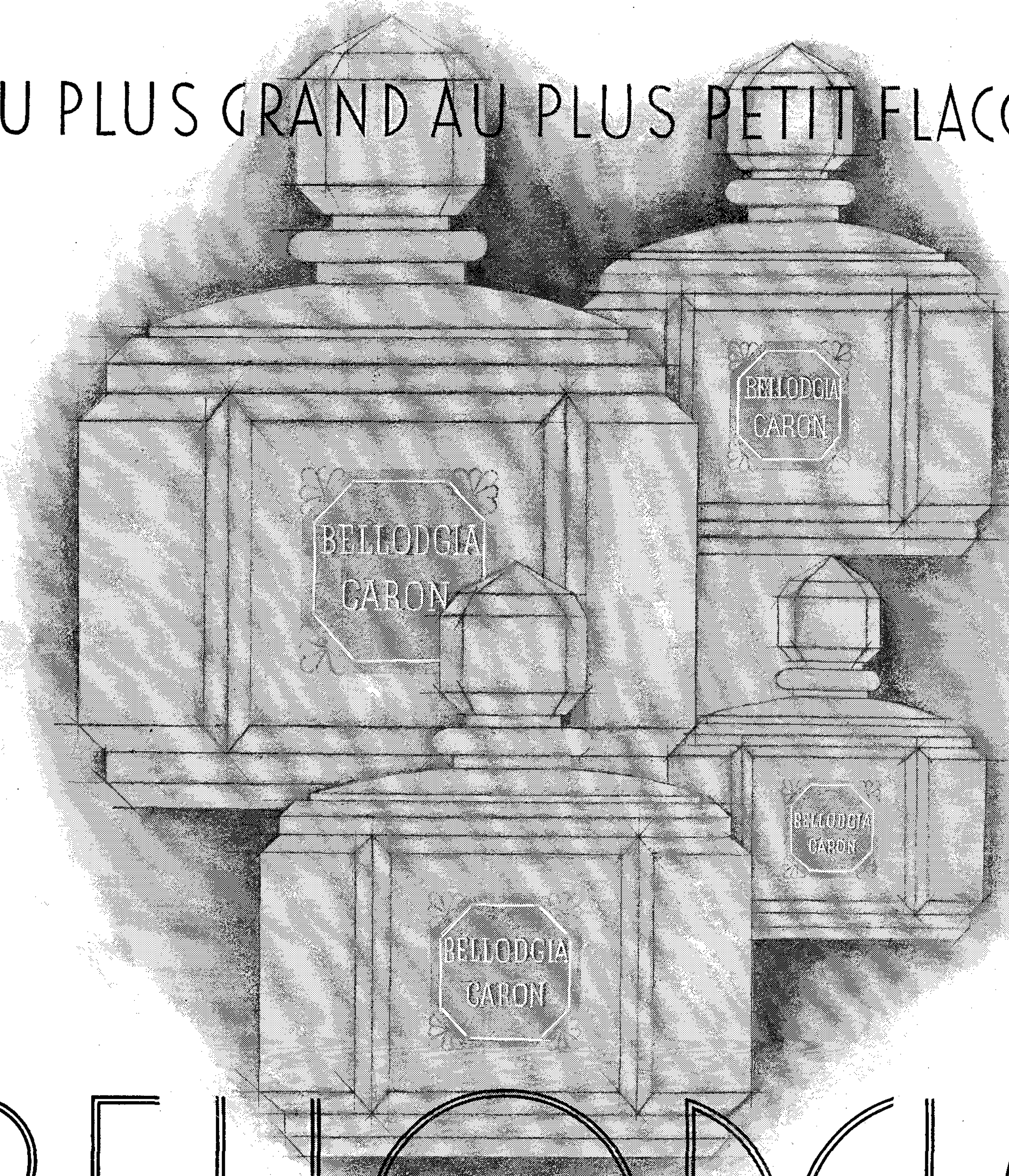
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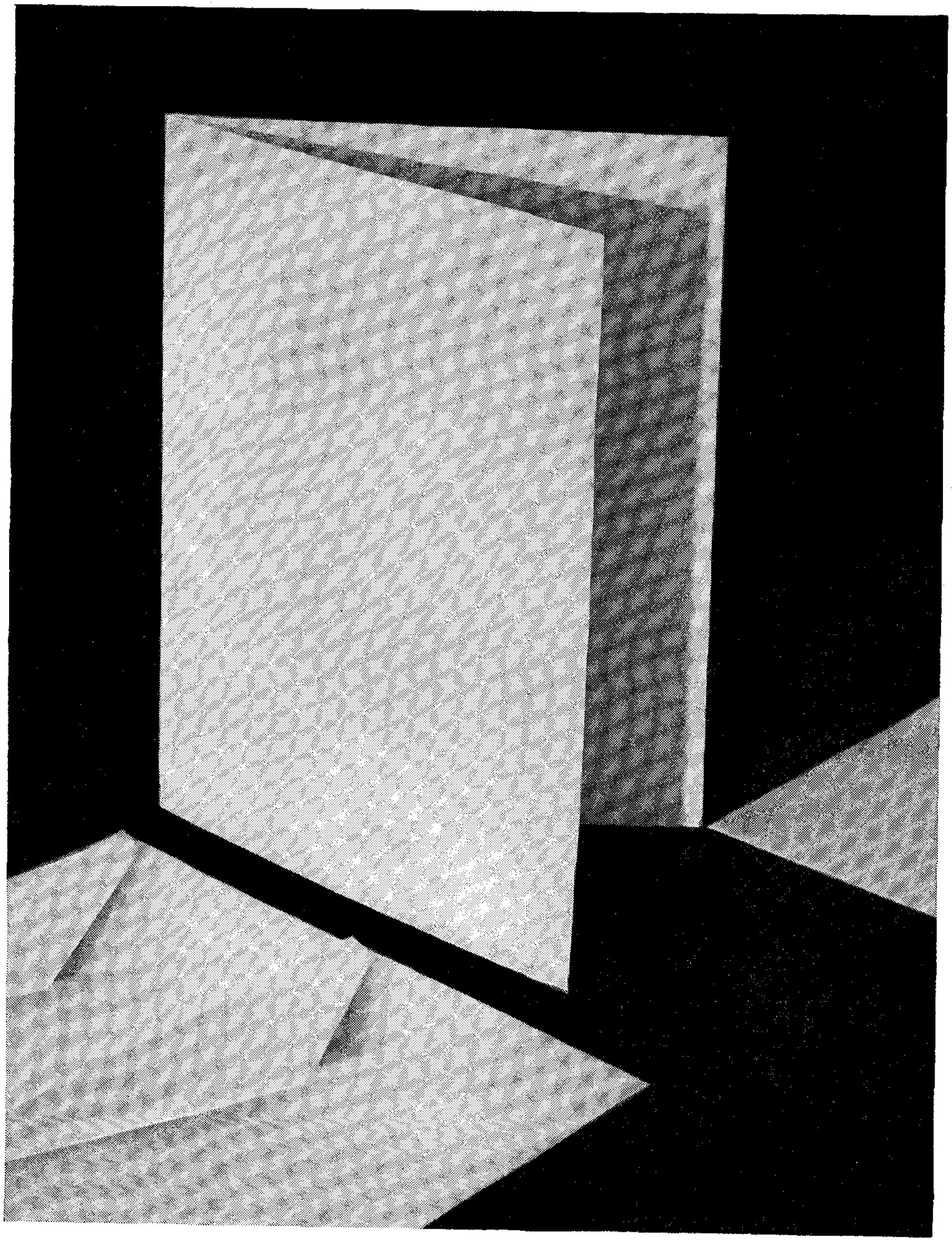
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VII, No. 39, November 14, 1931. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

GREAT NAMES



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R. V. R.

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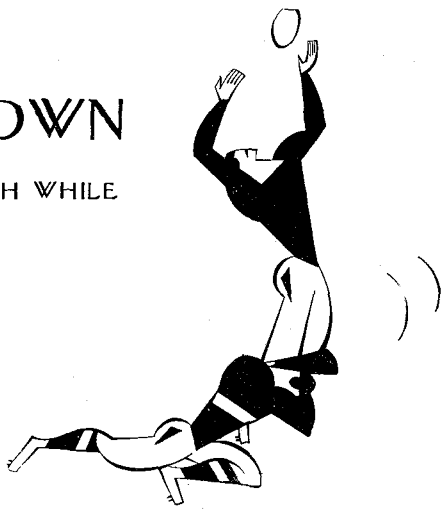
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—On Mon. Eve., Nov. 16, after a six weeks' vacation, Katharine Cornell will resume her engagement in this beautifully presented play of the events leading up to Robert Browning's rescue of Elizabeth Barrett from the paternal dragon. (Empire B'way at 40.)

CHICAGO CIVIC SHAKESPEARE COMPANY—Fritz Leiber, Helen Menken, William Faversham, and others. "The Merchant of Venice," Mon. and Wed. Eves., Nov. 16 and 18, and Sat. Mat., Nov. 21; "Julius Caesar," Tues. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 17 and 20; "Hamlet," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Nov. 19 and 21, and Wed. Mat., Nov. 18. (Royale, 45, W.)

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW—Elmer Rice's story of a successful Jewish lawyer who finds his career going on the rocks and saves it by strictly old-fashioned methods. Paul Muni plays the leading rôle, and, with some cutting, it ought to be good entertainment. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

CYNARA—How a nice, decent guy can be made to look like a bounder by one infidelity which he didn't particularly want. A good play, well done by Philip Merivale, Phoebe Foster, and Adrianne Allen. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

THE GOOD COMPANIONS—Big, good-natured, and expensive account of how some Britishers went out on the road together. Nice, if unexciting. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

GRAND HOTEL—Here you will see what goes on in a Berlin hotel while people are killing, stealing, cheating, and seducing. The most absorbing of last season's plays. (National, 41, W.)

HAMLET—Norman Bel Geddes' startling production, with Raymond Massey as the Melancholy One. Something to be seen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY—Old-time Southern pride on its way out. The customary story told with a great deal more delicacy than usual. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Moves to Mansfield, 47, W. Mon., Nov. 16.)

THE LEFT BANK—If you know your Paris, this will be twice as amusing. If you don't, Elmer Rice's story of the couple who split on Montparnasse ought to be good enough for ordinary purposes. With Katherine Alexander, Horace Braham, and Donald Macdonald. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA—The Theatre Guild's *chef d'œuvre,* giving Eugene O'Neill's six-hour story of hate, revenge, and incest the best production it could possibly have. Alice Brady, Alla Nazimova, Earle Larimore, Thomas Chalmers, and Lee Baker are in it. (Guild, 52, W. Performances weekdays starting at 5:15 P.M.; dinner intermission of one hour at 7 P.M.)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—Charles Laughton from England acting the craven clark-murderer with a skill seldom seen in these days of type casting. Gloomy but should be seen. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—The best of the kidding revivals. Boucicault's melodrama, with Dorothy Gish, Rollo Peters, Romney Brent, Moffat Johnston, and Fania Marinoff. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

WONDER BOY—Movie business-offices put on the pan in a very funny fashion—if you happen to like Jewish talk. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

THE BAND WAGON—Gaiety, lights, music, and dancing in expert combination, with only occasional lapses. Fred and Adele Astaire, Frank Morgan, Tilly Losch, and Helen Broderick. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—Very nice. Not much to laugh at, but a great deal of pleasant music by Jerome Kern to listen to. Georges Metaxa, Bettina Hall, Eddie Foy, Jr., Doris Carson, Odette Myrtil, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"The Chimes of Normandy" will be presented through Sat. Eve., Nov. 14. Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta," with Ilse Marvenga, will be the bill for two weeks starting Mon. Eve., Nov. 16. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—This may not be the greatest show in the world, but it is very good entertainment, all in all. Willie and Eugene Howard, Ethel Merman, Everett Marshall, Rudy Vallée, and Ray Bolger. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HERE GOES THE BRIDE—Clark and McCullough in a musical show which is not exactly what one would have expected from Mr. Peter Arno. (46th Street, 46, W. Closed Nov. 7.)

THE LAUGH PARADE—One of the best Ed Wynn shows so far. (Imperial, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1931—A lovely thing to watch, in the best Ziegfeld tradition. You may get quite a few laughs out of it, too, but nothing to whistle. Harry Richman, Jack Pearl, Ruth Etting, Hal LeRoy, and others. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

●

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER—In her solo dramatic performances, "The Wives of Henry VIII." Every Eve. at 8:50, starting Sun. Eve., Nov. 15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:45. (Avon, 45, W.)

VAUDEVILLE—The bill at the Palace continues to be headed by Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Children's Players under the direction of Adrienne Morrison, in "Racketty Packetty House"; Fri. Afts., Nov. 13 and 20, at 4. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.) . . . Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Cinderella"; Sat. Morn., Nov. 21, at 10:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

IF LOVE WERE ALL—A comedy by Cutler Hatch, with Margaret Sullavan, Walter Kingsford, and Aline MacMahon. Opens Fri., Nov. 13. (Booth, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

REUNION IN VIENNA—The Theatre Guild's production of Robert E. Sherwood's comedy, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt heading the cast. Opens Mon., Nov. 16. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

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THE LADY WITH A LAMP—A play about Florence Nightingale by Reginald Berkeley, with Edith Evans and Patricia Collinge. Opens Thurs., Nov. 19. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

BRIEF MOMENT—Guthrie McClintic's production of S. N. Behrman's play, with Francine Larrimore, Robert Douglas, and Alexander Woollcott. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—With Ethel Barrymore as Lady Teazle. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

SING HIGH, SING LOW—A play with an operatic background, by Murdock Pemberton and David Boehm. (Harris, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

THE SOCIAL REGISTER—Lenore Ulric in a play by John Emerson and Anita Loos with Sidney Blackmer. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:40 P.M.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—With Morton Downey's singing and Veloz and Yolanda's dancing as the main attractions. Music by Eddy Duchin's orchestra.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—Emil Coleman's orchestra playing for a smart after-theatre crowd. Entertainment by Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Maddux. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 7-3203)—High-hat Broadway; with George Olsen and his music.*

EMPIRE ROOM, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Joe Moss and his orchestra play for supper dancing. Must dress.

THE NEW LIDO, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-2806)—Where Helen Morgan, Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell, and Henry King's orchestra provide the entertainment.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Undersea decorations and Vincent Lopez music. Dances by Caperton and Biddle. Must dress.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two places that have elaborate revues, noisy Broadway crowds, and no cover charge; Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580), with a new show; and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-7767), with Cab Calloway's band; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630), are two of the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go late.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), has an uptown clientele, a Continental air, and is very good fun. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq. . . . If you're looking for something Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.; and El Flamenco, 15 Barrow, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, featuring Russian food, and singing by Adia Kuznetzoff and Mme. Nicolina.

NOTES ON DANCE ORCHESTRAS—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45 (Vanderbilt 3-9200).* . . . You will find Rudy Vallée and his band at the Pennsylvania Grill, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000). . . . Coon-Sanders and their Nighthawks are at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000).

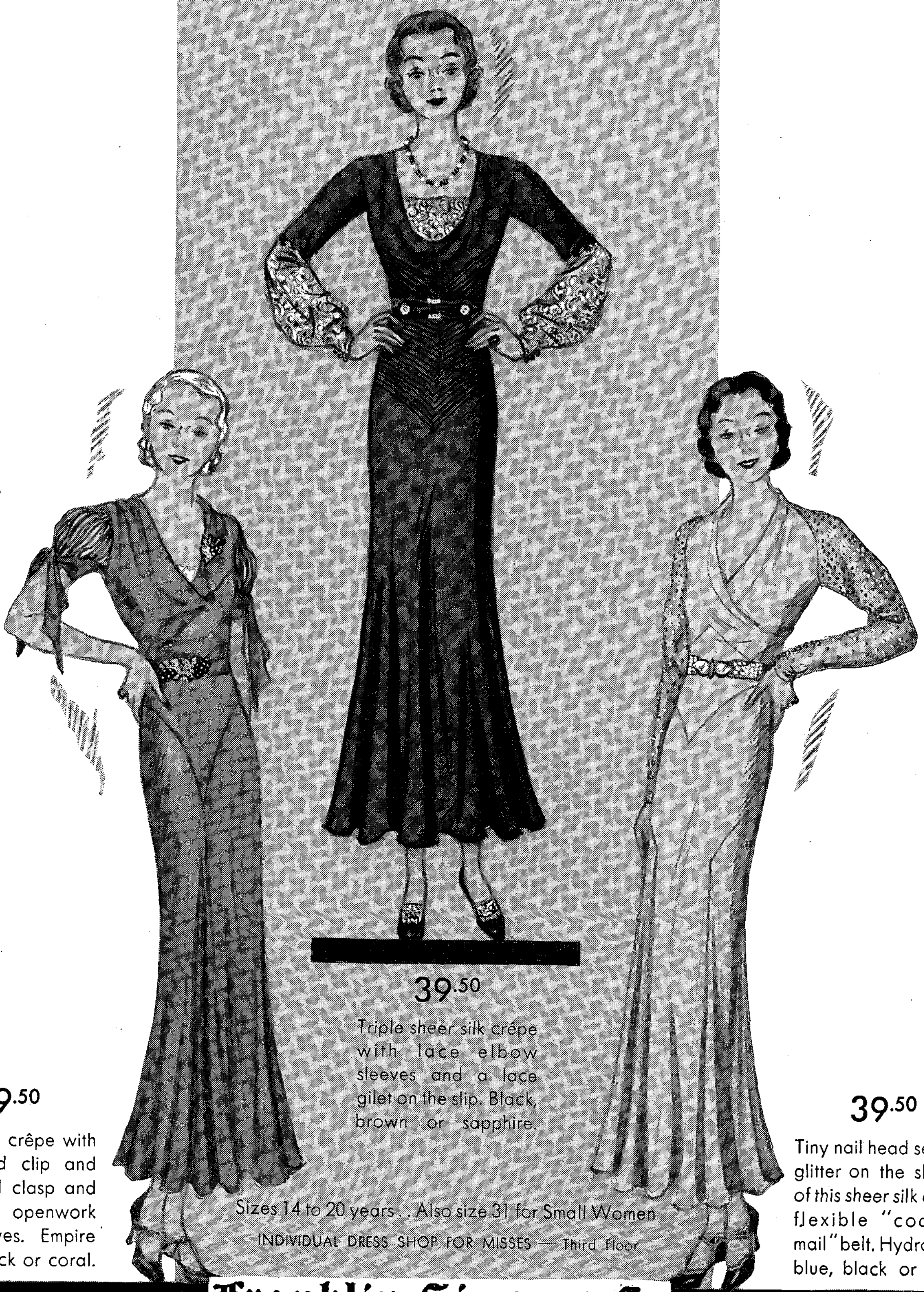
MOTION PICTURES

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—Not as good as it should have been, but retaining enough strength from the original Dreiser work to make it appear distinguished among the year's pictures. (Sher-

(Continued on page 6)

For Misses

THE END-OF-THE-DAY DRESS HAS STARTED SOMETHING . . . A VOGUE FOR SHEER SILK CRÊPES



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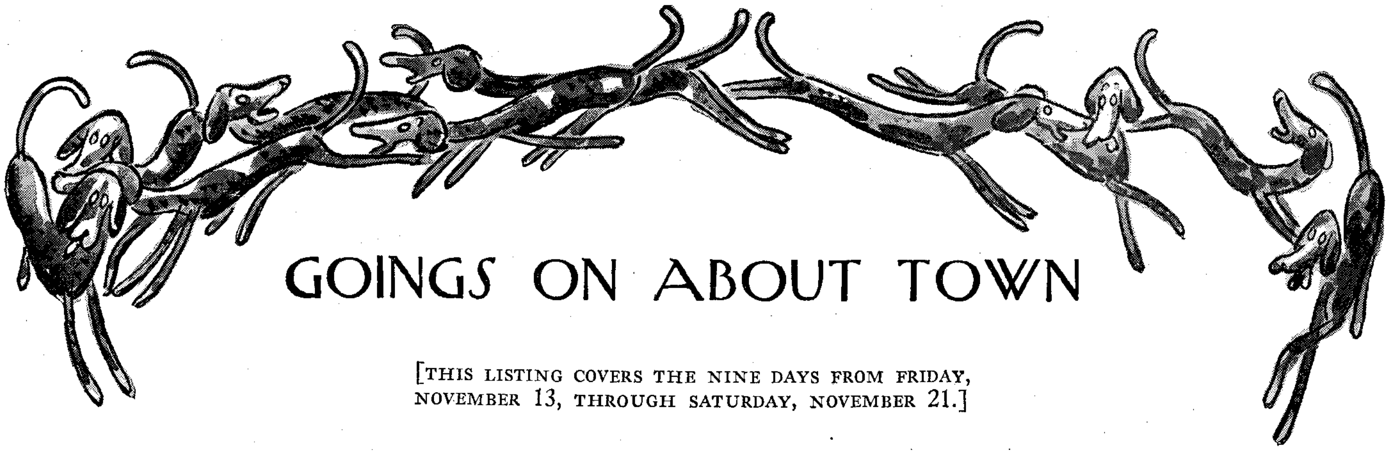


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21.]

(Continued from page 4)

idan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 17 and 18; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Disraeli—One-day revival of the George Arliss picture. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Mon., Nov. 16 only; continuous from 2 P.M.)

Le Million—René Clair's French film, with a great deal of humor and a bit of music here and there. (5 Ave. Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; performances continuous from noon.)

The Sin of Madelon Claudet—Helen Hayes does a "Madame X" part and makes it seem reasonable and appealing. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 14-16; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Street Scene—Elmer Rice's fine objective study of a *crime passionnel* intelligently adapted to the screen. With Sylvia Sidney and Beulah Bondi. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 19 and 20; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Susan Lenox—Greta Garbo, with Clark Gable, in a picture that is a triumph for all concerned. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 14-16; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Unholy Garden—A lively Hecht-MacArthur study of some scamps in the Sahara, with Ronald Colman. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

Newsreel Theatres—A potpourri of current events for a quarter. Programs change every Sat. Morn. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous weekdays from 10 A.M. to midnight; Sun. from noon. Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; and Trans-Lux, B'way between 49 and 50, entrance on the left; continuous from 11 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Bad Girl," from the Viña Delmar novel about young love on the upper East Side; "The Guardsman," Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt at last on the screen in Molnár's comedy, and very successful, too; "Monkey Business," the Marx Brothers again and better than ever in a picture that is not just an old stage libretto; "Un Soir de Rafle," a pleasant French movie of Montmartre and the side streets of Paris.

ART

Americans—New canvases by Billings, Spencer, Blume, and others: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Ceramics—Examples by leading American potters: 3rd floor, W. & J. Sloane, 5 Ave. at 47. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Industrial—The twelfth exhibition of contemporary American industrial art: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Nov. 22.

Landscapes—A brilliant and well-selected exhibit showing the beginning and development of French landscape painting, with excellent catalogue. Admission charge for benefit of Public Education Ass'n: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 14.

Marin—Some fine oils by a man who usually expresses himself in a lighter medium. Also water colors and etchings: An American Place, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 5 P.M.

Matisse—The Museum of Modern Art opening the season with a complete showing of the French master colorist: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; and Tues. and Wed., 8 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Modern—Some of the newer French and Americans in another fine show, including Hirsh, Man Ray, Gaulois, and Canadé: L'Élan, 50 E. 52. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Modigliani—Retrospective exhibition, organized for the Fund Modigliani: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Rousseau—"La Noce" and other fine canvases by the most famous Sunday painter: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Sporting Prints—An exhibition of modern American sporting prints of the Derrydale Press, including aquatints and lithographs: Ackermann, 50 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Whitney—The Whitney Museum of American Art will open Wed., Nov. 18, showing oils and sculpture by modern Americans: 10 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless *otherwise noted, performances begin at* 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Vladimir Horowitz—Much excitement on the keys: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 13.

Wiener and Doucet—Classical program by these playful fellows from France. But there will be encores, presumably: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 14.

John McCormack—If you want to know what "style" *in singing means*: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 15.

Harold Bauer—First recital this season by Mr. Bauer: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 15.

Sidney Sukoenig—Return of one of last year's most impressive pianists: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 16.

Beethoven Association—Chamber music by surprise notables: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 16.

Artistic Morning—Yvonne Gall, soprano; George Copeland, pianist; and Adam Didur, basso: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Nov. 19, at 11:30.

Albert Spalding—Second concert this semester by our most distinguished violinist: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., *Nov. 20.*

Clarence Adler—An accomplished New York pianist returns in recital: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 21.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Kleiber conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 13, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Nov. 15, at 3; Wed. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 20, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:45. . . . Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 21, at 11.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Reiner conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:45.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 19; Sat. Aft., Nov. 21, at 2:30.

Russian Symphonic Choir—Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 21.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"La Tosca," Fri. Eve., Nov. 13, at 8:30; "La Forza del Destino," Sat. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2; "Die Walküre," Sat. Eve., Nov. 14, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:30; "Schwanda," Mon. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:15. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

New York Opéra Comique—Opening bill of season, "The Poacher," *by Lortzing*: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. Mon. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 16-21, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 21, at 2:30.

Boccaccio—In English, Leginska conducting: New Yorker Theatre, 54, W. of B'way. Nightly at 8:30, starting Tues. Eve., Nov. 17. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Music Appreciation Hour: *Fri. Morns., Nov. 13* and *20*, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra: Sun. Aft., Nov. 15, at 1:15, over WJZ.

Chicago Civic Opera—"Samson and Delilah," Act I, broadcast from Chicago: Sat. Eve., Nov. 14, at 9, over WJZ.

Gordon String Quartet—Chamber music: Sun. Morn., Nov. 15, at 11:30, over WJZ.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Kleiber conducting: Sun. Aft., Nov. 15, at 3, over WABC. . . . Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Nov. 21, at 11, over WABC.

Mary Garden—Soloist in General Electric Program: Sun. Aft., Nov. 15, at 5:30, over WEAF.

Richard Tauber—Radio début of the popular German tenor: Sun. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:15, over WABC.

Ernest Hutcheson—Pianist, with concert orchestra: Sun. Eve., Nov. 15, at 10:30, over WABC.

Toscha Seidel—Violinist, with concert orchestra: Mon. Eve., Nov. 16, at 10:30, over WABC.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stokowski conducting. Full-length program, broadcast from Philadelphia: Sat. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:15, over WABC.

Boxing—Fights at Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Nov. 13 and 20, at 9:30, over WMCA.

Football Games—Sat. Aft., Nov. 14: Navy vs. Notre Dame, at 1:45, over WJZ; Georgia vs. Tulane, at 2:45, over WEAF; Pittsburgh vs. Army, at 1:30, over WABC.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Tommy Loughran vs. Paulino Uzcudun, Fri. Eve., Nov. 13; Tony Canzoneri vs. Kid Chocolate, Fri. Eve., Nov. 20; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

College Football—(Directions for reaching *fields are noted at the end of this item.*)

Sat., Nov. 14, at 2 P.M.—Harvard vs. Holy Cross, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Princeton vs. Washington & Lee, Princeton. . . . Navy vs. *Notre Dame, Baltimore.* . . . *Pennsylvania* vs. Georgia Tech, Franklin Field, Philadelphia. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, Yankee Stadium. . . . Columbia vs. Brown, Providence. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Haverford, Lewisohn Stadium.

Sat. Aft., Nov. 21, at 2 P.M.—Harvard vs. Yale, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field. . . . Fordham vs. Bucknell, Polo Grounds.

Directions to fields—Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St. . . . Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for Boston, from Grand Central, 7 A.M.; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:10 P.M.; for Baltimore, from Penn. Sta., 9:30 A.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.; for Providence, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M.

Hockey—*First games of season at Madison* Square Garden, 8:30 P.M.—Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun. Eve., Nov. 15; Americans vs. Rangers, Tues. Eve., Nov. 17; Rangers vs. Boston, *Thurs. Eve., Nov. 19.*

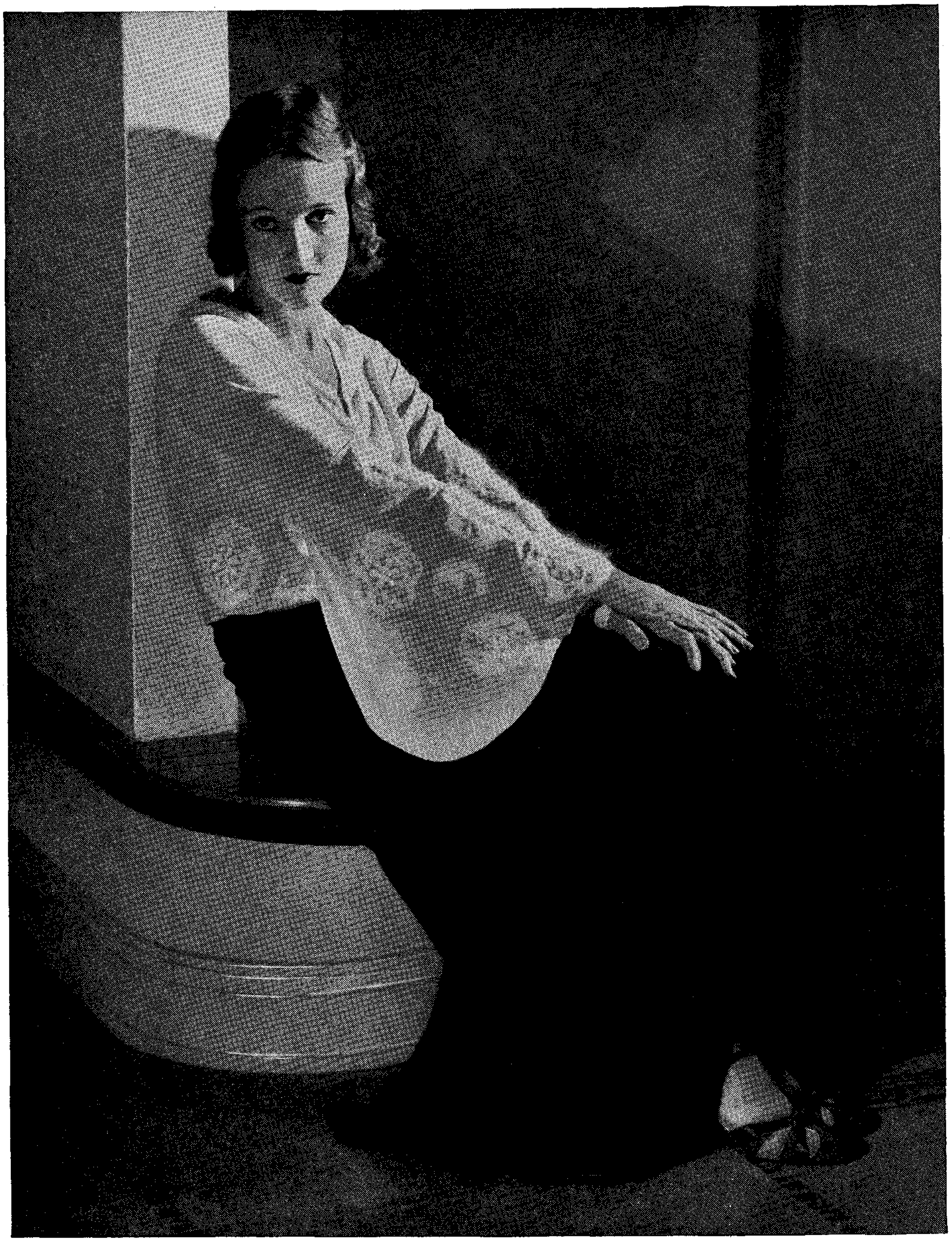
Wrestling—At Madison Square Garden: Londos vs. Calza, Mon. Eve., Nov. 16; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Pet Show—Cats, and many other kinds of pets, in the Third National Pet Show: Madison Square Garden. Opens Tues., Nov. 17, at 2 P.M.; daily thereafter 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 21.

Sir Hubert Wilkins—Illustrated talk "Under the Arctic Sea in a Submarine": Explorers Club, 544 Cathedral P'kway, Wed. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:30.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Racing trophies, sporting prints, Early American and English furniture and decorations, from the estate of the late Gifford A. Cochran: Fri. Aft., *Nov. 13, at 2:15.* . . . The Roland V. Vaughn collection of fine Early American furniture and decorations: Sat. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2:15. . . . Rare and sporting books *and first editions from the Gifford A. Cochran* library: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 19 and 20, at 8:15. . . . Paintings from the Ehrich Galleries: Fri. Eve., Nov. 20, at 8:15. . . . At *the National Art Galleries, Rose Room, Hotel* Plaza—Rare Oriental rugs: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 13 and 14, at 2.

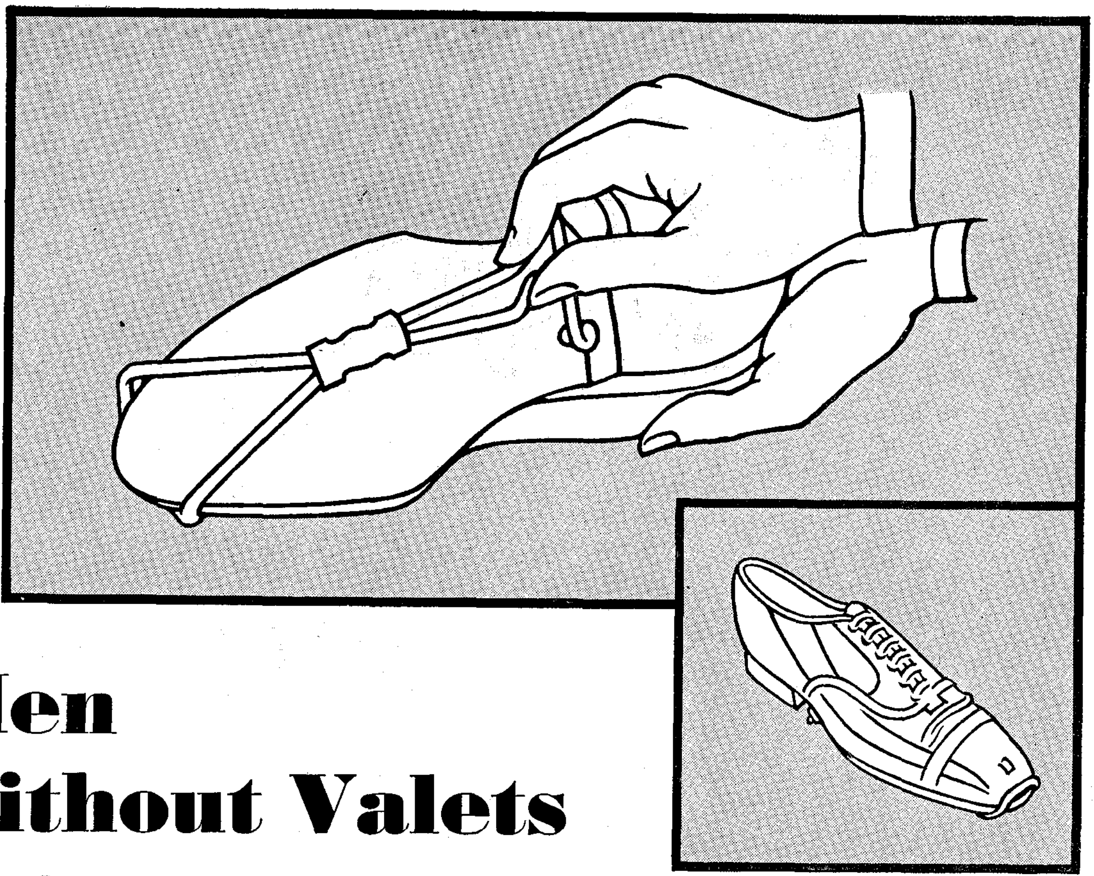


French Underwear . . . **PAJAMAS, NEGLIGEES**

There's no duplicating the loveliness of imported underwear. Exquisite hand-work, the skillful use of delicate silks and laces, remain unchangeably French. As they are for other fine things, the prices of our imported underwear are lower this year, and lower, too, for unusual individual French negligees and pajamas. Illustrated: Imported formal pajamas with black velvet trousers and a sheer white blouse, wide sleeved and embroidered in white Angora with a design of conventionalized flowers and leaves.

L. P. HOLLANDER CO.

3 EAST 57 STREET, NEW YORK · 202 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



For Men Without Valets

Also for Women who feel a Gift Problem coming on

We began with the assumption that a gentleman takes pains—without being painful—to be well dressed. This automatically means that he takes reasonable care of his shoes.

Next. We found that in the average gentleman's wardrobe you can't see the shoes for the trees . . . clumsy affairs that he feels he ought to use but never does.

Having no interest in reforming men, we redesigned the tree. And now it isn't a tree at all. It goes on the bottom instead of inside. Weighs an ounce or two instead of a ton. Takes two seconds to slip on.

And as though that weren't enough, we found that we had scored several other triumphs. SHU-SAVERS permit the *inside* of shoes to dry. They keep the soles off the floor and so allow *them* to dry. No wrinkling of the inside lining or uppers. All of which means that shoes last about 50% longer and look smart to the very day of their honorable retirement.

The price is $1 per pair, chromium plated.

And since they fit any man's shoes, from size six up, part of your annual gift problem is practically solved already.

Order SHU-SAVERS from your local merchant. Or send us one dollar for each pair needed and we will mail them to you—or to separate addresses—postpaid. Each set packed in a swanky red and gold box. Order at once for Christmas. You get your money back if you don't like them. But you will.

THE SHU-SAVER CO.
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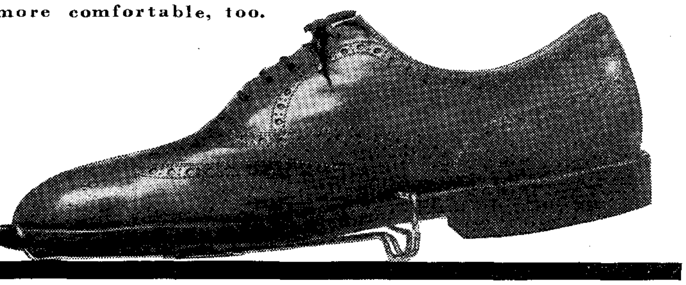
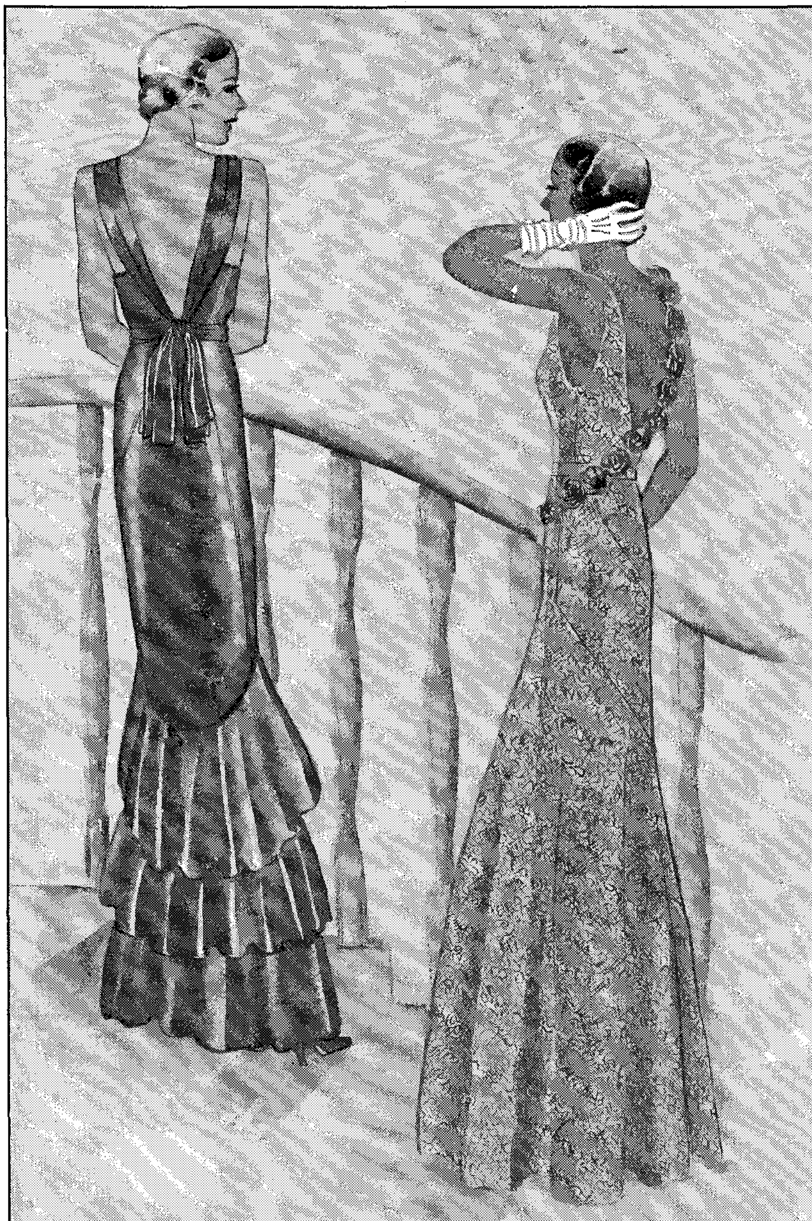
If you think this is an exaggeration just look in his clothes closet.



A SHU-SAVED shoe looks like this. Naturally it *feels* more comfortable, too.



BONWIT TELLER
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 56th STREET
NEW YORK

Debutante
Department
Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17
Seventh Floor

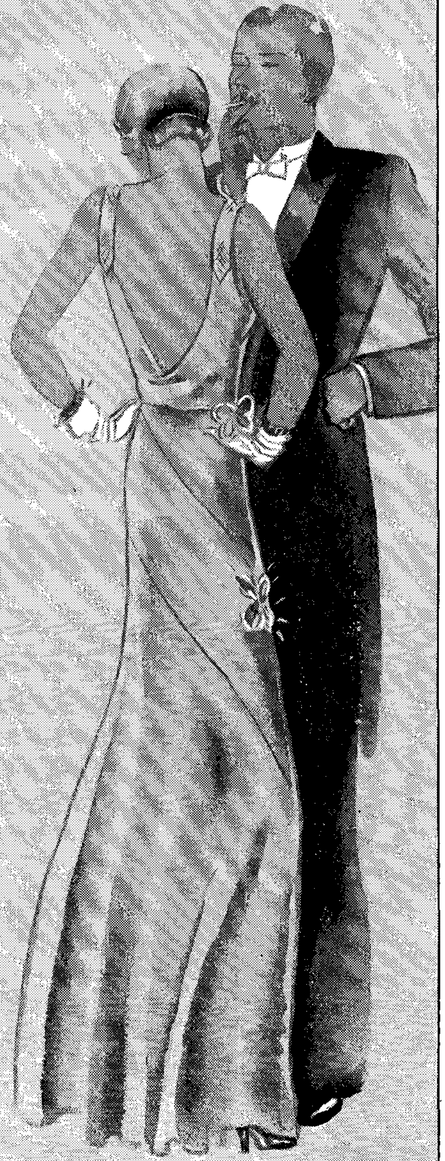
Your Face May Be Your Fortune But On The Dance Floor It's Your Back!

And the debutante department shows you how to turn your back upon high prices, too!

A back that reaches the vanishing point . . . on a sheer crepe dress that has adorable old-fashioned ruffles at the bottom. . . . (*Left*) 29.00

Blossoms are back again . . . this time a garland of them on a suede lace gown that fits like a sheathe. (*Center*) 39.00

A back that will bring it into the foreground is featured by this molded satin gown, starry with rhinestone bows at the side. . (*Right*) 49.00



HIGH HAT

We have often been accused of being high hat. And we are—if you mean what we mean by high hat.

If an inordinate regard for the weave of a Rodier fabric, the cleverness of some little Chanel bracelet, the intricate needling of a Vionnet gown, the new flare to a gauntlet, or a new flair in a hat, means being high hat . . . then, we are!

If the ruthless snubbing of any fashion that couldn't be worn at Southampton or to the Colony at luncheon is high hat, we're guilty again.

If an intolerant distaste for anything (whether it is a handbag at $2.95 or a $75,000 fur coat) that isn't high fashion at its highest is included in the accusation, then we are thrice guilty of being high hat!

SAKS · FIFTH AVENUE

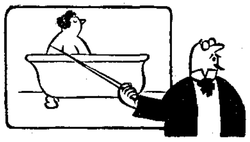
Good taste is not a matter of money . . . at Saks · Fifth Avenue. High fashion does not mean high price. $75,000 for a fur coat or $185 . . . $28 for shoes or $10.50 . . . $500 for a handbag or $2.95 . . . if it's Saks it's right . . . no matter how much or how little you pay.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

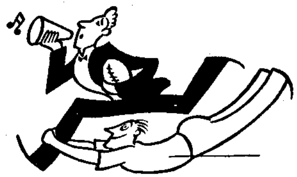
THIS week, although its dress is the same, THE NEW YORKER wears on its type face an expression of beatitude. It goes forth like a girl to be kissed, or a poet on his way to mail a letter. This week (after O Lord how many!) its errand becomes significant; and in the literate scrabble of these pages, from now on, there will be a pebble of meaning, an olive of importance. Instead of devoting itself to the fatiguing task of trying to amuse its readers, or adding a gentle frivol to a dentist's waiting-room, the magazine will valorously go on to its higher duty and its new responsibility. THE NEW YORKER has become a textbook!



Our university is the Boston Psychopathic Hospital. Our professor is Mr. F. L. Wells, head psychologist of the Hospital and instructor in the Harvard Medical School. Mr. Wells has been at us to let him reproduce drawings that appear in this magazine, so that he may project them on a screen for class discussion. He says they illustrate a great many things of profound psychopathological importance, and that if he can gain the consent of our artists (who have for years been laboring under the silly notion that they were just drawing comical pictures), he can flash to his students matters of the utmost pith. For example: we published, one time, a drawing of a tardy man and woman standing on a pier, watching an ocean liner disappear down the Bay. The woman said: "Don't just stand there—*do* something!" Mr. Wells finds in this simple scene of North River frustration a secret *malaise* which can push a mind to the brink of sanity; he finds that it illustrates a common flowering of the feminine psyche, showing that a woman, in a critical situation, demands action, no matter whether the action makes any sense or not. Another example: our drawing of a fireman squirting a magnificent stream of water on a building, and saying: "Geez, I hope the chief is looking." In this street idyll, which we published merely to give our fire laddies a puff, Mr. Wells sees the burning human desire for approbation—the slow fire that consumes the mind and guts the rafters of its haunted old belfry. The list is long. All the warts and festers of the human brain, all the nutgalls on the strong trunk of the mind, are to be found neatly catalogued in our drawings, suitable to be thrown upon the lecture screen. Can you tie that?

On to Boston!

IT makes our head swim to read football headlines, the nomenclature is so devious. "Crimson Tide Swamps Dolphins." It sounds like an eerie trick of nature, not like a grid contest. "Lions Rip Gophers' Defence." Obviously a zoo story. The teams should be rechristened, and it occurs to us that, instead of naming them for a lot of dumb animals, the colleges should name them for famous alumni, whose names would carry some meaning to the average reader. We are sick of seeing "Bulldog and Tiger Deadlocked, 0–0." We should prefer to read that "Vallées and Halliburtons Battle to Scoreless Tie."



AT Cornell (home of Element No. 87), a professor of chemistry has been experimenting with insanity among plants. In humans, when the proteins of the brain thicken, insanity develops, then unconsciousness. The same thing, it appears, takes place in plants; and it is just possible that the pot of ivy you have been watering so lovingly every day has gone completely balmy. This discovery unquestionably explains our rubber plant—a daft little bush that for years has followed us about from apartment to apartment. More than once we have struck her in anger, and she has shown no pain. Mad Hattie, we call her.

THE neatest irony of the week is Henry Ford's farm. The farm has been developed by high-powered (and we presume high-paid) experts in farm management, who have built it up to the point where hundreds of thousands of bushels of carrots can be raised by machinery, without any man's lifting a finger. Now, however, Ford makes them buy a lot of hand hoes and sends hundreds of men out into the fields, to dig carrots and husk corn by hand, because they need a job. Well now—reducing the efficiency of a farm involves a lot of work, and we assume that this work is being done by the very same persons who are on

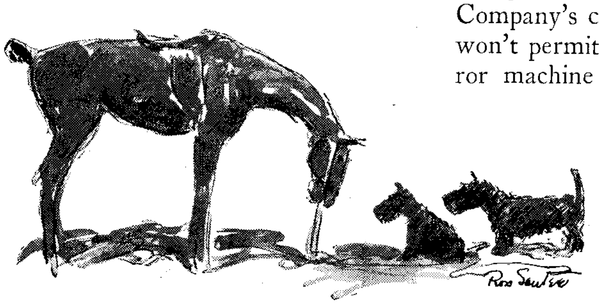
Ford's payroll as experts, and took his money in the first place for building up the efficiency. We regard this as unfair, and industrially unsound. The efficiency men should be sent out into the fields with the hands, and the general mismanagement of the farm should be given over to persons equipped, by temperament and experience, for the highly technical work of letting a place go to pieces. This is their day.

English Usage

A GENTLEMAN (and a Harvard man himself, too) has pointed out to us a slight slip in grammar on the application blanks for tickets to the Harvard games this season. One item reads: "My Class and Department in Harvard was ——." Our informant says he was pretty mortified by it; he crossed out the "was" and, very firmly, wrote in "were" above it, before putting down "1906 Academic."

Room 967

A VISITOR from Ohio — from Circleville, Ohio, to be exact—stopped at a hotel in the Grand Central district. One night he went to a movie, later strolled up Broadway, smoked a cigar, and at length headed for his hotel. He went in, stopped at the desk, asked for his key—967—got it, yawned, and took the elevator up to his room. When he entered it and flicked on the light, he was startled to see that he had been cleaned out, bag, baggage, toothbrush, everything. Oddly, too, the marauders had apparently shifted the bathroom from the left side of the room to the right. Baffled and alarmed, the gentleman examined his key. Yes, it was 967 all right, and that was his room—he never forgot a number. In examining the key, however, he discovered what was the matter. It was the key to Room 967 in another hotel a few blocks away. He had walked into the wrong hotel. Pulling himself together, he took the elevator back downstairs, lightly tossed the key across the counter to a smiling clerk, and walked two blocks up the avenue to the right place, tired but happy, declaring to himself that it had indeed been an interesting adventure.



Insert Coin Here

ONE business which has gone on growing right through bear markets is the weighing-machine industry. There are about fifteen thousand coin-in-the-slot weighing machines around town now, we are told by a man who knows about them, and on the whole they are doing at least as well as could be expected. The current interest in diet in calories is stronger than any instinct to save pennies. The scales are placed about by concessionnaires, who act as middlemen between the manufacturers and druggists, tobacconists, et al. The percentage which goes to these last is usually about twenty-five, but sometimes they receive as high as fifty per cent for especially desirable locations, such as chain stores where women go in numbers with pennies.

One company, the biggest in town, operates six thousand scales. It has some that tell your fortune on a card as well as indicate your weight. They thought this idea up five or six years ago and it doubled business. Officials of the company get up the fortunes themselves, making no claims about them whatsoever. Each machine holds two hundred different fortunes and new sets are put in three or four times a year so habitual weighers won't be getting the same prophecies over and over. They don't put in any predictions of misfortune, figuring it would be bad business to alarm customers. There are some scales, also, which eject pictures of movie stars, and youngsters collect them the way boys used to collect cigarette pictures. A series of aviators and ballplayers may be added soon. One company is thinking seriously about it, anyway. Scales with mirrors were another bright idea that paid. Incidentally, the Telephone Company's cafeteria at 195 Broadway won't permit the installation of a mirror machine there—thought the girls would waste time primping. If it weren't for this it would be the best location in town. As it is, the Western Union cafeteria at 40 Broad Street is the best. The scales there average a dollar a day.

Practically all the machines used to bear the inscription over the coin slot: "Insert Coin Here." They always worked with a penny, but frequently people would put in a nickel, or even a dime. Some concessionnaires used to allow an extra commission for silver found when the machine was opened. Two or three years ago the better companies had a change of heart, however, and not only stopped these extra commissions but replaced the legend with one reading: "Insert Penny Here." Changes in the weather affect the less responsible scales a lot, but nothing official is done about it as the Mayor's Bureau of Weights and Measures has jurisdiction only over commodity scales.

Priceless

OUR attention has just been directed to the assistance the Squibb people gave Tammany in the recent election. There is a big Squibb sign at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street, done in colored lights, elaborate—cost a hundred thousand dollars. For some reason or other the sign hasn't yet been in operation. Outdoor Advertising, the concern which puts up most of the big signs, allowed Tammany to use the site as a billboard. A gaudy yellow banner was spread over the sign asking voters to support Mr. Levy, Miss Byrne, and the Democratic Party. The Squibb slogan was left uncovered and thus became an integral part of Tammany's appeal. It reads, you may remember: "The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the Honor and Integrity of its Maker."

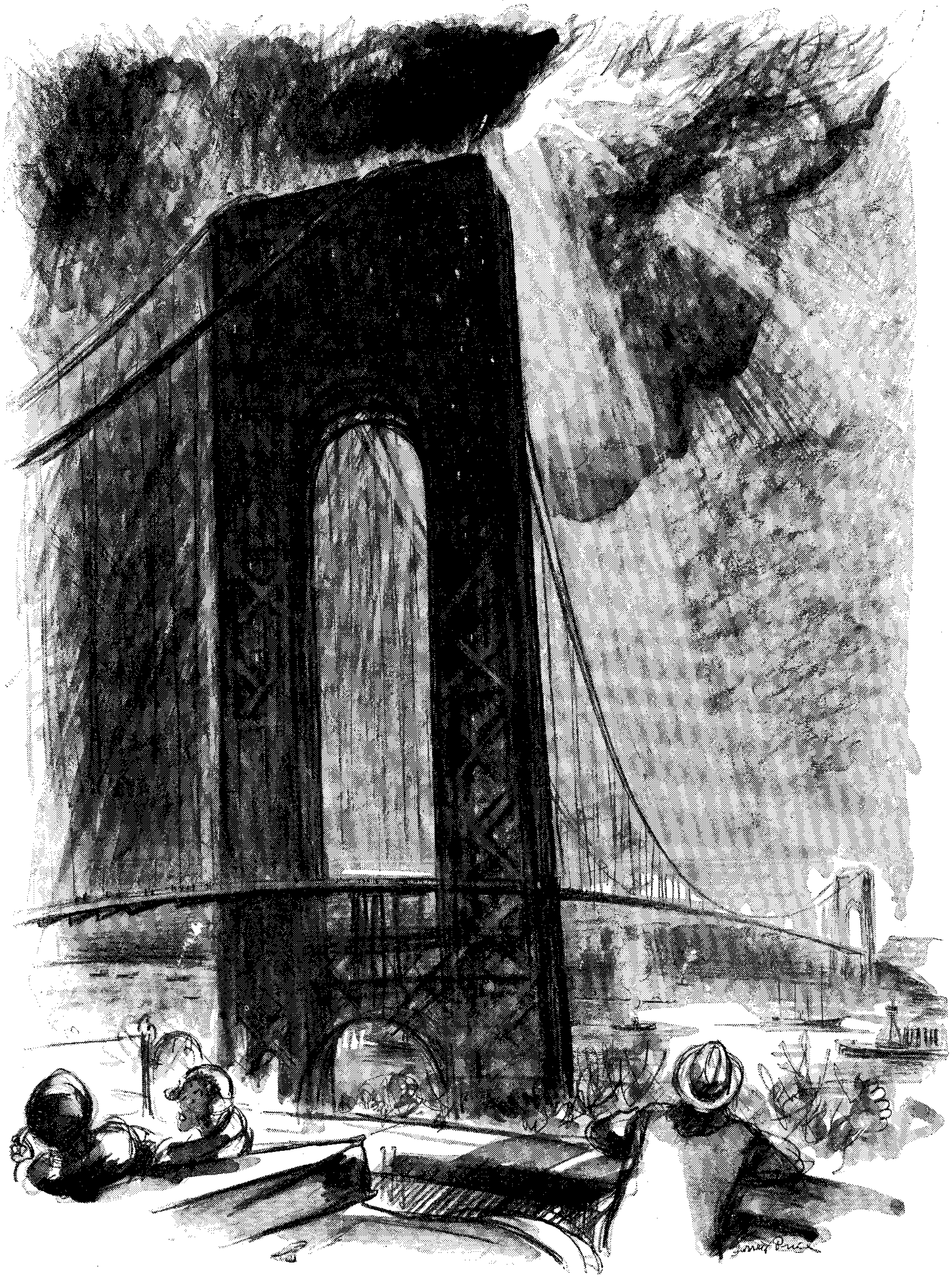
Youth

RAYMOND MASSEY'S career has been no surprise to those who knew him when he was an undergraduate at Balliol College, Oxford. He there exhibited a liking for histrionics, as well as indications of a charming madness. His rooms were the scene of many thundering parties which ended up in wild galloping and screaming around the quad. One night he chased the present Master of Balliol, then a quiet, timid Plato scholar, up and down the college grounds with an eighteen-foot Australian bull whip. Another time Queen Mary planted an absurd little tree in the Balliol gardens. Lord Curzon, Chancellor of the University, had come down from London to attend the ceremony, as had a Guards' band, equerries, ladies-in-waiting, halberdiers, and a host of assorted varletry. Balliol has always been noted for its liberal views, and at the time there was a strong Bolshevik faction in the college. The Bolsheviki, Massey heard, intended to work havoc with the tree that night, after Her Majesty had departed. Massey on this occasion organized a strong defence force. The Bolsheviki, as it turned out, left the tree untouched, but the champions of law and order stayed in Massey's rooms so long that they finally went out and uprooted the tree themselves. The university dramatic society produced Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," and Massey, a prominent member, played the Duke of Wellington. At the same time he was also rowing in his college eight, and on afternoons when there were rehearsals he would report for crew practice in full makeup. The Balliol boat, ploughing up the river with Massey in sidewhiskers, busby, and full regimentals, was quite a sight.

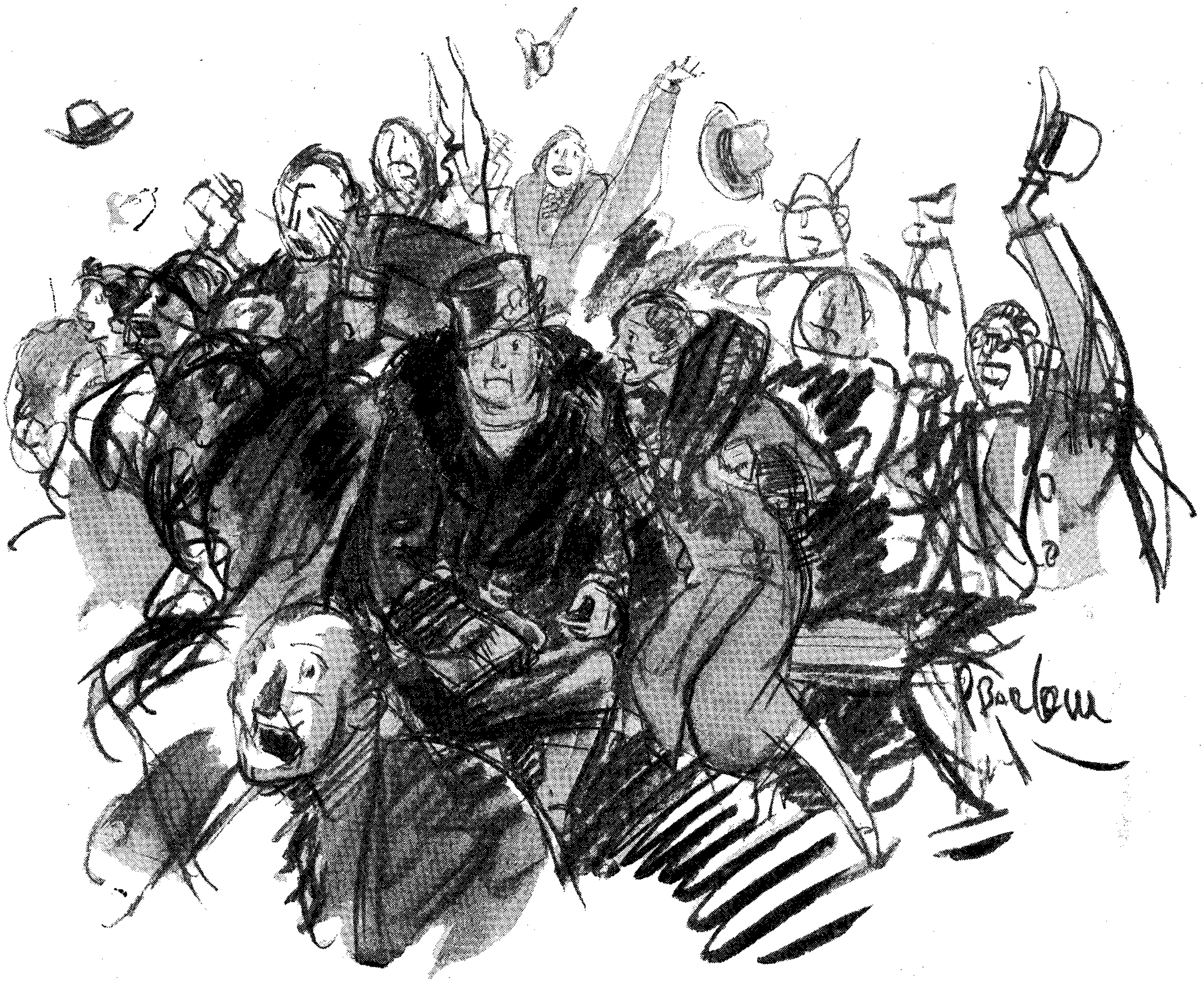
Massey served as a captain in the Canadian field artillery during the war. After being wounded he was sent to this country and became an instructor at the Princeton and Yale training camps. In 1918 he went to Siberia and there, as end man in a minstrel show of his devising, helped the troops forget the weather.

After leaving Oxford in 1921, Massey tried selling ploughs of his millionaire father's manufacture, but didn't care much about it. The following year he appeared as Jack in the English production of Eugene O'Neill's "In the Zone" and has been prominent on the London stage ever since, having played more than seventy rôles. "Hamlet" is his first play in more than three years in which he hasn't directed himself. As a director, Massey has the reputation of being calm, unflusterable, and soothing to his actors, but as an actor he occasionally has fits of temperament. Norman Bel Geddes, his present director, being a very Old Faithful Geyser of temperament, there was some screaming during the recent rehearsals.

At the opening in Philadelphia, Massey had to make an entrance through a pitch-dark tunnel under the set. The tunnel was five feet, ten inches; Massey is more than six feet. He was stumbling and bumping along in the inkblack when he bumped into three stagehands who were sampling something from a bottle. Just then he



"But it doesn't open up like our bridge at New London."



"Don't you see, Ma! Columbia wins twenty-seven to nothing!"

• •

heard his cue for the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, which he starts before he comes on the stage. Now there is a blue light in the tunnel and it is carefully kept clear.

Nervous

LESLIE BANKS, the English actor who came here recently, arrived full of misgivings about the local financial institutions. The story has kind of got around over theah that New York banks are likely to fold up any time. After seeking the very best advice, he finally screwed up his courage to the point of depositing some money in a very famous depository. This was on a Monday. That night some of his friends fell to spoofing him, in a straight-faced way, about the bank he had chosen. They intimated it was none too sound. Next day, a little after nine, Banks showed up at the bank, intending to get his money out and put it in a sock. To his dismay, the doors were closed. Obviously, it had folded up. He ran around to a side door, which he found was closed, too, and made of heavy bronze. So, in a dignified panic, he hurried to a phone and called up a barrister he knows. The barrister said not to worry, it was just Election Day, a legal holiday. Banks touched his brow with a handkerchief, sighed, and went out to face the world again, a new man.

Up in the Air

MILLIONAIRES and peddlers get their balloons from the Airo Balloon Corporation, in Third Avenue. The William Thaws ordered colored balloons, made to look like ripe fruit, and white balloons with electric lights inside them—quite a trick—for their daughter Virginia's coming-out party. The Eugene Meyers spent several hundred dollars on the balloon-work for a party they gave in Washington. These were gold balloons which were hung in clusters in trees. Incidentally, this was the party both the Ganns and Longworths stayed away from; but the balloons didn't have anything to do with that.

Mr. Charles Heitman, head of the company, says many interesting people are customers of his: several department stores, Ruth Nichols (who released her balloons from the Empire State Building), Nicholas Roberts (who releases a lot every year at the barn party he always gives for the Yale football team), Fred Stone and Eddie Cantor, Sheffield Farms, Warner Brothers, the Gulf Refining Company, and Witherbee Black of Black, Starr & Frost, etc. Mr. Black was so pleased with his balloons that he ordered some for the thirtieth reunion of his class at Princeton. The feature number was a balloon made in the shape of a tiger and painted like a tiger. "Humorous, very humorous," Mr. Heitman told us.

Balloons sell from a penny apiece, for the ones you blow up yourself, to whatever you want to pay. Airo recently filled a three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar order for some big concern. Mr. Heitman wouldn't say what concern. The balloon business can be very secretive. Airo has a special inflating place in Newark. Helium is used there. Of course the bulk of their business is advertising-balloons. The company will print anything you want on a balloon excepting, of course, profanity and the like. They do political balloons, circus balloons, Halloween balloons. A balloon in the shape of a cat's head is a popular number. You could get a thousand of them very reasonably, with your name printed on each one, and set them loose over the city, if you were a mind to. You don't have to get police permission to release balloons, as you do to drop roses on a building from a plane.

The Airo company takes special pride in doing the balloon-work for parties. You can have a small party done for as little as twenty-five dollars. The balloon people usually work with the decorators and florists. All seem to get along well. Mr. Heitman, who is only about thirty, but an old hand at balloons, is very fond of an arrangement whereby balloons come trickling down from the ceiling of a drawing-room or ballroom while an orchestra plays "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." He frequently suggests this number to clients.

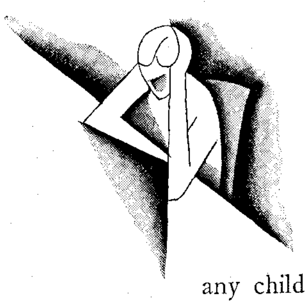
Melancholy Days

WALKING along East Twenty-second Street one sad afternoon, idly lopping the heads off dejected potted plants, we saw a sign reading "The New York Good Humor Inc." It was above a small, dark, shut-up shop, on the show window of which we saw a typewritten notice: "Closed for the season. Open about April 1." It was depressing, good humor closing for the season, quitting when we need it most. Later on we were cheered to find out that the place is not the headquarters of high spirits, but of a little ice-cream confection whose trade name is Good Humor. Vendors, all dressed in white, sold Good Humors on street corners during the summer. They've curled up for the winter. The Brooklyn branch is open, though. We phoned there. "H'lo," said a small voice. We had rather hoped it would say, gaily: "Good Humor, good afternoon!"

Dynamist

AS you've probably heard, Fernand Léger, who is generally ranked among the three or four most important French painters today, is here for a visit. He came over only for a week or two, but now he expects to stay a couple of months. Having a swell time. People aren't seeing much of him, however. He is staying with John Becker of the Becker Galleries, who lives at 250 East 105th Street, and he spends most of his time prowling around the upper East Side, wearing the cap, sweater, and old sports jacket, *coupe américaine*, which he always wore around Paris. He finds this section, which is full of Negroes, Italians, wholesale markets, and the ramshackle docks of the Harlem River, colorful and reminiscent of Marseille.

The rest of New York he thinks pretty drab, except at night, when it's more brilliant than he had believed possible. Also wickeder. The other night some friends took him to a Harlem burlesque show, and he was appalled. He said the show was far wilder than anything in Paris. What appalled him, however, was the solemn air with which the audience watched proceedings. Frenchmen would have been having fits, he said. He's pleased by the prevalence of blondes over here. If there's anything he likes, it's to see a blonde wearing a black dress. He followed one so attired for blocks on Fifth Avenue the other day. The episode was entirely innocent, however, he being on a bus top and the lady walking on the sidewalk. The adventure went mainly to substantiate what he'd been told before coming over, that New York traffic is really deadly slow compared to that of Paris.

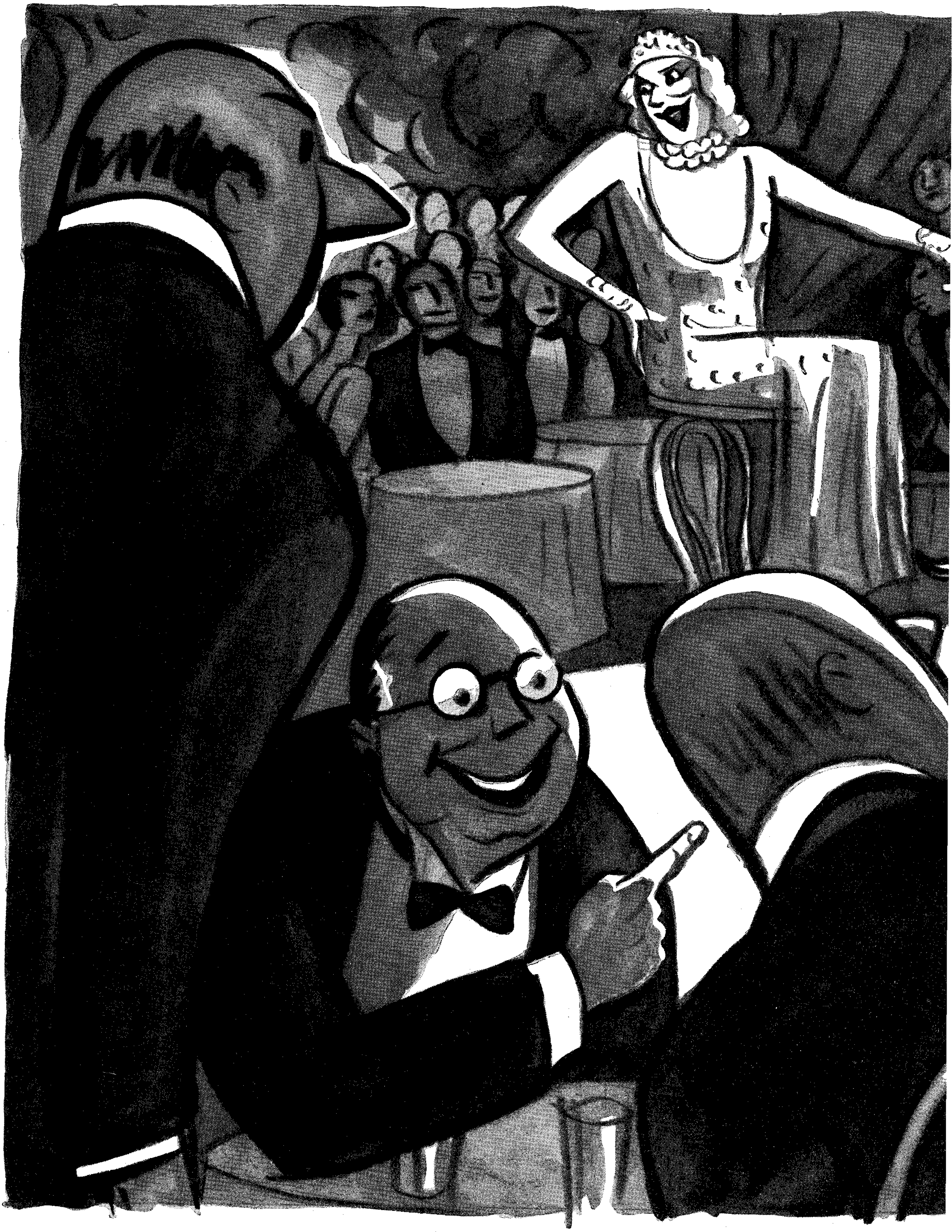


Léger is about fifty years old now, but looks much younger, with a burly figure, ruddy face, and reddish hair. He has a hardy, weather-beaten look, like a ballplayer or some other kind of outdoor sportsman, but is in reality rather shy. People, expecting from his appearance something more in the hail-fellow manner, are likely to be disconcerted by his air of grave, deliberate courtesy. In Paris he lives in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, where he also has his studio, behind a sign-painter's shop and up a flight of winding stairs. There, as in New York, he's seldom seen around the politer quarters: hangs out mostly on the Avenue du Maine, in the workmen's section behind the Gare Montparnasse.

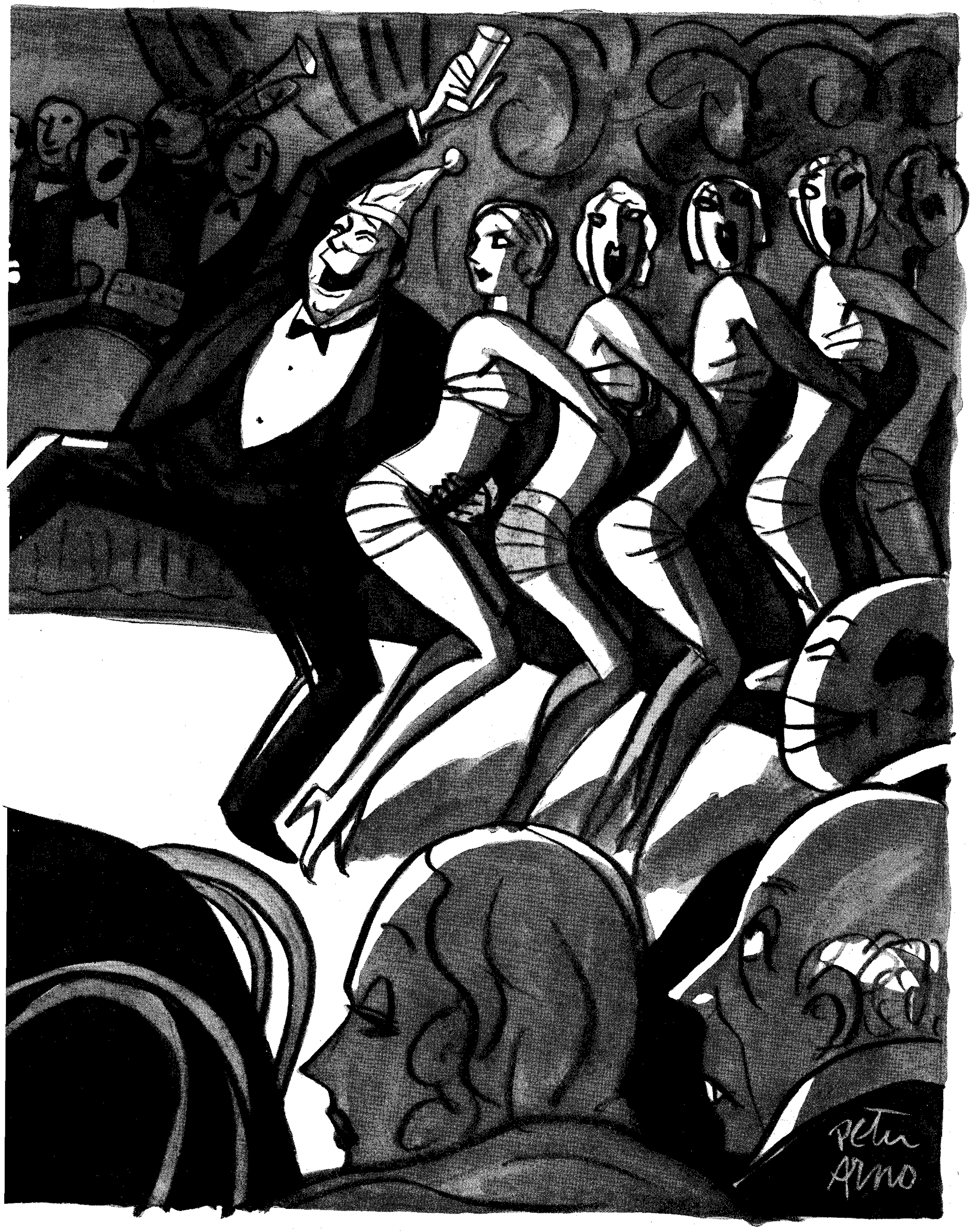
As a painter, his career goes back to the years just after the war, when he founded the school of modern painting known as *Dynamisme*, which tried to interpret the human figure in terms of the machine. A good deal of the present-day painters' preoccupation with machinery dates back, directly or indirectly, to Léger's early theories. Though the artists have always known about him, it's only recently that he has come into general prominence. Now, however, he's pretty near the top, and in Paris only Braque and Picasso command higher prices. He gets a thousand francs per "*numéro*"—the *numéro* being a unit of area (about five inches square) by which the size and price of canvases are rated in France. Picasso, who's been boosted to higher prices than any other living painter, gets seven thousand. The average unfamous Paris painter gets one hundred or two hundred francs. So you can see.

Case History

A MRS. HENDERSON went into the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for animals with the intention of adopting a stray dog, and was knee-deep in questions almost instantly. (If there is exaggeration in this report of what happened, it's hers, not ours.) She gave her name, address, telephone number, and so on, suggested character references—and still the investigator hadn't done. "Have you any children?" she asked. The lady said no, she hadn't. The investigator brightened instantly. "Oh, that *is* good!" she exclaimed. "We always hate to place dogs in homes where children already have the affection of the people of the house. It's so much better if the dog can win its way into their hearts first. Then, if children come later, it still has a feeling of security."
—THE NEW YORKERS



"J. G.'s a card all right when he gets to New York."


Peter Arno

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

BAD news from Paris! She's gone efficient. The traffic moves in ordered lanes, starts and stops in obedience to traffic lights and policemen, instead of at the whim of twenty thousand specialists in individuality. Taxi-drivers take you where you want to go, instead of where they want to—to lunch, in the suburbs, invariably. It wouldn't surprise me to hear that you are no longer required to stop at the gates to have your gas measured, a process which has long been without meaning to everyone in the world except the tax-collector. I *have* heard that there is a new police commissioner with revolutionary ideas, and that one of his ideas is to make it possible to get about the city quietly and quickly. According to this rumor he has installed a new traffic corps composed wholly of the youthful, tactful, elegant, and handsome elements of his command, who have already seduced their natural enemies, the taxi-drivers, into coöperation if not true loyalty, and persuaded them that an occasional toot accomplishes as much as continuous honking. But what of the drivers' *amour propre de métier*? For after all, his horn-blowing has never been so much an announcement of death approaching on four wheels as it has been his trademark, his sound of office. He blew not in warning but in pride.

So mused Mr. Mott, from his cisatlantic armchair. Then he said to himself, like a sensible creature: "Bah! Impossible! I don't believe it!" And threw down the paper which had brought the bitter tidings. (Mr. Mott could not tolerate change, particularly to Paris.) He comforted himself by reflecting that the superman didn't exist who in the space of a year or two could bring order out of such charming chaos as he remembered; could heal up the eternal feud between gendarme and taxi; could make that proud and passionate race of drivers mince demurely along the Boulevard Raspail, curve decorously across the Place de la Concorde. "Probably even slowing down for pedestrians," snorted Mr. Mott contemptuously. "But it can't be true. Why, I can remember . . ." He let his mind rove back in reverie.

ALTHOUGH he could not be sure that respect for Paris traffic had actually been born in him, he did know that it had been instilled in his breast at an age when the brass-bound motor vehicles of wealthy Parisian sportsmen were so few that they were individually known to the public, like their owners' yachts, mistresses, and race horses. They were then, of course, a public spectacle instead of a public menace. But Paris had her perils no less acute than those of the present: it was the horses, the prancing, dashing, or trudging horses, which had to be avoided then. They whirled round corners, stepped on your toes, bowled you over, and most dangerous of all—according to Mr. Mott's elderly *bonne*, an authority on the subject during his youth—they bit you. Especially bus horses. These treacherous animals liked nothing so much as sinking their teeth into pedestrians, and if the pedestrian happened to be a child, so much the better. Mr. Mott today attributes the preservation of his life to the habit, gained in early childhood, of instinctively standing well back from the curb while waiting for a crossing, all for fear of being bitten by a bus horse.

This source of danger is no more. The bus horse is gone. He lived for a time among the first taxis, then vanished, no doubt snapping his teeth furiously with his last breath. The taxis multiplied like rabbits, and by the time the first tentative efforts to control their habits were made, it was too late. They had made their own rules of conduct, they were unanswerable to God, police, or man. This went on for some time.

BUT the first time Mr. Mott went back to Paris after the war, he found that a traffic force had been formed and some attempt at control established. This force tried, in a somewhat furtive and hesitant manner, to do its duty, but its net effect, so far as Mr. Mott could discern, was in the nature of a challenge to the taxi-drivers, and the function of the members of the force was that of pylons to give zest to the happy drivers in their trans-urban races.

There was a gendarme stationed where the Rue de Castiglione empties into the Rue de Rivoli whom Mr. Mott particularly liked to watch, from a safe window in Bodega's. He was an extremely fat and somehow pathetic-looking old fellow, with a great cape which interfered with his gestures, and a hat a little too large, so that it continually fell down over his nose. His gravity, and the dignity he lent to the

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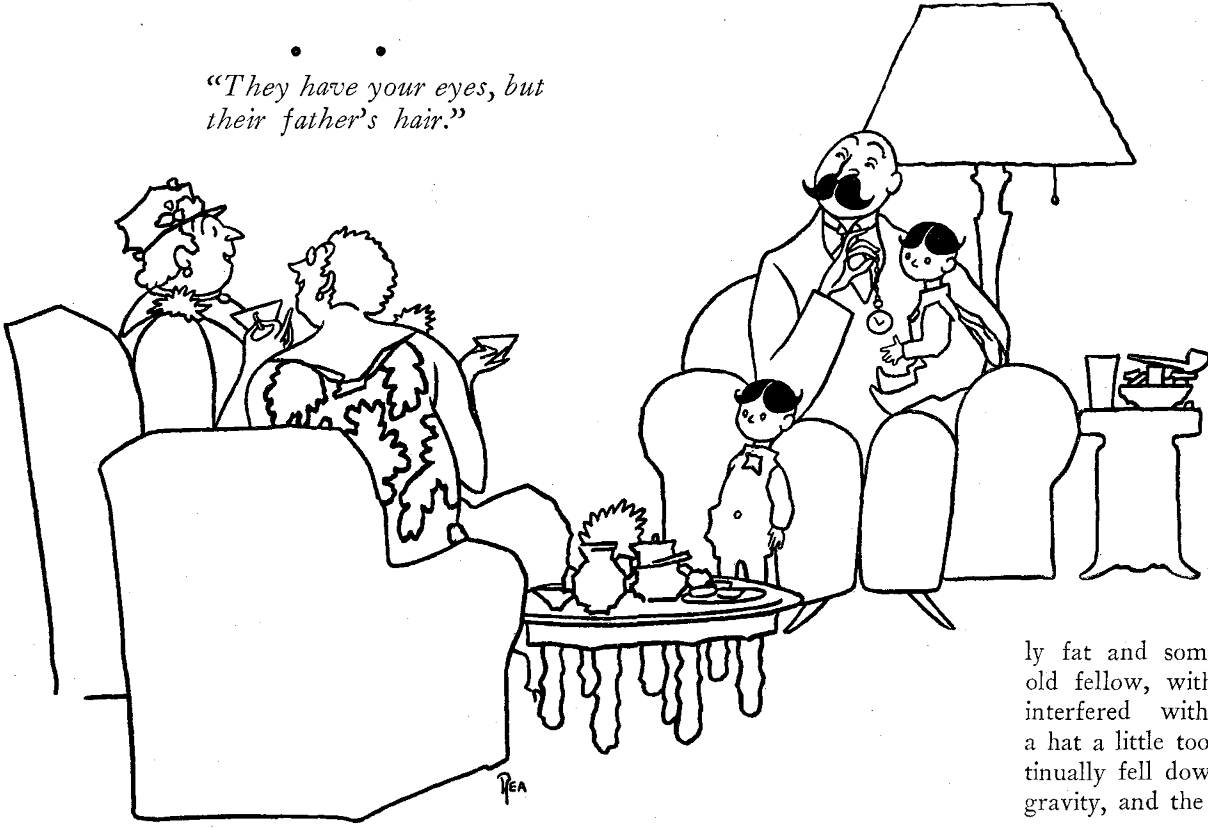
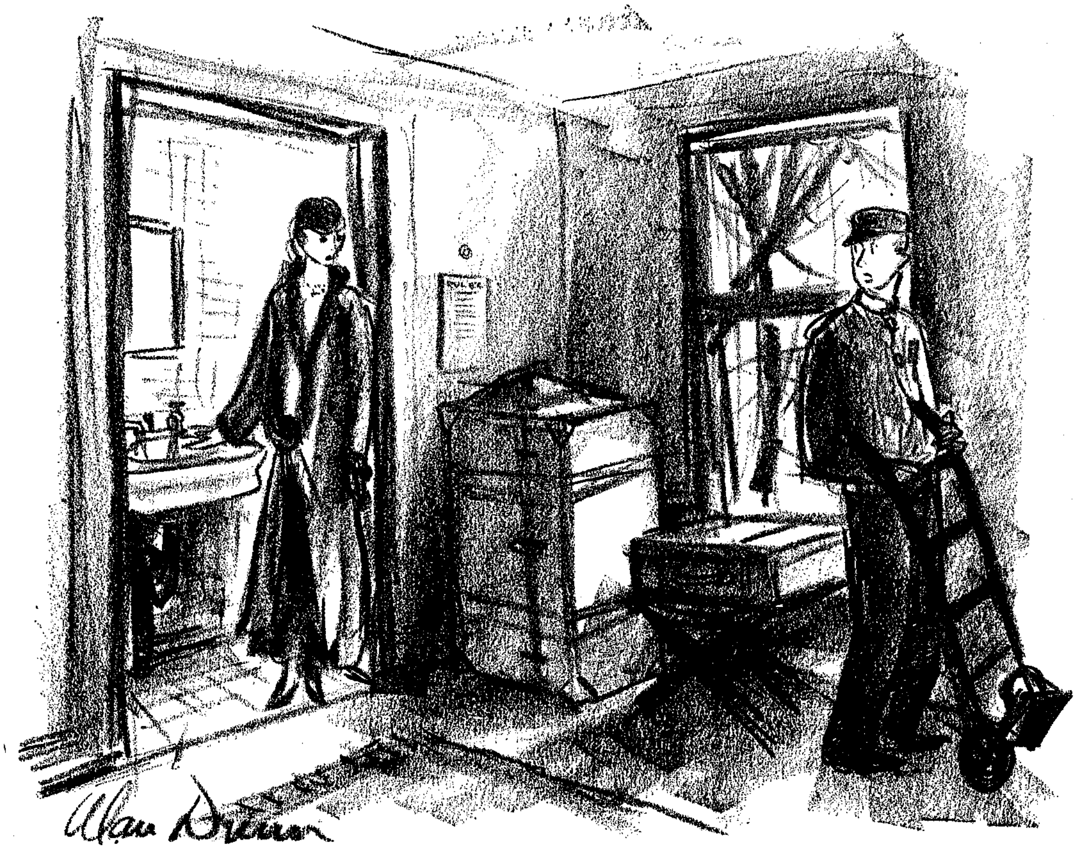
"They have your eyes, but their father's hair."





"But it's very easy to remember, lady. The one what says 'hot' means cold and the one what says 'cold' also means cold."

• •

flourish of his baton, also contributed to the effect of expert clowning; but his total influence on the traffic was no more than that of an eccentric citizen who had madly chosen that busy spot for his calisthenics. He had various positions for his baton—doubtless marked Position A, Position B, and so forth, in his manual—and whichever he adopted, the taxis continued to whizz by, shouting, as they whizzed, an extremely sound piece of advice, which was to get the hell out of the way, name of a name, they were going places. (This, as I have said, was in the early days.) He bore it all with fortitude. Discouragement must now and then have flooded his soul. On such occasions he retired to the curb to mop his brow and shake his head disconsolately, before breasting the flood once more and holding his baton at arm's length before his face, the prescribed signal for They Shall Not Pass. Mr. Mott did not blame him, as time passed, for spending more and more time on the curbstone, and less and less in the maelstrom.

When the traffic jammed, then came his moment of professional glory. Mr. Mott could always tell when a jam was imminent by the growing nervousness of his manner. He would glance hopefully upstream, then down, adjust his cape, his whistle, his baton, and his features, and poise himself at the curb. At Still-Pond-No-More-Moving he would plunge off the bank and with masterful stride make for a point in midstream. There he would take his stand, legs apart, baton at the charge, gaze bent sternly at the nearest vehicle, and—blow his whistle! Except perhaps to stitch up the gendarme's ravelled morale, the blast had no effect on the situation. For one thing, it is the practice for every driver to blow his horn steadily during a jam, so it is doubtful if anybody could hear it. Pedestrians, however, always took advantage of a jam to scuttle across under the uplifted baton, and Mr. Mott liked to think that the gendarme believed himself responsible for their safe arrival at the other side. He held his pose—*le Père Victoire* in the flesh—until instinct told him that the key log, way upstream, was teetering; then, with another blast of the whistle, he would bring down his baton in a sweeping gesture which said, as if in so many words, "You may go now!," and dash for the shore, throwing off the gendarme disguise as he ran, and reaching the bank a shaken and a thankful man. He was still alive when Mr. Mott left Paris.

A FEW years later Mr. Mott discovered one of the last of the race of old two-cylinder Renault cabs drowsing by the curb in the Place de la Concorde—one of the bulldog breed that carried the troops to the Marne, and had to go into second gear to get by the Trocadéro. It was indescribably battered and dented. Wherever two elements—such as the bonnet and dashboard, the front seat and body, the doors and the jambs—should have joined snugly together, an inch or so of daylight showed. The ancient driver, glasses on nose, as battered and dented-looking as his cab, sat behind the wheel and read his paper as if indifferent to change and time's passage. A dirty blue muffler filled the space between greatcoat and cap, though the day was warm. Mr. Mott felt instantly covetous. "*Libre?*" he asked. The old man nodded and folded his paper slowly, as though annoyed at the interruption.

Mr. Mott was hotel-hunting. He kept the cab all morning, inspected eight or ten hotels, and visited one or two *bistros*, where he and the driver amicably wet their throats together. To Mr. Mott's disappointment, the driver spoke so villainous a jargon, in so gruff and throaty a voice, that he was at pains to understand a word the other said; though his indifference thawed, after visiting the second *zinc*, to something approaching friendliness, and his wise, faded, and speculative old eyes surveyed Mr. Mott's face instead of an unidentified object in the distance behind his shoulder.

On their way to find a hotel over behind the Députés, recommended by the driver, there occurred the incident which enshrined Paris even more deeply in Mr. Mott's heart, the sort of little episode which, he felt, could happen nowhere else in the world. Turning from the Rue de Bourgogne into a narrow side street, they saw ahead of them, marching in the same direction, a column of gendarmes:

dozens and dozens of gendarmes, all together in a mass; irresistible to the driver, obviously. He whipped up his cab, gave what Mr. Mott realized was intended for a sort of Parisian view halloo—a weird, quavering shout of triumph—and charged, with a rattle. He kept his speed until Mr. Mott thought he meant to cut them down by squads, then braked at the last moment, with his radiator a few inches from the sergeant who was bringing up the rear—the broadest rear, Mr. Mott thought to himself, that he ever in his life had seen. With one exception: Could it be his friend of the Rue de Rivoli? It seemed hardly possible that he could ever have been made sergeant; but equally unlikely that two men lived who boasted such magnificent rear elevations. The driver began to blow his horn. He continued to blow it, and with the other hand on the wheel, he kept the same interval of inches between his cab and his quarry. The fat gendarme paid no attention. Then the driver began to talk to him, much to the delight of a little clot of pedestrians who kept pace on the sidewalk. And although Mr. Mott was unable to understand any of the terms used, he judged from their faces that the driver's vocabulary was both rich and original. The sergeant continued heroically to maintain his self-control, or disdain. Never once did he look round, though Mr. Mott noticed that the back of his neck was slowly turning from its natural red to purple.

FINALLY the column turned off, and with it the sergeant, leaving the street free ahead. But in the instant before the taxi picked up speed to go on, the sergeant stopped, turned round, and faced his foe, and Mr. Mott saw that it was indeed his old friend of the Rue de Rivoli, but wearing a new face of authority, doubtless gained by suffering. Then he took his revenge: he put his hands on his hips and without a word, but with an air of venting the pent-up bitterness of years, he leaned forward and—deliberately stuck out his tongue! Then he turned and waddled after the troops, leaving the driver angry, but Mr. Mott very happy, and very, very thankful for having been granted the privilege of assisting at such a memorable occasion. For, after all, must it not have been the turning point in the great war between gendarme and taxi?

—DONALD MOFFAT

STUDY IN SENTIMENT

"YOU haven't changed a bit," said Mr. Borus to Eugenia Spence, in all sincerity and with some degree of justified amazement, as it was actually fifteen years since they had last seen each other.

"Neither have you," Eugenia replied.

Mr. Borus felt that he had changed considerably for the better. He was convinced that with the passing years his features had acquired a distinction and character that they had decidedly lacked in youth.

"No," Eugenia insisted. "You have not changed. You never will, I guess."

The idea that he might have looked forty while still in his twenties occurred to Mr. Borus, but he pushed it out of mind quickly and looked about for the waiter, to order the luncheon.

"I can hardly feel that I have been left unmarked by all the various experiences of the last years," he said somewhat dryly. "I can hardly have been as fortunate in that respect as you have."

THIS luncheon was not beginning exactly in the mood which he had anticipated. The prospect of this meeting with Eugenia had kept him awake long into the preceding night, for Mr. Borus was a man of sentiment and Eugenia, in his mind, was imbued with all sorts of sentimental associations. As a girl she had meant a great deal to him in the ardent, youthful, glamorous days before the war. "I have never been so intense about anyone," he had said to himself as he had lain awake in his bed. "It's astonishing to think that anyone could have been as intense as I was about Eugenia." Mr. Borus had felt quite pleased with himself then, almost smug, at having fifteen years ago achieved such a high degree of intensity.

They had run into each other the day before purely by chance, in Fortieth Street, right around the corner from Fifth Avenue by the ten-cent store. It had really been a great moment for Mr. Borus. Out of the crowd she had suddenly appeared, with that long, familiar stride of hers, so little changed; even, he had observed, dressed very much in the style she used to affect, for Eugenia was not one to follow fashions. It was Fate, he had thought, that had brought them together, putting aside the notion that she could have looked him up, had she wished, and that women only leave matters to Fate to which they are indifferent.

After the excitement of the first exclamations and greetings was over, there had ensued, to be sure, a certain momentary awkwardness. While they had agreed heartily that they must have a good long talk, that they must tell each other everything, that it was like a tonic seeing each other again, and that it was like the old days to be making plans together and running into each other casually like this on the street, it had not been so easy to make any satisfactory engagement. She had explained that she was in town for only a few days, and had innumerable errands and things to accomplish, and he, too, had discovered himself hopelessly tied up. This luncheon, then, had been the best that they could manage. An early luncheon, for they both had engagements in the afternoon too! Then they had parted, both in a hurry, and not until that night had Mr. Borus even had time to think about Eugenia and all that she had meant to him in the past and all that seeing her again meant to him now, and how much this luncheon with her might mean to him. It would be a renewal of his youth.

ON thinking it over in the night, Mr. Borus had realized that nowadays he practically saw no one who had any connection with his early youth. How friends drifted apart! It had seemed all the more exciting to see Eugenia. As though it were a happy coincidence he had remembered that his last interview with her had been at a luncheon. They had had something of a scrap, as he recalled it. He could even recall the menu. Sweetbreads and watercress salad! Curious thing to remember, a menu! It would be curious to open the heart, in the manner of the poets, and find nothing engraved upon it but menus. In the middle of the night he had laughed at that little whimsicality, and it had impressed him as a sign of returned juvenility already inspired by the presence of Eugenia.

It had also seemed appropriate, with a pretty sadness, that they happened to have met again in the autumn. Yes, their own special *primavera* was done with. This was for them, in more ways than one, an Indian summer. It had its own beauty, though, and he was glad that he had chosen a restaurant for the rendezvous from which they could look upon the trees of the Park in all the brilliance of their autumn turning.

Now, as he actually faced Eugenia across the table, in spite of Eugenia's insinuation that he had looked forty when he was twenty-five, some memory of what had mulled in his brain the night before came to him, and he ordered briskly, without a glance at the card:

"Sweetbreads and watercress salad."

"Oh!" cried Eugenia, and he looked up quickly lest the sentimental reference had been too much for her. "No, I'll take liver and bacon. I am devoted to liver and bacon. We have very good liver and bacon in Montana. Did you know I was living in Montana?"

She explained that she had grown accustomed to a heavy midday meal and a light supper.

"For me," said Mr. Borus, "lunch is just a snack."

"Naturally, the hours in Montana are somewhat different. I am in bed every night of the week by half-past nine. Up at six-thirty."

Mr. Borus stared.

"Six-thirty!" he gasped.

"Then I have a heavy breakfast: a cereal, ham and eggs, wheat cakes, three cups of coffee. Lunch—or dinner, as we call it—is at twelve. Supper at six."

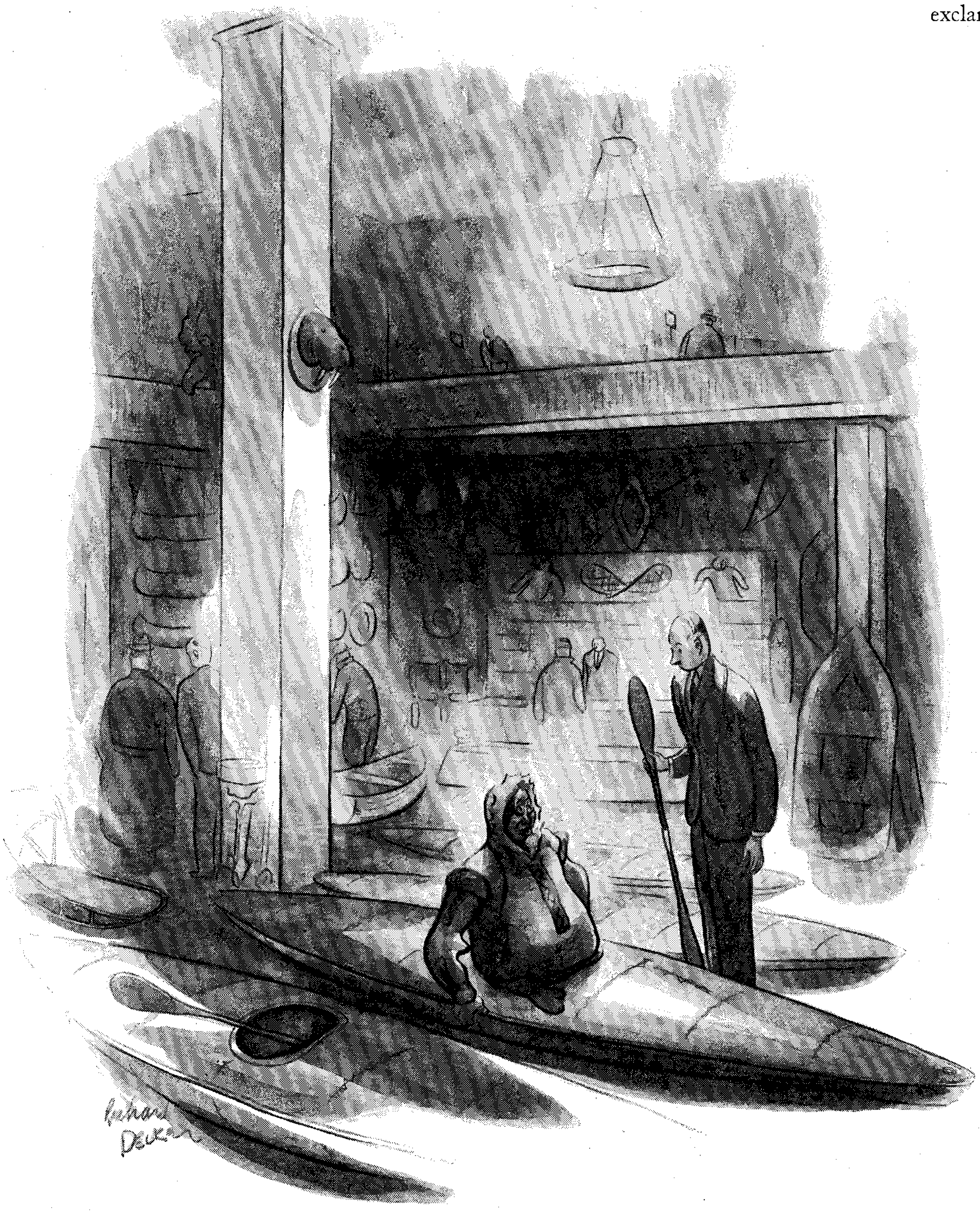
Over her liver and bacon she expanded on the natural beauties of Montana at great length, Mr. Borus now and then interpolating polite exclamations of wonder, and of regret that he had never been there.

The luncheon was over at last, Eugenia sad a little that she had no time for apple pie.

"It's been really *like* the old days!" she cried. "You have made me feel like a girl, my dear."

Mr. Borus nodded brightly. He was thinking already of his next appointment, and suddenly it dawned upon him that he was enormously glad and relieved that it was with someone who had no association with his youth, who was a complete stranger.

—John Mosher



"This seems just a trifle snug. May I try a size forty-six?"

•

OBSERVATION

This is the reason
For much fair loving:
The brief bright
 season
Before the proving!

The electric time
When the breast is
 broken
By the faint far chime
Of the word spoken—

When the sense is
 swayed
And the pulses shaken
By the prayers
 unmade,
And the vows
 untaken!
—Sara Henderson Hay

OF ALL THINGS

THE election made everybody happy. Republicans are chuckling about their success in losing the House of Representatives, and Drys say that New York's decision to plant trees is a sweeping victory for the Eighteenth Amendment.

•

In this town, Tammany's victory was even more complete than was expected. Our people were swept off their feet by the full-tin-box appeal.

•

Ambassador Edge came all the way back from France to tell New Jersey to vote for Baird and prosperity. His Excellency is now our favorite pinch-misser.

•

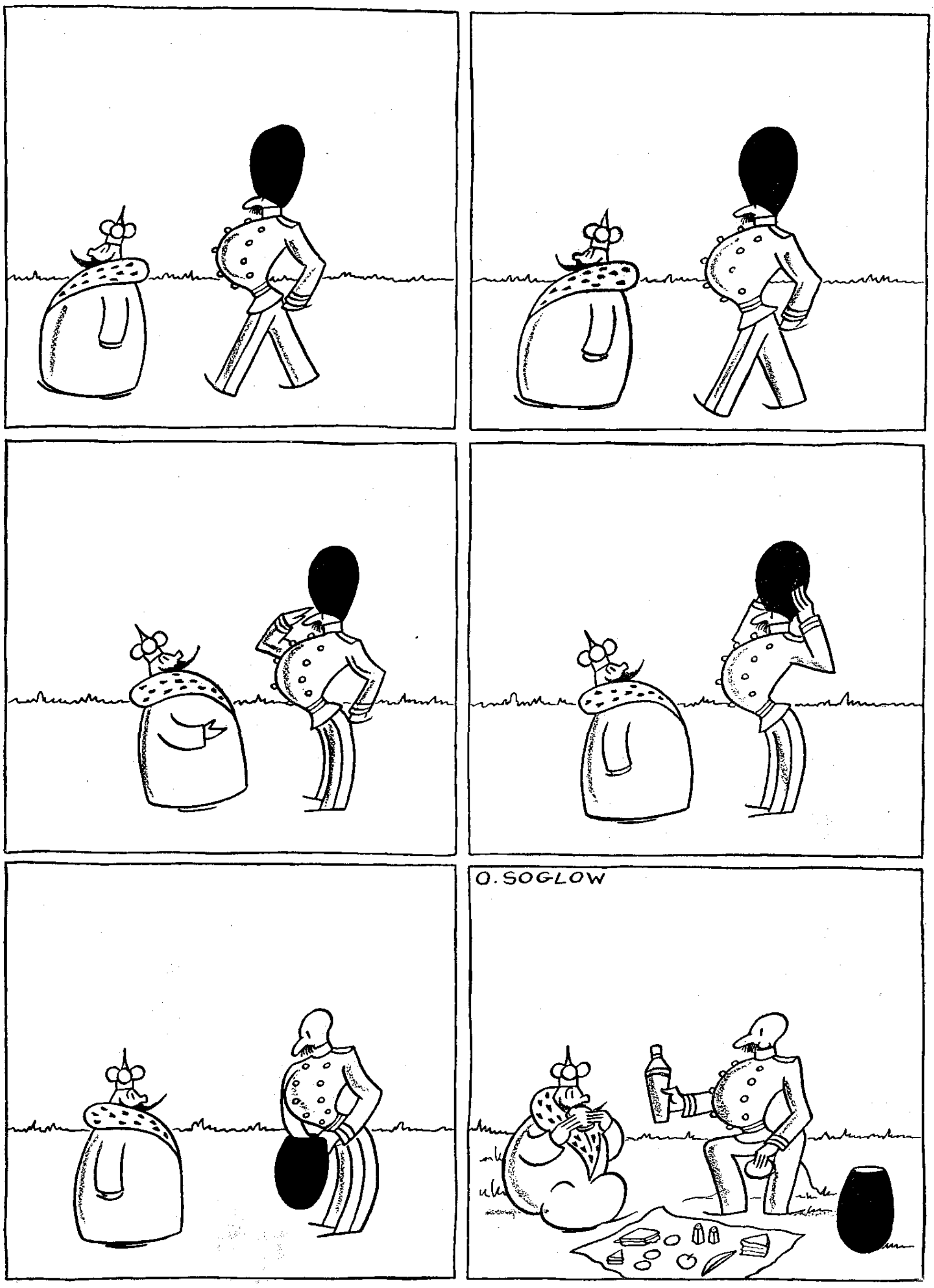
What a lot of Republican statesmen would like to know is how Ramsay MacDonald worked it so as to get elected on the opposition ticket.

•

Wheat rises on the news that Russia cannot spare any for dumping purposes this year. Ham Fish will now expose this Soviet plot to raise the price of bread.

•

The embattled lawyer, George Whitney Martin, declares that it is the duty of all patriots to flout the dry law night and day. Some of us feel that this would be pretty long hours for such arduous work.



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As we interpret the Administration's position, the big-navy boys and the little-navy fans are all enemies of our country. True patriots favor Size 7½ B.

•

Colonel Simmons, who thought up the Ku Klux Klan, now asks us to join the White Band to keep the population from turning red and other primary colors. Nobody, we are assured, will have to buy a ten-dollar nightshirt.

•

In violation of the laws of hospitality, Seabury's committee pokes its long, inquiring nose into the Mayor's safe-deposit box. This is no way to treat a distinguished visitor.

•

It seems to be the contention of William L. Edison that his father's will was just another invention.

•

The Prohibition Bureau says it will not prosecute the sellers of grape concentrates except when illegal intent is shown. Henceforth wine bricks will be sold only for building and throwing purposes.

•

A submarine valley two miles wide, eight miles long, and eighteen hundred feet deep has been discovered in the steamer lane to Europe. Unfortunately, this discovery comes at a time when there is no market for lots.

•

The two worst things that can happen to a child, Bertrand Russell thinks, are parents. With fine, old-fashioned chivalry, he puts ladies first.

•

A headline reads: "Nautilus Refuses to be Sunk." As jokingly predicted a few weeks ago by this department, which now feels fairly silly.

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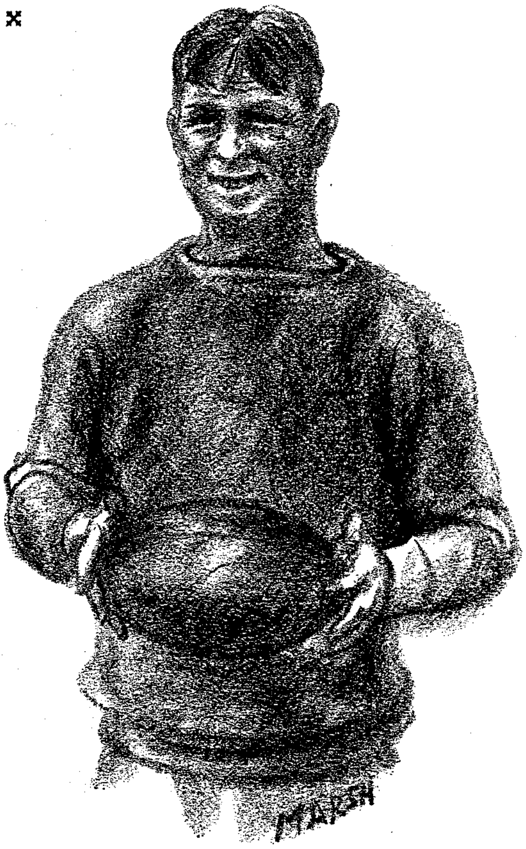
New York has the densest urban population, the Census Bureau says, and Sacramento the sparsest. People live so loose out in California.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

PROFILES

THE MANTLE OF ROCKNE



Chick Meehan

BACK in the naïve middle twenties, John Francis ("Chick") Meehan, the new football coach at New York University, was publicly censured by a body of his fellow-coaches for endorsing a cigarette. Informed of the rebuke, he smiled, went on smoking the cigars he is so fond of, and his Irish grin continued to appear on the subway car-cards. Today most coaches would endorse Pond's Two Creams if there was anything in it for them; and Meehan is president of the Football Coaches' Association of America. The man always was an innovator.

Intercollegiate football is one of the most interesting phenomena of modern American *Kultur;* and a hundred years hence historians will examine it just as modern scholars have reconstructed the Olympiads of the Greeks. Excepting the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange, football is virtually the only thing that vast bodies of our well-to-do citizenry take seriously, really seriously, any more; but lately there has been a tendency to be ashamed of this absorption, what with the Carnegie Institute reports and all this talk of overemphasis. The harassed coaches have hastily and clumsily tried to defend themselves with soppy speeches about the Finer Lessons of Life, Things That Cannot Be Obtained in Any Classroom, Character-Building, and other such nonsense.

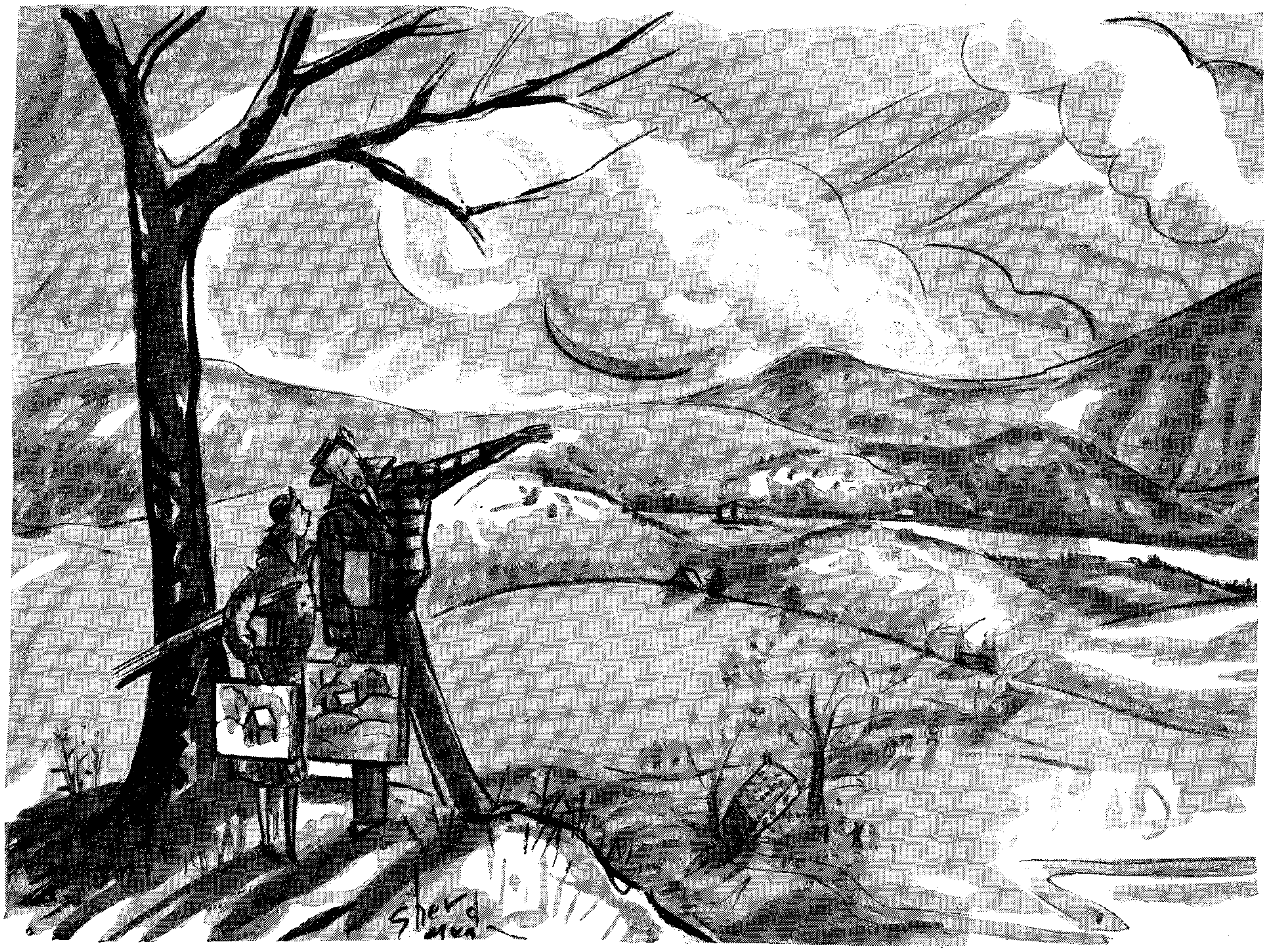
In this respect Meehan is different from most of his colleagues. If you asked him why he had chosen football for his life's work, he would unhesitatingly answer something like: (a) he loves the game; (b) it brings him a damned good living (eighteen thousand dollars a year, exclusive of the honorariums for radio talks, magazine articles, and two pieces a week for the Hearst papers); (c) he enjoys tremendously the company of football-players; (d) it's a great satisfaction to turn out top-flight teams; and (e) he's had a million laughs out of it already and hopes to have a million more before he is finished. But no Finer Lessons of Life, no Things That Cannot Be Obtained in Any Classroom, no Character-Building. Being a sentimental Harp, Meehan may have moments when he believes in these stock pishery-pasheries; but if he has, he keeps them to himself. There have been few if any mass meetings or Fight Weeks at N.Y.U. since his advent in 1925, and he has too great a respect for learning to sneer at students who crack books more than is necessary, as has been the prerogative and practice of coaches since the guy said: "I'd die for dear old Rutgers!" Nor does he ever berate undergraduates who like to dance and go to parties. The late great Knute used to call them "mezzanine hurdlers," and even more blistering names. Having the good sense to realize that a militant campaign for campus-wide Spartanism would probably be laughed to pieces at an institution like N.Y.U., Meehan has never let out any roars for Manliness. "That might be all right for a ham-and-egg college, but it wouldn't go in New York," he would say if asked why not, although undoubtedly the subject would never worry him much. There has never been any strikingly epicene quality about the teams he has produced in the last seven years.

IT is this sense of what-will-go-in-New-York that has made him so eminently successful, for he is a supreme showman and interested not only in winning games but also in giving the spectator a break. His players have always been arrayed in bright colors (several years ago they wore snow-white jerseys, each with a large violet violet on the chest, but these had to be abandoned because they dirtied so fast); when N.Y.U. scores on an enemy, a saluting cannon thunders from the side-lines; an excellent eighty-piece band plays, marches, countermarches, and spells out things between halves; and finally there is the famous Meehan military shift.

The inspiration for this form of the huddle, which is as pretty to watch as a platoon of Zouaves in action, Meehan sometimes attributes to Earl Carroll, sometimes to the Tiller Girls, and sometimes to a maneuver used by the Chicago Bears in a professional game here which he himself did not see, but heard described by ten different friends, each of whom gave a different version.

Roughly, the military shift consists of an oblong formation, from five to ten yards away from the ball, in which nine players—five in one line and four in another—draw up facing each other, while the quarterback and the left end, at right angles to the two lines, each fill in a side of the box. One line, thus, has its backs to its own goal; and the other its backs to the opponent's. Every player is facing in. The quarterback gives the signal and then, all in step, the component parts of the oblong dissolve and march into the beginning of a play. The count is generally 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, (change step), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; although it may be varied to confuse the opposition. The ball is snapped and the play's away. It sounds silly, but it's beautiful to see from the stands and tremendously effective on the field.

Excellent entrepreneur that he is, Meehan realizes that crowds at football games soon get bored watching two human woggle-bugs butt into each other and pile up in a heap. He is a great believer in the efficacy of a running attack, depending on power and speed, as opposed to the more spectacular but less dependable aërial method of offence; but he realizes that forward



"I exhibited that in the Carnegie last year."

• •

passes are more thrilling to watch. If it looks as though the game were on ice, he will order the boys to start heaving them. In the Georgetown game this year, for instance, after the Violet was on the heavy end of 13–0 at the end of the first half of straight, rock-crushing, terrestrial play, it opened up in the second half and soon the air was filled with footballs.

"Why not?" says Meehan. "The people come to enjoy the game, don't they? They provide the enthusiasm, don't they? An actor in a play has to think of his audience. If he went out there on the stage with nobody to watch him, he couldn't give the best that was in him. Don't get me wrong, though. Our teams aren't out there just to show off. They're out there to play winning football. But we want the people who come to our games to enjoy themselves, too."

THIS candor of Meehan's is one of his chief charms. A case in point is his fight talks to the team before halves of a game. He can work up a good cry and have his entire squad, down to the lowliest sub, bawling with him as fast as any coach in the business. When time is called, the boys go out and chaw down goal-posts. But he has always thought it very funny that a maidenly boohoo all around often plays such an important part in a hairy-chested game like football, and recently he wrote an amusing article for *Liberty* called "Scoring Touchdowns with Tears."

"Of course the boys know it's all hokum," he says, "but somehow or other they bawl along with me. I open the hydrants only when we're in a very tough spot, though, and generally by that time I don't need to do much acting."

Meehan once had a quarterback whom he wanted to inflame, so he wrote a letter to himself addressed from the little New England town in which the college N.Y.U. was to play the following Saturday was situated. In the letter Meehan was informed by his "friend" that there had been a great deal of talk about the quarterback around town. The quarterback, according to village gossip, was a big bum who couldn't take it and would spend the coming Saturday afternoon on his back looking up at the sky. The canny Meehan showed the letter to a lineman, a friend of the quarterback, and swore him to secrecy. In the game the quarterback raced up and down the field like a fire engine and scored all of N.Y.U.'s touchdowns. Every time he rose to his feet after a long gain, he would say to the man who tackled him: "Tell the apple-knockers back home about *that* next week." The quarterback was later an All-America selection.

Another year a halfback needed some stoking. When Meehan learned that the halfback hadn't heard from his girl for several days, he decided to pull another fast one. In the game that Saturday N.Y.U. needed a touchdown and needed it badly. When the ball was well toward the Violet's left side of the field, the halfback was approached by a teammate who said: "I saw your gal yesterday and was she burning! She said she wasn't coming to the game today and hopes you fumble or get thrown for a loss every time you carry the ball."

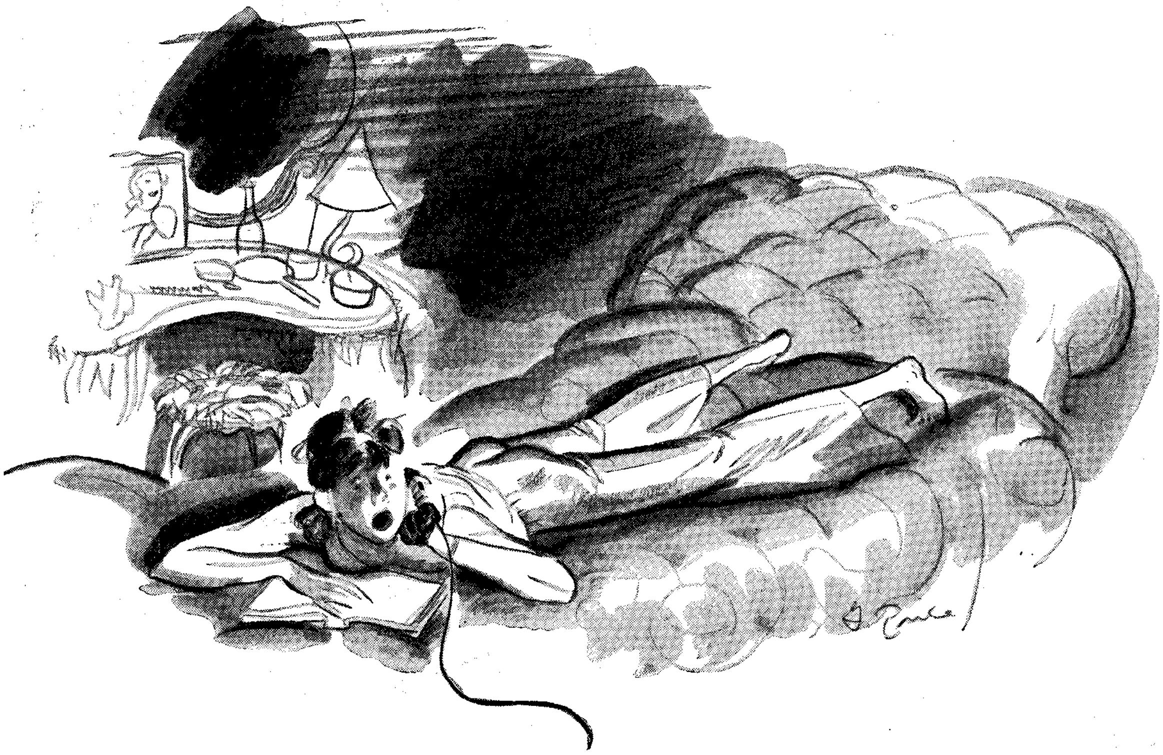
"Gimme that apple!" the halfback roared in the next huddle. He ran seventy-two yards for a touchdown. Later he also was picked for All-America.

MODERN big-time football, the kind that Meehan's teams learn, is as difficult as dentistry or playing the piano, and far and away more complicated than any other American sport, amateur or professional. Compared to what a varsity quarterback on a major team knows about his business nowadays after four years' experience, a veteran field captain on a big-league ball team is a dope, and a fighter like Tommy Loughran, the cleverest boxer in the ring, a pre-school child. Even the mastodonic lineman cannot get by any more on mere poundage and muscle alone—all that went with the Flying Wedge. In the present systems of complicated interference and timing on the offence, and elaborate, highly specialized methods of defence that are changed from week to week to suit the style of each opponent's game, a guard must be as smart as a back. Strategy and technique are rehearsed with a thoroughness that would be envied by a Prussian corps commander, until a flawless smoothness of execution is acquired.

Sawed-off, blue-eyed, blond Meehan appears at Ohio Field, now used by N.Y.U. only as a practice grounds, at three o'clock every weekday afternoon but Saturday dressed in a baseball cap, sweat shirt, and trousers with fine black-and-white stripes. The cap, a little too large, is gathered in back by a piece of adhesive. He blows a whistle and forty-odd violet-jerseyed behemoths cluster around him. He seems to reach little higher than their waists, but after a few minutes the watcher forgets that Meehan is short: it is the players who seem to be looking up at him. But they do not have that harried look common to the charges of many coaches. They appear sleek and happy. "Football from contented bulls," somebody remarked recently after watching an N.Y.U. workout.

PRACTICE usually lasts about three hours. Monday and Tuesday are devoted to skull drill: working out a defence against scrubs using the imminent enemy's plays and perfecting the offence to be employed against him. On Wednesday there is a scorching scrimmage. On Thursday comes a marked relaxing of pressure; and on Friday the squad romps and fools around, just enough to insure every member a good sleep on the night before the game. The squad this year numbers forty-three players, of whom the best two dozen live at Varsity Club on the campus. Meehan's teams have always been noted for their superb physical condition; and he attributes this to Charlie Porter, N.Y.U.'s giant Negro trainer. Meehan is a fanatic about equipment. If there is a hole in a stocking or the chin-strap on a headguard dangles, there is hell to pay; and Porter spends a good deal of his time chevying the flock of assistant managers into seeing that the team's tackle and accoutrements are all spit and polish. So meticulously are Meehan's instructions carried out by the assistant managers, via Porter, that once, on a train hauling the team and a load of rooters to Pittsburgh for a Carnegie Tech game, an overzealous assistant manager kept the entire body of non-combatants out of the dining car for three-quarters of an hour because the trainer had told him that Meehan said the team was to have breakfast first. It was seven o'clock and the team was snoring blissfully in its bunks.

MEEHAN was born in 1894 at Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. After attending Dean Academy, he entered Syracuse University in 1914. For three years he was varsity quarterback at that institution whose name has been a synonym for excellent football since the turn of the century. As an undergraduate he studied first law and then engineering. When the United States went into the war, he enlisted in the navy and obtained an ensign's commission. Finding himself stationed in London, he organized, captained, and



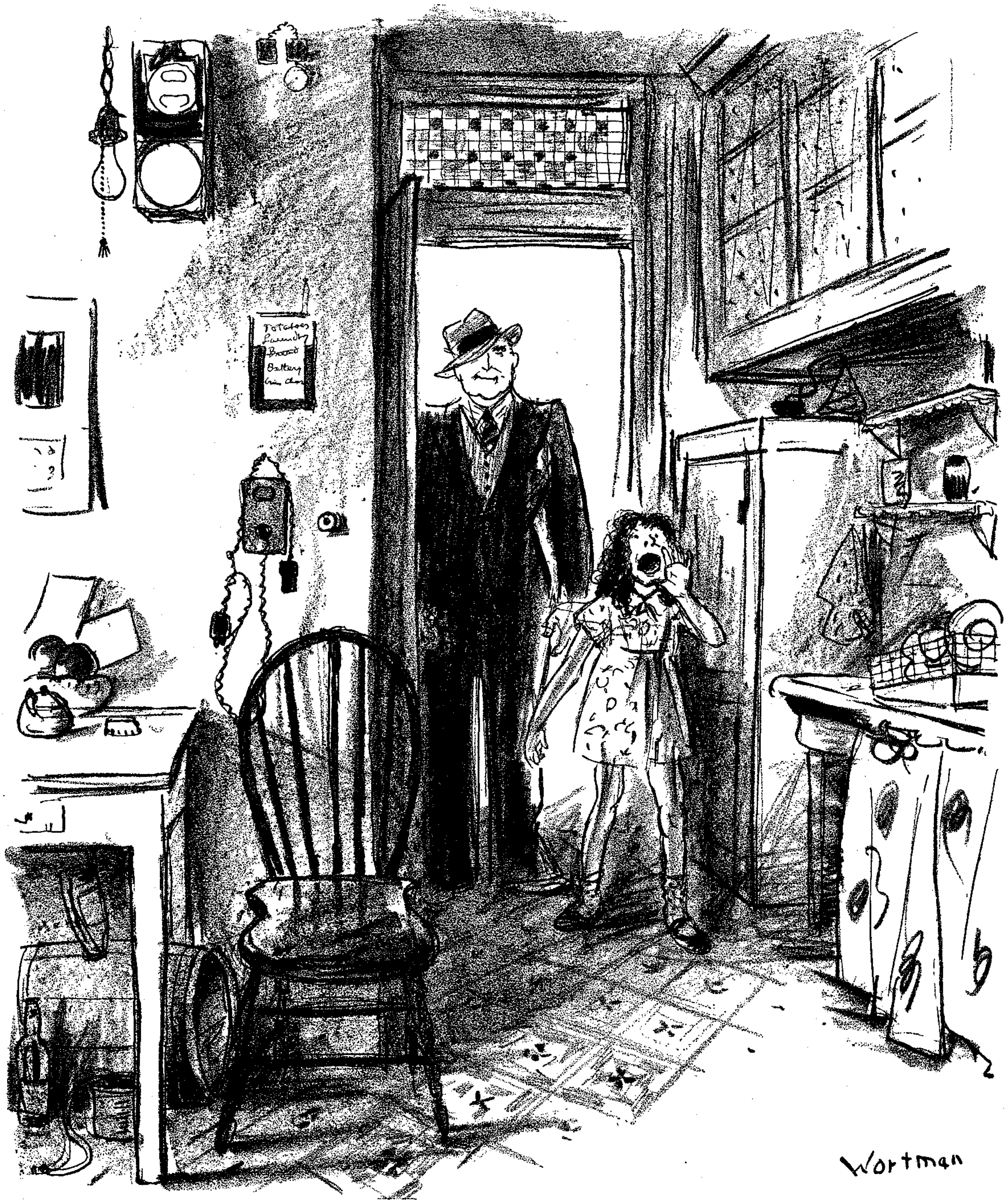
"I can't possibly make it, Meg. I'm flat on my back."

coached a navy eleven which won the Services' championship.

Coaching seemed to come naturally to him, so after his discharge he returned to Syracuse and signed on as first assistant to Buck O'Neil, then head of Orange football. When O'Neil left in 1920 for Columbia, Meehan was made head coach. He was twenty-six years old, in those days an age which made him almost an infant prodigy among major coaches. That he was not a morning glory is a matter of statistics: in the five years of his journeyman period, Syracuse won thirty-five games, tied four, and lost eight, playing first-class teams of the East and Middle West and scoring nine hundred and sixty-two points against opponents' two hundred and four.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY played its first game of football on October 19, 1895, at Middletown, Connecticut, against Wesleyan. The score: Wesleyan 46, N.Y.U. 6. For the next twenty-nine years N.Y.U. continued to play Class B football, sometimes Class C, and even Class D. From 1919 through 1921 the Violet was coached by Frank Gargan. From 1922 through 1924 the job was held by Tom Thorp, the famous referee. It is easy to judge from the records what kind of football N.Y.U. played before Meehan's arrival. In 1919 games were lost to Amherst, Hamilton, Wesleyan, and Stevens Tech; in 1920 to Columbia, Hamilton, Union, Bates, and Stevens; in 1921 to Brown, Columbia, and Rutgers; in 1922 to Syracuse, Hobart (!), Fordham, C.C.N.Y., and Rutgers; in 1923 to Rutgers and Columbia. In 1924 Fordham, Columbia (40-0), and Rutgers (41-3) had little trouble.

THEN, in the fall of 1925, Meehan arrived. His team promptly won its first five games, tied a strong Columbia eleven, and lost only to Fordham and Rutgers. The next season N. Y. U. definitely broke into the big time. Captained by the redoubtable Francis Xavier Briante, the team won eight straight games, taking Fordham, Rutgers, Davis and Elkins, and Carnegie Tech, which was victorious over an otherwise undefeated Notre Dame outfit. The only game lost was to Nebraska. Since then N. Y. U. has played schedules of at least nine games, and six or seven of these every year have been against first-class teams. This is Meehan's seventh year at N. Y. U. Up to the disastrous Oregon game, lost through overconfidence, the teams he has coached had won forty-eight games, tied three, and lost twelve. In spite of its defeat the 1931 team has power, speed, and seasoning. It is one of the best he ever had and one of the greatest in the country. Next



"Oh Mamma! The grape-juice man is here to siphon it off."

year he'll probably have an even better team, as he'll start in the fall with a backfield of seniors, and a senior backfield is an almost perfect asset in major football.

A MAN of simple tastes and pleasures, Meehan concentrates his life in typical American fashion on his chief means of livelihood. He is also an officer of the Christensen Construction Company ("We build an awful lot of fronts for shoestores"), is married, and lives at 1920 Osborn Place, the Bronx, in the fall. In summer the Meehans go to their boardwalk bungalow at Long Beach. Every winter he takes a short vacation at Miami Beach. Since Meehan came to N.Y.U., many athletes from outside the metropolitan area have been attracted to that institution by his reputation. A great many of his players come from New England, with which section he keeps in close touch.

It is impossible to reckon in dollars and cents what bullish movements football has taken at New York University since he has been its head coach; but it is equally impossible not to observe that the Violet now plays all its games at the Yankee Stadium, which can and does contain seventy-eight thousand five hundred souls, whereas in the Big-Game-with-Stevens-Tech days, the mighty struggle took place at Ohio Field, which groans under fifteen thousand. It all seems a far cry from the playing fields of Eton, but so does the temper of the times.

Where he will go from here is easy to predict. We, the People of the United States, are always god-hungry, and somebody's got to succeed Rockne as football's Lindbergh. Meehan, the most successful and picturesque of all the younger coaches, is the logical candidate. Tremendously likable, discreet, modest, and a favorite with the sportswriters, he cannot help but be built up into a national hero, as was the late great Knute. It won't spoil him, however, as he does not let the inevitable ballyhoo with which academies of learning in these times insist on surrounding coaches bother him. After he is dead, there will be a niche waiting in N.Y.U.'s Hall of Fame.

—JOEL SAYRE

POSTWAR GENERATION

There is little more to be said.
Our strange youth is over now,
And as trees that, stricken and dead,
Stand upright, with leafy bough,

So we, with our graces and airs,
Feel the warmth commencing to go;
But hardly a one of us cares
That we shall not weather the snow.

We have danced, we have loved and played,
We have had our final jest.
On the hillsides where we have strayed,
Find us; cut us down to rest.

—HELENE MULLINS

• •

I SUGGEST

THAT the Fifth Avenue Coach Company provide all its patrons with baseball bats so that, as they ride along, they can knock those little gold nudes off the tops of the new traffic signals.

That a commission be appointed to look into the elimination of all spherical objects, thus doing away with ninety per cent of weekend games.

That all writers and actors who go to Hollywood to make money be paid in a special currency negotiable nowhere else.

That speakeasy proprietors be authorized quietly to poison all persons who address them in what they conceive to be the speech of the French native, who order drinks involving either cream or eggs, or who enter into conversation with strangers.

That the New York Telephone Company be required to install a special attachment on its instruments, permitting householders to electrocute any person telephoning after eleven o'clock at night, or before eleven o'clock in the morning.

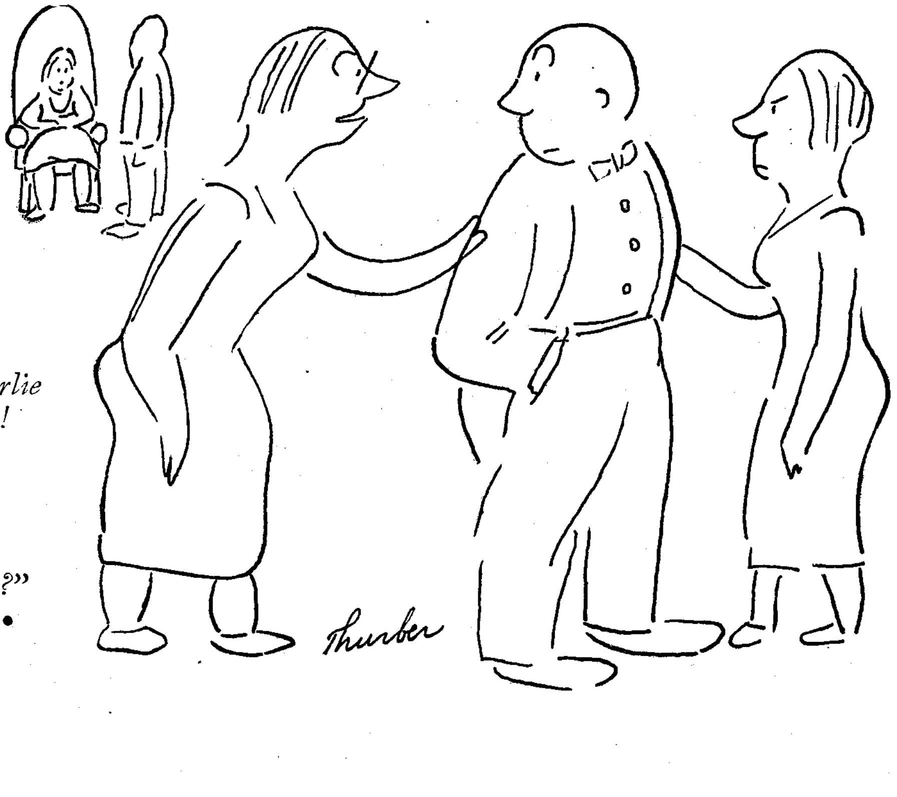
That the author of any article or book on the inward significance of comic-strip artists or any kindred topic be compelled to eat a bound volume of the *New Republic*.

That any person attempting to revive an old-fashioned game be obliged to give instructions in it on the sidewalk in front of the Public Library.

That any line, in any moving picture or play, which seems likely to become a catch-phrase be summarily deleted after the first night.

That the city government undertake an elaborate system of staggering everybody's hours so that it would be unnecessary, and even impossible, for more than two people to be in the same place at the same time.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"Charlie Reed! Or have I gone crazy?"

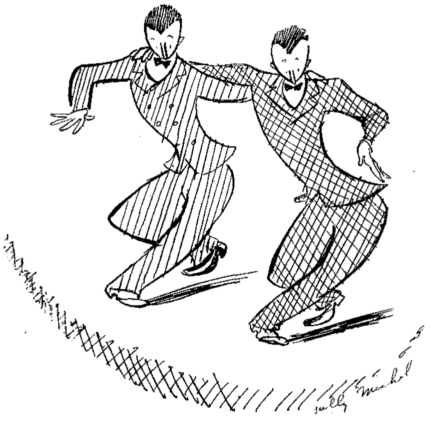
• •

THE THEATRE

THE DELUGE

IF many more good shows come to town there is grave danger that this much-maligned theatrical season may turn into something pretty good. Certainly we reviewers cannot go on much longer saying so snootily: "Of course, in a season like *this* . . ." Before we know it, "a season like this" may be referred to as "the Good Old Days."

In the first place, Ed Wynn is back in town with one of the best shows he has ever had. It has taste, beauty, and a series of confusions for Mr. Wynn which keep him in a practically continual state of nervous apprehension. Never has he shot more worried glances at that unseen watcher in the wings (I cannot figure out whether Mr. Wynn is afraid that this mysterious mentor *is* watching or that he *isn't*. At any rate, he is constantly on Mr. Wynn's mind) and never has he been so upset by the other acts in his show. You would think that, being the owner and director of his own production, he would know more about what his people are going to do and not be so constantly surprised at their actions. There is one rough-and-tumble *apache* dance which he could *never* have seen done before, so fidgety does he become during its convolutions, and his admiration at Jack Powell's remarkable drumming is mixed with a startled surprise which could come only from a spectator seeing it for the first time. One gets the impression that most of the acts in the show have just come in from the alley for a tryout that very minute. If Mr. Wynn is wise, he will keep them all in, even at the expense of his own peace of mind, for they are very good, all of them. Lawrence Gray has come out of Hollywood to add one more likable and natural juvenile to the all-too-small list and Miss Jeanne Aubert has taken someone's very good advice and is not so comical this year, a mood which enhances her singing and appearance to the point of making her a great deal more than bearable. In other words, not only is Ed Wynn at his best (which is almost too good to be borne) but he has fixed himself up a swell show.



THEN there is "Cynara," a success out of London by Messrs. H. M. Harwood and R. F. Gore-Browne, which turns out to be one of the most satisfactory and intelligent plays of the year, marred only by one scene which, I understand, was inserted for the American peasantry, and by one of the mobbiest offstage mobs since "The Christian." The story of the well-meaning and gentle man who found himself a cad and a bounder through a casual infidelity which he did not really seek is both fresh in theme and well told. Philip Merivale is excellent as the husband who finds an understanding wife in Phoebe Foster to share his disgrace with him in Capri, and Adrianne Allen, with little or no preliminary fanfare, turns out to be as appealing and skillful an actress as London has sent us for a long while. She is, incidentally, the wife of Raymond Massey, an item which leads us quite deftly into the next paragraph.

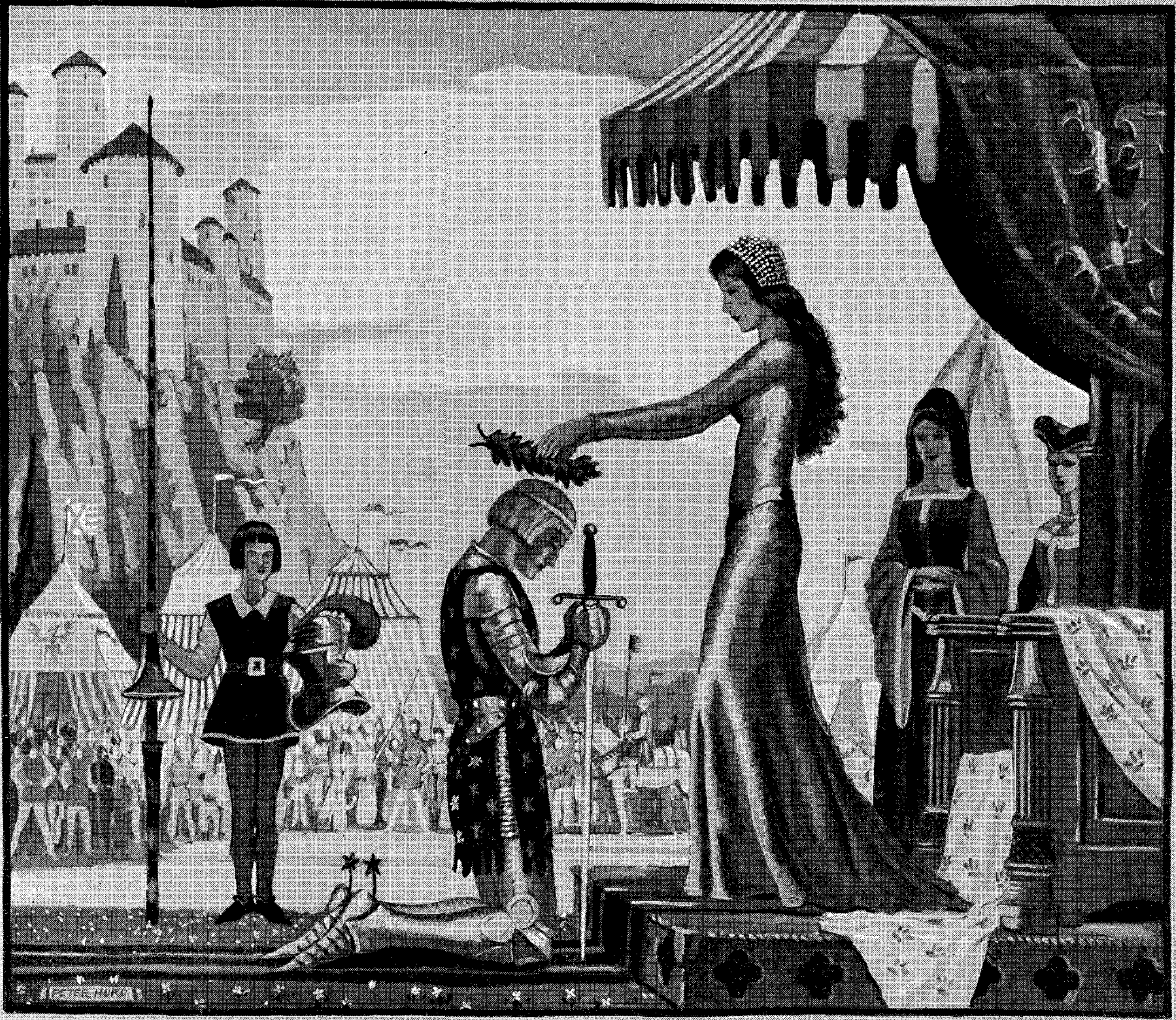
THERE are several schools of thought on the derivation of the word "ham," but I like to think that it is an abbreviation for "Hamlet," meaning an old-fashioned actor who delights to play the melancholy Rôle. My only criticism of Mr. Raymond Massey in the new Geddes production of this great tragedy would be that he is not enough of a ham. To be a really great Hamlet an actor should have a touch of the ham in him, just to give his voice resonance, his gestures theatricality, and his manner that phony quality so essential to a playing of Shakespeare. Mr. Massey is quite natural, his voice is the voice of an ordinary man (an ordinary man who doesn't like actors), and he gives the impression of being just what Hamlet probably was: a very young man with something on his mind. But it is not the Hamlet of the stage, of Booth, or Forbes-Robertson, or even of John Barrymore, who doesn't like actors either but who can, on occasion, act like one, with his tongue in his cheek. If Mr. Massey weren't so obviously a nice guy with no idea that he is a great actor, he would be a more impressive Hamlet. Personally, however, I would rather have Mr. Massey than Hamlet.

Norman Bel Geddes has done another of his majestic lighting-setting-standing-sitting productions, which, at times, eliminates Shakespeare entirely (and O.K. with me) but which is always something splendid to look at, especially in those groupings which, in color and richness, are the nearest thing to the Abbey murals that the stage has given us. The old-fashioned shifting of sets, which used to make Shakespeare such a fire hazard in the old opera-house days, has been done away with by the simple (to Mr. Geddes) device of shifting the lights from one block to another, and the duel scene especially derives considerable excitement, which it seldom has had, from being a real fight. "Hamlet," however, of all Shakespeare's plays, needs Mr. Geddes' help least, as it is a good show to begin with. But what he couldn't do for "All's Well That Ends Well" or "Troilus and Cressida"!

Just two more marginal notes on "Hamlet": Miss Celia Johnson, just about the best Ophelia we have ever seen, created the rôle in "Cynara" in London by which Miss Allen does so well here; and (2) will some of my colleagues never learn that the "Bel" in Mr. Geddes' name goes with the "Norman" and *not* with the "Geddes"? This is the third time I have had to speak about this.

IT seems strange that with such a grand idea as that which Mr. Galsworthy had for "The Roof" he could do so little. The British residents of a small Paris hotel, whom we have seen in their respective apartments as the play progresses, living their respective lives, are all driven up to the roof by one of the best stage fires in our memory. (Only the fluttering cloth flames failed to convince.) "How do they act under stress?" you ask—and Mr. Galsworthy asks. Surely a chance for something, especially in the hands of the man who wrote "Loyalties." Well, after each

Prestige



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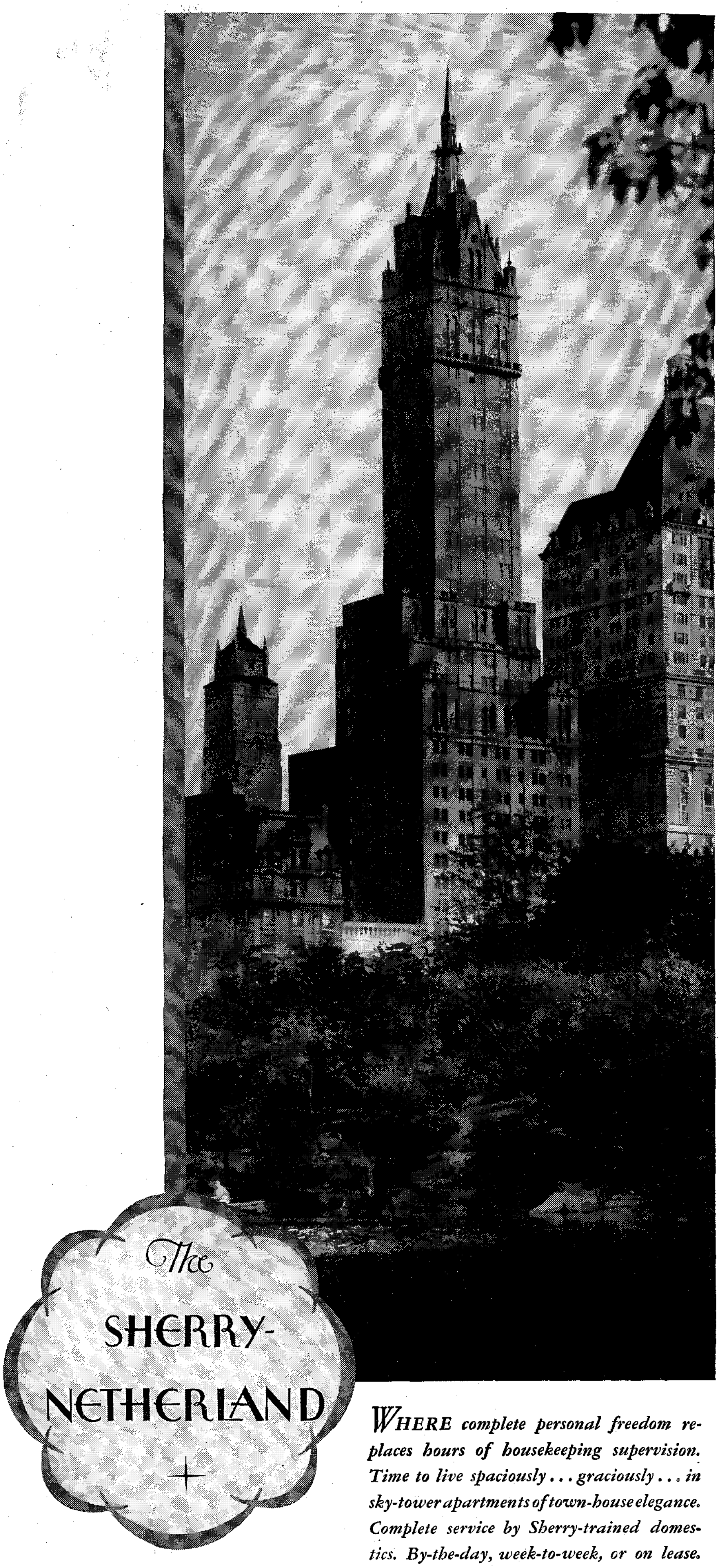

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

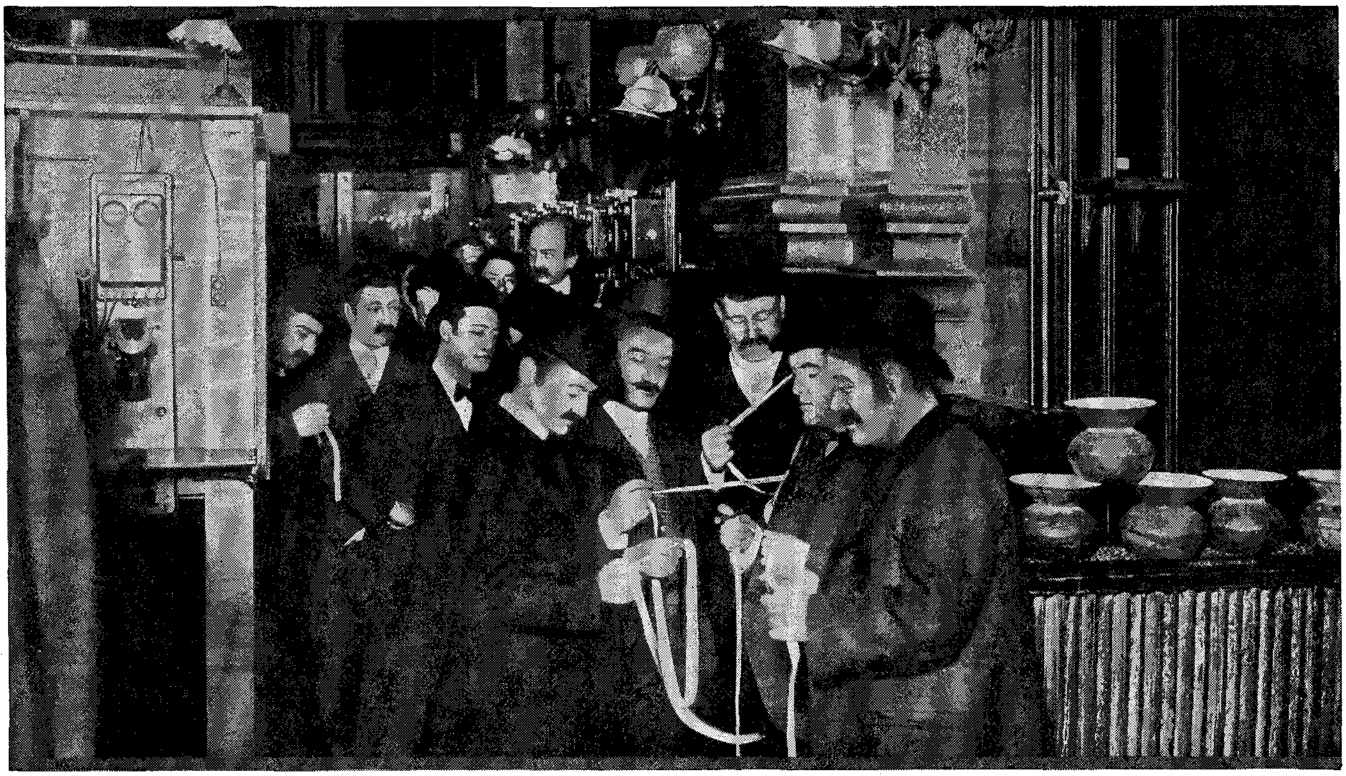
one in his preliminary scenes has expressed a desire to know what Life really is, the only solution offered when they get on the roof is that you should jump when the firemen tell you to, even if they are only Parisian firemen. Perhaps that is as good a solution to Life as any, to jump when the firemen tell you, but it is rather a flat stage philosophy.

However, "The Roof" is interesting for the most part (because you expect it to turn out better than it does) and a good cast, including Henry Hull, Anne Forrest, and Edouard La Roche (very especially Edouard La Roche as the waiter who holds the strings to the whole network) make it something that you could very well spend an off-evening at. The disappointment is that it could have been so much more than that.

MR. ELMER RICE has as many disguises in his protean playwrighting act as Ed Wynn (I forgot to mention Mr. Wynn's lightning-change act. It is astounding). He comes out as "On Trial," steps behind the screen and reappears as "The Adding Machine" in a quite different makeup, and follows, in quick succession, with "Street Scene," "See Naples and Die," "The Left Bank," and, the very next month, with "Counsellor-at-Law." And, as a good showman should do, he has saved a good one until the last (or rather, we hope, the *latest*).

"Counsellor-at-Law" tells the story of a man (whom his Jewish mother calls "the best lawyer in New York City," so he must have been pretty good) who finds himself threatened with disbarment for a small and charitable slip he made in legal ethics many years before. Mr. Rice not having been in one of his grimmer moods when he wrote this play, the man is *not* disbarred in the end. He loses his wife, it is true, but, as his Papa might have said with a shrug in the old days, "Who should care?"

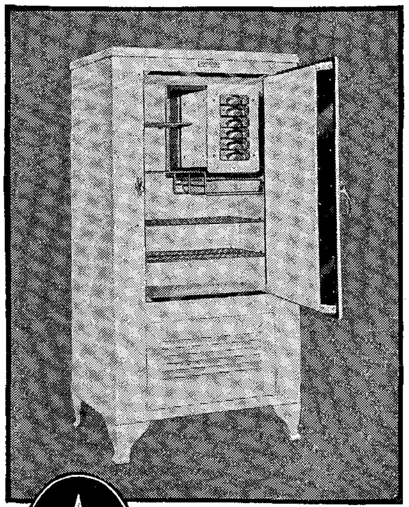
In his flush of success at being able to remember effective minutiae of life, Mr. Rice has let himself run on in his piling up of details. He has what has been referred to in speaking of a lady whose stories include all items of all degrees of importance: "total recall." Therefore, "Counsellor-at-Law" drags



The New York Stock Exchange in the 90's. What a difference today—and what a difference in automatic refrigerators, too—now that you can have Electrolux.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, *yielding place to new"*

— *Tennyson*



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will sail NOVEMBER 25 for a

4-DAY THANKSGIVING

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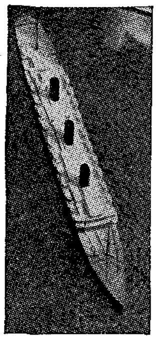

IT'S simply a "natural"! The huge *Paris*—second only to the *Ile de France* in the superb French Line fleet—invites you on its newest cruise over the Thanksgiving Week-End—cradled in luxurious comfort, diverted by French Line gayety—relaxed by the bland breezes of the Gulf Stream—and bidden to a feast which, in the opinion of the *Paris* chef, is

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She sails, Pier 57, at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, November 25th. Thanksgiving Day at sea—in the sunny Gulf Stream—with a Thanksgiving Dinner that would cost $15 a plate at the most luxurious hotels ashore—and only there or in Paris could you find such cooking. Friday morning, and all day and evening, you'll bask on Bermuda sands, ride the ribbon-roads of the wee island, golf, buy London things in the shops very reasonably indeed. That night late you'll up-anchor, and Sunday will see you back in town—ready for Monday—work—after the most delightful and original November week-end you ever conceived! The *Paris,* as you know, is the first choice of seasoned North Atlantic aristocrats who know where to command sheer luxury most reasonably. And (this is important) you'll like the sort of crowd that gravitates naturally toward French Liners.

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—or any authorized agent

a little here and there. But with Paul Muni to keep it vibrant and an excellent cast to support him, there is no reason why it shouldn't be cut and speeded up to shape it into the interesting play it really is.

THERE is a penalty attached to being as well known and as clever as Peter Arno is, and it is that, like the Marches, you are never let off anything. You can't do something half-way good and get away with it. Mr. Arno's "Here Goes the Bride" was certainly no worse than many musical shows which come to town, but it also was certainly no better, and we naturally expected it to be. It had Bobby Clark in it, and no show with Bobby Clark can be a total loss, especially when, as he did toward the end of the show (just about two hours too late), he hit his stride. But the general effect was not so much that of an actively bad show as of no show at all. I still don't understand how it could happen.

THERE is another musical, "East Wind," which is evidently Messrs. Schwab and Mandel's revenge on the people who panned them for trying to be different in "Free for All." They have avoided being different in "East Wind" with a tenacity which, had it been converted into foot-pounds of energy, would have lifted the Empire State Building three inches off its base. The plot may have items of originality, but the feeling among the audience was that of having sat through one of the musical comedies of an elder day, for which, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Romberg used to write the same lilting music. Of course, the musical comedies of an elder day weren't so bad, but we do remember how they went, and "East Wind" goes that way.

Just as a purely personal comment, if the Paris establishment known as "Aux Belles Poules" in the second act is the same as the one I know, then the proprietors have come into money since my last visit and now I *know* what became of those five thousand francs.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

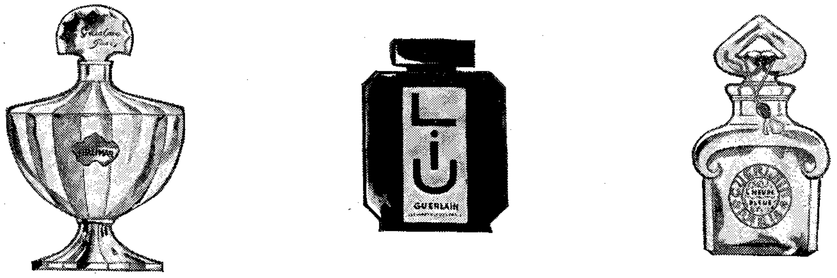
•

BOWMAN, Ga., (AP).—In naming their sixteen children Mr. and Mrs. John R. Ginn dispensed with haphazard methods and used the alphabet consecutively from B to Q. The children are Brodie, Corbin, Dorcas, Elmira, Fezzan, Gregor, Hassie, Ithmar, Jessie, Kester, Lisbon, Manson, Nelson, Ornice, Pascal, and Quaver.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Fifteen without a Quaver.

ELEGANCE IS FOR HER, THE EXQUISITE ONE

Between glamorous women and the mood of elegance an ageless affinity endures. It graces their every day, through all their years. For these enchanting ones the elegance of the present era; the pale, pale room, silvery with the shadows of great white divans, profuse with pallid iris . . . chosen with the same savant's care for esprit with which she appraises her arrogant emeralds. For her, the perfumes of Guerlain! They drift about her in undulant airs. They exalt her moods. As accents of elegance these perfumes have held sway in France, on the Continent, for generations. Women of distinction cherish, beyond all others, these three: Shalimar, with its aureole of sweeping depth . . . L'Heure Bleue, Paris at its azure hour . . . Liu, a new star of the modern scene. And for women who would inspire illusions, there are, as well, Shalimar powder and lipsticks Guerlain! One artist, and one alone, creates perfumes whose emotion, felt once, is forgotten never. He is Guerlain . . .

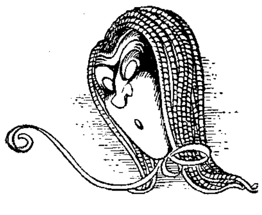


Shalimar is $12.50 and $25 . . . . . Liu is $30 . . . . . and L'Heure Bleue is $5 and $15.

GUERLAIN

• PARFUMEUR
PARIS

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



THANKFULLY RECEIVED

FROM College Hill in Clinton, New York, Ruth Laves reports an experience which recently befell a young man in Cleveland and further declares that his subsequent nervous breakdown is vouched for by a friend of a friend of a friend of hers. But even as she hands on the episode to me, Mrs. Laves herself detects in it the curious, indefinable accent of folk-lore-in-the-making and she wonders if the tale be new. As one old gossip to another, she writes me in this fashion:

> The young man, motoring home late one night over a deserted highway, slowed down for a dangerous intersection and saw, standing by the roadside, a girl, bareheaded and dressed in evening apparel. She signalled him to stop and, giving some explanation about a misunderstanding which had left her stranded, asked him to take her back to the city. He was half fearful of a holdup trick, but she was quite alone and he decided to take the risk. The girl seemed very tired and, after giving him the number of her home in a familiar street, lapsed into silence. They drove on to town without further conversation.
>
> Swinging into the street the girl had mentioned, the driver turned to speak to her and discovered with a shock that she was no longer in the car. He had been driving steadily for many miles and knew she could not possibly have got out. It was hard for him to credit his own senses. He pulled up before the number she had given, and after a dazed moment, walked up to the house and rang the bell.
>
> A weary-looking, elderly gentleman invited him in, listened without surprise to his incoherent account, and offered him a shot of whiskey to steady his nerves. Yes, this had happened before, he said. Hardly a month passed without a visit late at night from some distracted young man who told a similar story. Yes, he knew the girl whom they all described. She was undoubtedly his daughter, who had been killed in a collision at that intersection more than a year before.

Well, there is the story as Mrs. Laves heard it. I can add nothing save a footnote to the effect that just two weeks before, the same story had come to me from California. Only that time the scene was Oakland, the motorist had his wife with him as witness, and it seems it was not the father, but the mother of the vanishing passenger who greeted them when they rang the bell.

LOOSELY, in this connection, let me report that of late I have been wallowing in reminiscence prompted by a gift from a kindly neighbor. It was a bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1892, the very year in which, as a fairly early bookworm, I took up reading in a big way. At our house we cherished its weekly advent and were insufferably condescending towards those boys on our street who seemed fatuously content with the *Youth's Companion*. *Harper's Young People* was an extraordinarily good magazine, splendidly illustrated by Howard Pyle, de Thulstrup, A. B. Frost, Kemble, Smedley, and Peter Newell. It had fine tales for boys by such writers as Pyle, Trowbridge, and Kirk Munroe and it published many articles by the same W. J. Henderson who now writes pieces on music for the *Evening Sun*. As the earlier Henderson *opera* were flagrantly informative, I avoided them at the time. Also, one cannot look through the old files without coming upon many a misses'-size story by Lucy C. Lillie.

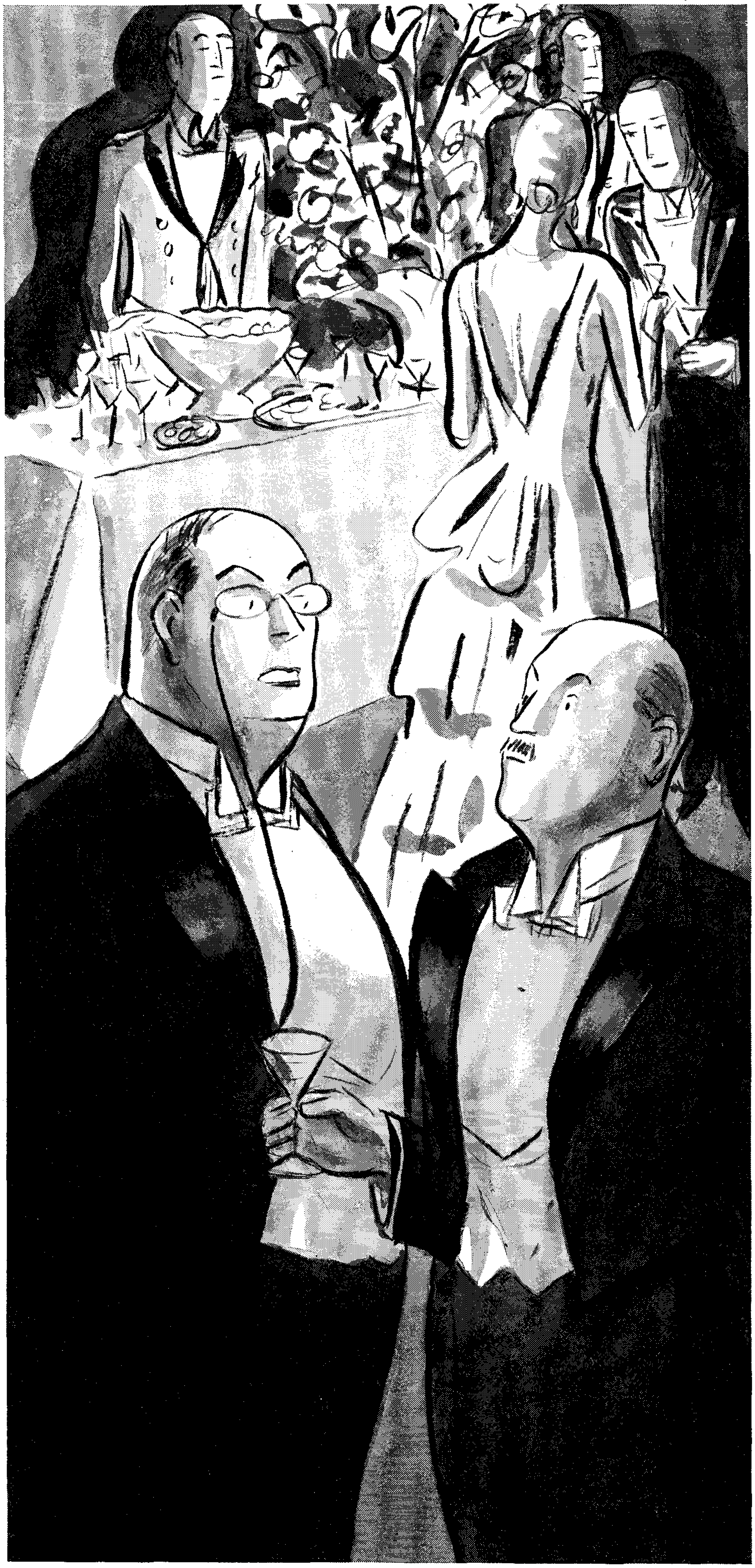
Having just been engaged in such a journey back through the years, I was in the right mood to get a letter last week telling me that my tale of "The Triple Warning" (sorry to have to mention it again) was true enough, but that it happened back in the early 80's, that the ghostly hearse drove up to the door of a brown-stone front in New York, and that the girl who saw it—you'd never guess—was none other than Lucy C. Lillie. But all that happened before I was born. In the same mail was a sorrowing note from Arthur Guiterman, who says he heard the story back in 1909 from Richard Le Gallienne and thriftily sold it to *Life*. I doubt if that jocund weekly was the best of all possible media for it. Maybe that is where it was discovered by the chatty divine who, for a small compensation, shows American tourists around Warwick Castle. I am told he relates it to all of them under the impression that it is a perfect scream. He can hardly make the words audible through his own spasms of merriment. My guess is that such an attitude on the part of the raconteur would impair its effectiveness.

AFTER which business of clearing up my desk, let me report several additions to my dossier of repellent nomenclature. Not long ago I announced that in Dallas, Texas, there was a self-service grocery store actually called the Helpsey Selfsey. Many letters of indignant protest now compel me to apologize for my error. It seems that it is really called the Helpy Selfy and that there is not one but a chain of twenty-nine Helpy Selfy stores in Dallas alone. Texas seems to be a terrible state. In the town of Lubbock, about three hundred and fifty miles northwest of Dallas, there is a butcher shop called the Heepie Cheepie. It carries a slogan which reads: "There Is Only One Other Like It in the World." Says my informant: "The other one, thank God, is also in Lubbock." Then from the Governor's office in that same commonwealth comes the damaging admission that, on a road leading out of Austin, there is a gas station called The Little Elf.

However, Ohio, too, has a good deal to explain. At least a letter from Toledo assures me that on the road running from Columbus to Cincinnati, there is a wayside eating place called Stubby's Tummy Tation. If, after being there, one is visited with gastric discomfort, I assume one should toddle to the nearest drug store and order Tums.

I am sometimes interrupted by snorts from incredulous people who say, "Oh, come now, Mr. W., you made that up." But how could one—and why need anyone?—be so inventive? As God is my judge, there is actually a much advertised remedy for indigestion called Tums. Its slogan is "Tums for the Tummy." It would need a reunion of Kaufman and Connelly as playwrights adequately to stage the scene of the directors gravely meeting to adopt the name Tums.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



"OURS IS A FRIGIDAIRE"

And here's one investment any bear-baiting, bull-throwing broker would be proud to boast about. . . . Simply because it pays dividends day and night—quarterly—annually—and regularly. . . . It saves everything that enters its hospitable porcelain-on-steel doors. It saves you the embarrassment of not having a morsel to eat nor a drop to drink in the house—for it gives you security to buy plenty without fear of spoiling. It saves on wear and tear, for its sturdy, lifetime porcelain-on-steel resists the elements, accidents, adults and children. It saves bending around for inconvenient shelves, and its flat top saves an extra table for pot-and-pan parking purposes. . . . And, shades of passed dividends! How it does save money in actual operating costs. Matter of fact, it's got at least three legs on the Long, Broad, High and Wide Savings Cup. . . . Take a tip on a real buy—take a ten spot—and take home a Frigidaire that'll start off by paying for itself and end up by putting Pauline thru finishing school. . . . Frigidaire is just around the corner! . . . Frigidaire • A General Motors Value • 39 West 45th St., New York, N. Y. • Bryant 9-8700

CONTEMPORARY INDUSTRIAL ART

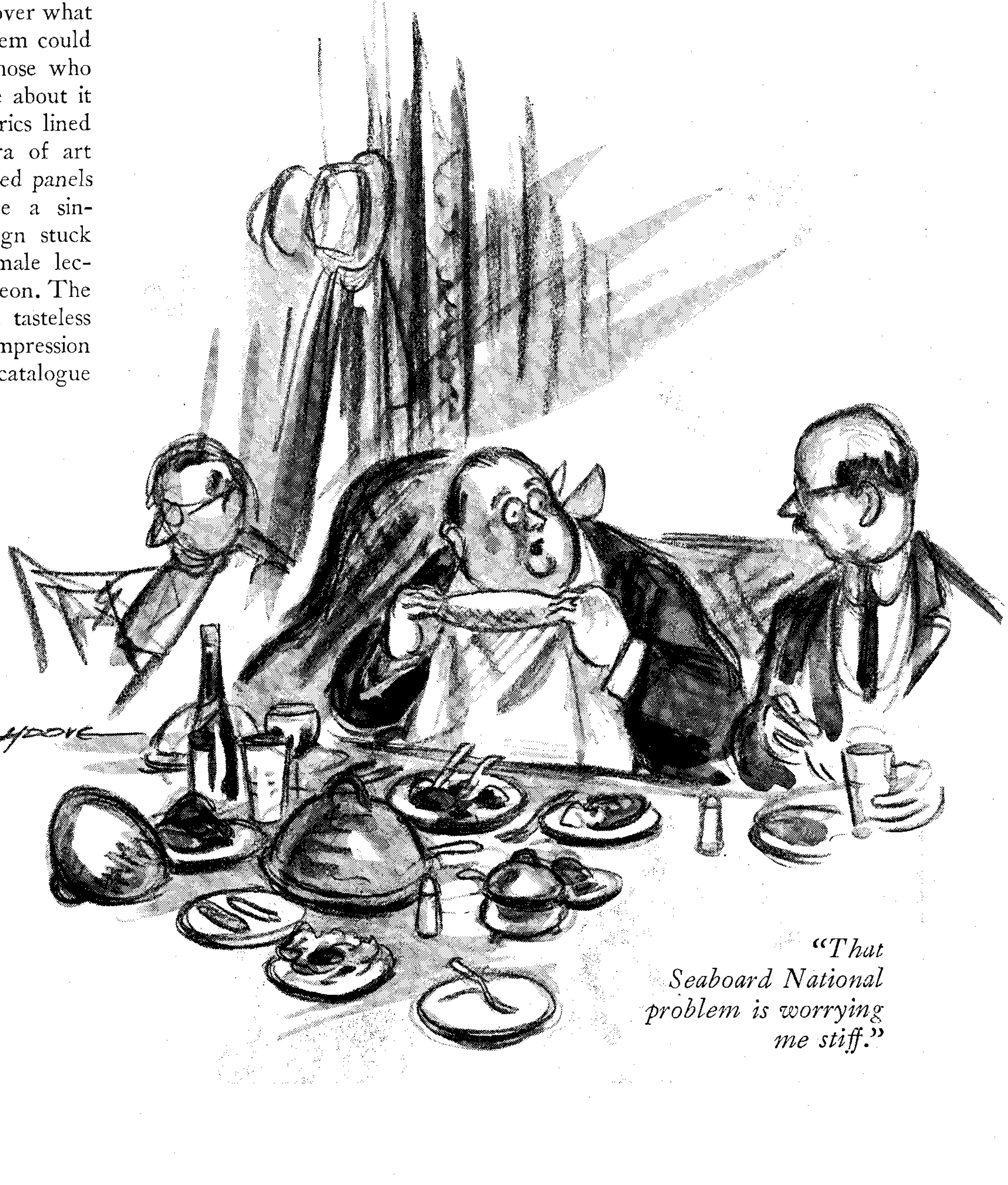
IN his introduction to the current exhibition of the decorative arts at the Metropolitan, Mr. Richard F. Bach says confidently that the show can have few enemies. If this were true, it would be deplorable. One does not, perhaps, summon an invalid out of bed in order to have the pleasure of kicking him downstairs: by the same token, one might charitably say nothing about the work that the Metropolitan has here sponsored. But the Twelfth Exhibition of Contemporary American Industrial Art is surely the worst that has appeared, and if the Metropolitan cannot do any better I would cheerfully vote that it be the last. They manage such things better in Brooklyn.

I visited the exhibition room on the first Saturday after the opening. Instead of the crush of eager spectators who were on hand, I recollect, to welcome the exhibition of the Swedish arts, or that of modern decoration in 1929, there was a small drift of dispirited people trying hard to discover what it was all about. Some of them could not believe their eyes, and those who could believe them felt worse about it than ever. Dull-colored fabrics lined the walls, mediocre simulacra of art masqueraded as chairs and tiled panels and drapes; here and there a single object of competent design stuck out as uncomfortably as a male lecturer at a woman's-club luncheon. The general effect was that of a tasteless and joyless mediocrity, and impression which the typography of the catalogue itself, with its border of mourning around every page, only completed.

What did this atmosphere remind me of? I suddenly remembered: the parlor of a retired Indian Civil Servant in South Kensington. The chronological date was 1931, but the spiritual date of this show was 1871. With singular unanimity and concentrated purpose, our manufacturers and designers had brought back all the sadder characteristics of the Victorian period. Mr. Roger Fry, in his admirable essay on the Ottoman and the Whatnot, had warned us long ago that this would come about; but I had hoped that the revival might be confined to legitimate antiques. Alas! all one can say of the decorations in the present exhibition is that they are not *even* Victorian: they have the stuffiness without the blowsy good humor, and the bad design without the living touch of confident vulgarity. But the date is 1871. If there are no whatnots, there is a whole showcase of upholstery fringes and tassels, and some of the decorations painfully recall the highest flights of the Victoria and Albert Museum school.

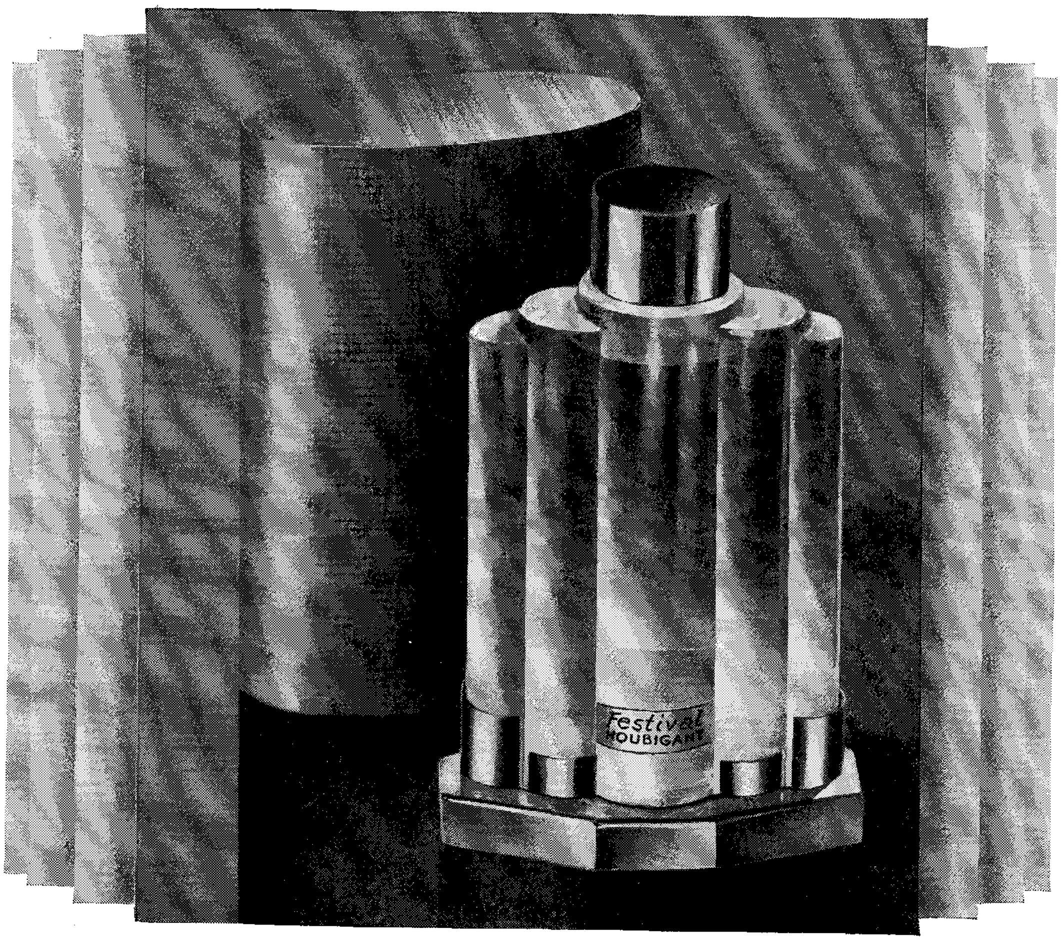
WHAT happened? Did some of our manufacturers early this summer take a little too seriously the boom in Empress Eugénie hats and suddenly assume the duty of providing a background for that revival? Perhaps that was one of the causes; but the current retreat in the decorative arts lacks the liveliness, the sense of fooling, that the worst imbecilities in women's dresses still have. The creators of these furnishings are doubtless serious about their lapses and errors, but that does not improve matters. While the designer of indented bathroom tiles with a black figured border is an eminent authority on tiles, of acknowledged competence, his handiwork brings us back to the old-fashioned wallpaper that once graced the bathrooms of the Brownstone Fronts; compared to this a bare plaster wall is a sublime work of art.

Mr. Henry Dreyfuss' designs for doorknobs are even worse. During the last few years we had approached that quiet and assured taste in these objects which used to be known in the eighties as Boston taste, because the New England Brahmins refused to accept the meaningless dewjigs which accompanied the Centennial Exposition of 1876. Mr. Dreyfuss has changed all that: he has styled doorknobs within an inch of their lives with lines and indentations which recall nothing whatever in the



"That Seaboard National problem is worrying me stiff."

LES SELECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT



PARFUM

Festival

A NEW AND EXCLUSIVE
TECHNIQUE OF BLENDING RARE
ESSENCES . . . THIS UNUSUAL AND
LASTING PERFUME ONLY DEVELOPS
TO ITS TRUE PERFECTION A BRIEF
MOMENT AFTER IT IS APPLIED

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

Imagine! If Your Favorite Critic Were to Write an Advertisement for Your Favorite Advertiser

★ ★

PEPPERELL THEATRE NOTES

PEPPERELL TRADE MARK FABRICS

DROLL MISHAP AT FIRST NIGHT

SOMETHING that would have been "funny," if it had not been just a tiny bit "pathetic" in the eyes of this "critic," took place at the first night of "Panties & Scanties" last week. The star, Miss Zella Burlicue, who is just a nice little home girl from Glen Cove, Long Island, was given her chance on the stage through the friendly interest of a Wall Street "broker." The playwright cleverly thought up a "scene" in which Miss Burlicue, acting the rôle of a bride who was separated from her husband on the honeymoon, was supposed to repel the advances of still another bridegroom, who by a "coincidence" was also separated from his wife.

It seems the other man was in room 999 by mistake, because that number looks just like 666 upside down and he was coming home upside down from a "stag party." So when he got into the wrong "bedroom" he made a lot of noise putting his shoes in the top bureau drawer and drying off the gold fish for fear they would catch cold after their "swim."

All this was just a stage device to wake up Miss Burlicue and give the audience some good clean fun as a result of "mistaken identity." But Miss Burlicue didn't wake up. She was actually so fast asleep that some folks thought she had actually taken a "drop too much".

Later the property man, or "Old Props," confessed that to make the room look just as nice as it would in a modern high-priced hotel, he had made up the bed with genuine Pepperell Peeress sheets, the best on the market. Unused to such luxury, the poor little girl sank into such profound slumber that she did not hear her "cue" and the "curtain" had to be pulled down amid the loudest applause heard on Broadway this year.

R-b-rt B-nchl-y

PEPPERELL PEERESS

The Smoothest, Softest, Best and Most Durable of Cotton Percale Sheets

SHEETS

72 x 108, plain hems...$2.50 90 x 108, plain hems...$3.25
72 x 108, hemstitched..$2.70 90 x 108, hemstitched..$3.50

PILLOWCASES

45 x 40½, plain hem...$ .70 45 x 40½, hemstitched.$ .80

Sold only in the Metropolitan District by

ABRAHAM & STRAUS
BROOKLYN

KRESGE DEPT. STORE
NEWARK, N. J.

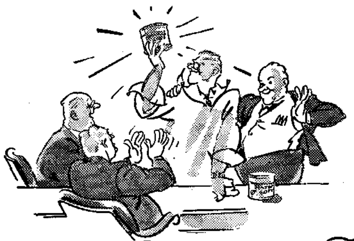
JAMES McCREERY & CO.
NEW YORK CITY

Also sold in the best stores in other cities

world except the dabs and flourishes of Eastlake decoration. Mr. Norman Bel Geddes has gone a step beyond Mr. Dreyfuss: he has taken a radio set and carefully concealed it in a walnut cabinet so scrupulously undistinguished that the most refined intelligence could not detect that a man of talent had had anything to do with the design. One looks at the cabinet, one looks at the name attached to it, and one suddenly feels an acute need for that other great Victorian accessory: smelling salts.

A HANDFUL of chairs and lamps escapes this sense of destitution. Gilbert Rohde has designed a reclining chair which is a handsome and practical and sensible modern development of the original Morris chair—a permanent type which our furniture manufacturers foolishly have given up producing during the past twenty years. He has also done a bent-wood armchair which shows just that combination of skilled invention and sound taste we need to lift us out of the bog of stylicism and adaptation. Some of the glassware designed for the Fostoria Glass Company by G. Sakier was moderately good; in short, by design or by accident, an interesting piece of honest industrial art was sometimes included only to be swallowed up by the background of Neo-Victorian tiles, textiles, chinaware. For the tone of the exhibition was established by a settee of inlaid wood designed for the new Waldorf-Astoria. I will say nothing about this work of art, except that it is inferior to hundreds of other chairs in that hotel in every quality except costliness.

As one leaves this show, three ques-



At last Science gives us something really *constructive*

SCIENCE has a lot to answer for—begetting as it has so many gadgets to complicate our lives—and so little that is really ennobling.

But now all is forgiven. For Science, in the person of our own enterprising Head Scientist, has produced something so uplifting as to compensate for a lifetime of ingenious gadgets and baubles.

This newest contribution to the joy of living is the Vita-Fresh Process, a revolutionary new method for packing Maxwell House Coffee in a wondrous manner that delivers this noble coffee blend to your home precisely as fresh and full-flavored as the moment it emerged from our roasting ovens.

To appreciate fully the significance of the Vita-Fresh Process, let us pause to ponder these rather appalling facts:

1. That loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting
2. That coffee in old-fashioned cans loses 45% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting

All due to the attack of Oxygen!

Think of it! Forty-five to sixty-five per cent of the flavor gone from nine-day-old coffee. Even vacuum packing, a definite improvement over old-fashioned methods, removes only part of the air from the can, leaving sealed in enough Oxygen to cause flavor loss and deterioration.

The new Vita-Fresh Process removes the air so *completely* that the most rigid chemical analysis reveals *no trace of Oxygen in the Maxwell House can after packing.*

Two generations of coffee connoisseurs have grown moist-eyed over the grandeur and perfection of the Maxwell House blend. What ecstasies will they not *now* experience when they quaff this inimitable coffee *always roaster-fresh!*

At last Science joins hands with Art.

VITA-FRESH
VACUUM PACKED
MAXWELL
HOUSE
COFFEE
HIGH GRADE
NET WEIGHT
ONE POUND
GROUND
STEEL CUT
PERCOLATOR

NOTE: If you would know what transports of delight—what liquid poetry—can be encompassed within a coffee cup, communicate with your grocer without delay. Bid him dispatch to your kitchen, quickly, a pound of Maxwell House Coffee. Refreshed and uplifted with such an exquisite brew, even the most craven husbands commute forth to the brawling marts of trade with the mien of conquerors.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

Good to the Last Drop

WHEN THE
"FLYING DUTCHMAN"

flew a flag of distress

HIS RIGHT name was Sepp, but to the old singing society, he was the "Flying Dutchman"—the fastest waiter that ever bore a tray. But even speedy Sepp would wave his napkin in protest when the boys started calling for Liederkranz. The orders came almost too fast for his swift legs to execute.

For there was no question but that the singing society loved this cheese. To them, it was an institution to be honored, a rite to be observed.

And so it is with knowing eaters to-day. Liederkranz is to them a symbol of good fellowship. One glimpse of its tawny crust, one taste of its creamy goodness, and the whole world smiles. A cheese mellow as Autumn sunlight, genial as a rollicking song.

That's why wise wives see to it that their iceboxes are never without Liederkranz—why they serve it regularly as dessert. They know that here is a cheese that will soften the visage of the grumpiest male. And they have learned that, while men may bluster that Liederkranz is *their* cheese, it tastes just as marvelous to women.

LIEDERKRANZ

One of *Borden's* Fine Cheeses

© 1931, B. CO.

tions enter one's mind: Is it real? Is it true? And who or what is responsible for it?

ONE is tempted to attribute this sudden decline and fall of the decorative arts to the depression. Perhaps this show is merely a symbol of the confused and shell-shocked mind of 1931: instead of fiddling while Rome burns, our manufacturers are ready to turn their backs to the fire and to die of cold feet. In order to check up on this notion, I visited another exhibition of the industrial arts: Macy's. There I found the same handsome pots and pans and glassware that greeted one four years ago; there I found the usual supply of our fine Leigh ware (undecorated), and there was plenty of foreign chinaware designed with the same happy sense of form and color. In the furniture department, the French modern flavor of 1927 had evaporated in good part; but there was more good modern furniture than ever, the prices had been reduced and the designs improved, and Rohde's Morris chair looked twice as handsome amid other objects in the same key.

In short, the depression and the bad taste were not a general movement of the tides: they were a particular little eddy, disproportionately magnified at the Museum. That exhibition is real, but it is not true: it represents a cross-section of our taste even less fairly to-day than it would have in 1925. As a general guide to contemporary taste, one is much safer in the hands of a good department store than in the Gallery of Special Exhibitions at the Metropolitan. Insofar as the Museum has exercised a positive influence in the selection of objects for its show, it has tended to emphasize not one long and continuous curve of development, but a passing fashion. One might pardon a department store for trying to make such an impression, but not a museum.

One thing is plain: there is a group among our manufacturers that does not realize that in the decorative arts a steady and continuous development is both possible and necessary—as possible

The first really PRACTICAL *anti-depression* PLAN!

WITH all due respect to the Messrs. Donham, Swope and Legion, with their excellent plans for the immediate restoration of the old morale—here is a plan to end plans. It is called the Impulse Plan:

Pick out a date from the neat group in the middle of this page. Then telephone—solo or ensemble—to the French Line, or a French Line agent.

Then, as the date approaches, pack cool things for warm zones, and a coat that doesn't mind salt air, and take off from Pier 57 on "the ship everyone loves"—the famous, swift-footed French Liner *France*. After two days of inexpressible French Line comfort you will reach Nassau. There you will swim or golf or dance and/or sit . . . and sip. Then you will examine Jamaica, just as a lapidary examines any other new, uncommon jewel. Then you will do Havana as you would be done by Havana. Then you will come back to Pier 57, having been gone 12 days, missed hardly at all, and almost illegally envied. You will have played with nice people (French Line cruises are like that); you will have constantly eaten extraordinary things prepared by chefs trained in the greatest Paris restaurants; you will have canvassed a judicious *cave;* you will have been made to enjoy this new cruise more than you ever thought you could enjoy eleven days anywhere—and for *very small money.*

This plan makes sense. The money angle of it is what you might call its important appeal. Act, folks.

French Line

THE "IMPULSE PLAN" STARTS

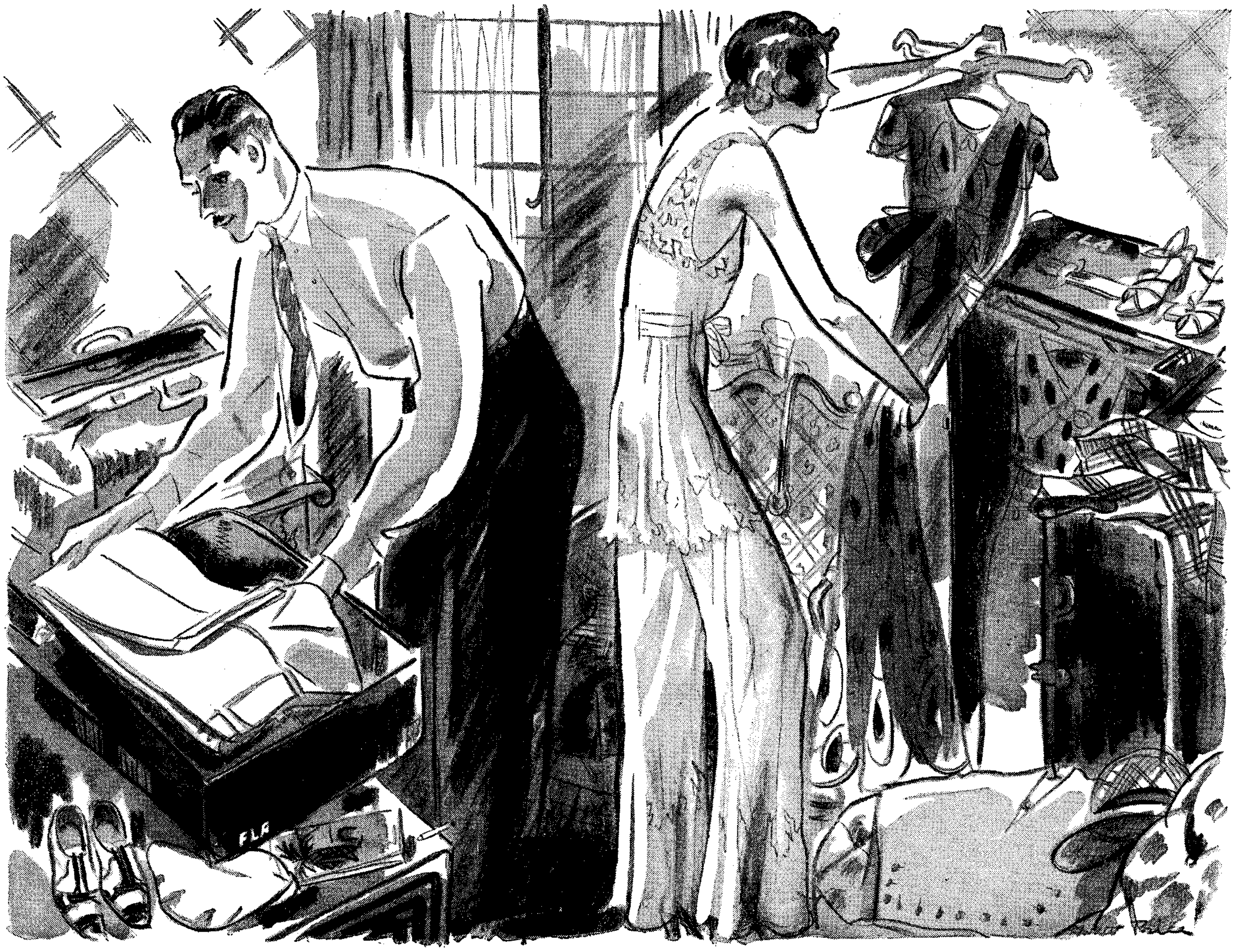
JAN ▪ 23 (11 days)
FEB ▪▪ 6 (11 days)
FEB ▪ 20 (18 days)
MAR ▪ 12 (11 days)
MAR ▪ 26 (11 days)
APR ▪▪ 9 (11 days)

BUT YOU JOLLY WELL BETTER BOOK NOW

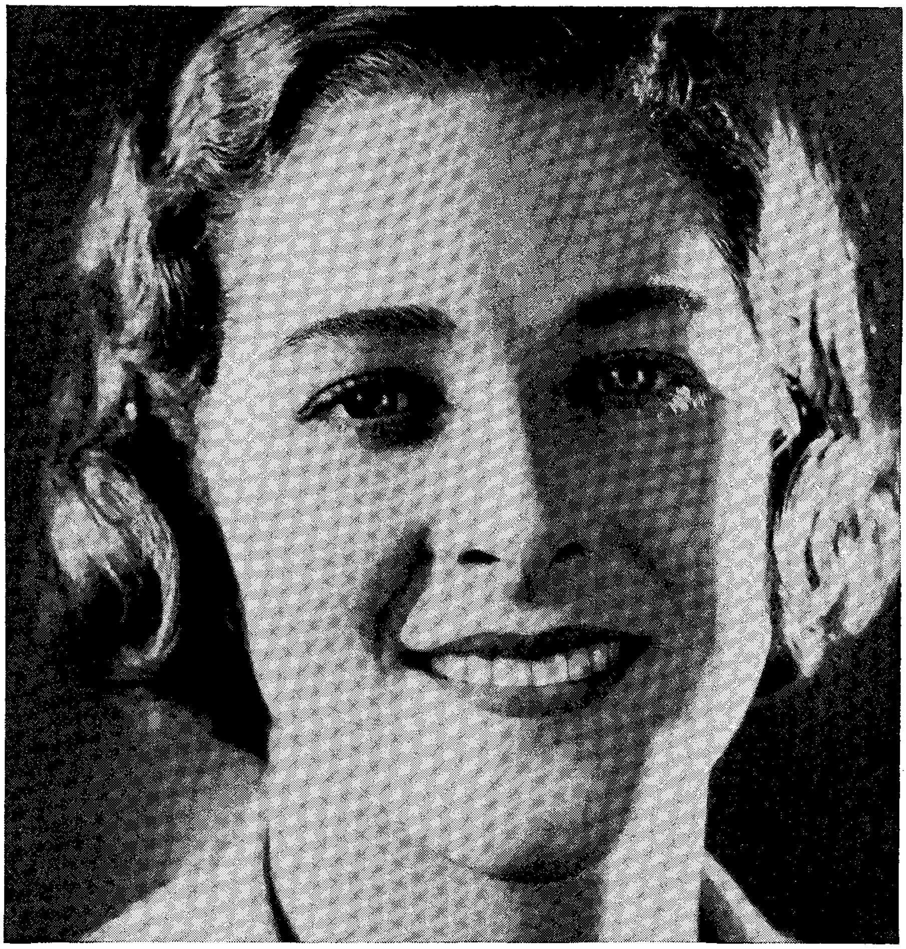
THE FRANCE

"Tout le monde aime ce bateau"

Mr. Price was unable to show that the thermometer outside reads 14, and that the headlines read "Gale Sweeps West; U. S. Gives Up." We wanted him to show the floor littered with sheets of figures showing how much cheaper the France *cruises are than staying at home; we told him to put a detailed travel-folder open on the trunk. He forgot it. You can have it by calling BOwling Green Ny-un—7500 right straight away.*



I started something in our bridge club!



JIM and I belong to an awfully nice bridge club. We really don't play very serious bridge, but we always have lots of fun and the high spot is the late supper after the game.

The last time I had the club, I introduced Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee as the perfect "bridge-player's beverage"! "No caffeine — and so no lying awake and arguing over what *might* have happened if 'John' had only led a diamond, etc."

Well, it made a big hit with the crowd. Nearly every one drank a second cup and voted it just about the best coffee they ever tasted. And the bridge club has made Kaffee Hag Coffee its official beverage. It's been served the last two times.

★ ★ ★

Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is nothing but the purest, finest coffee—with 97% of the caffeine—and the indigestible wax removed.

Try Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee for a week and see if you do not sleep better and feel better. For you need the benefits of a warming, cheering beverage at night. Kaffee Hag Coffee helps you relax and aids digestion.

A wonderful coffee to serve at evening parties. Your guests can enjoy it without risking a sleepless night.

Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is sold by your grocer in vacuum-sealed cans. It is guaranteed pure coffee, free of the harmful effect of caffeine. If you are not entirely satisfied, return the can to us and we will refund your money. Try it at the new low price reduced again this past September. Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, over stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 9.45 E. S. T.

and as necessary as it is in the design of airplanes and automobiles. These designers have a dressmaker's conception of style—as something to catch the season with. The conception might perhaps be defended if one changed one's furniture as often as one changes and renews one's clothes; but as a matter of fact, no one does, and unless the designs are terrible, no one wants to. On the contrary, people go on living with Sheraton or Biedermeier for scores of years, even though the cycle of generations may demand an altered social ritual and a fresh background.

BUT for design in the decorative arts to be cumulative and continuous two conditions are needed: first, the designers must be interested in the materials and the processes and the patterns themselves, and remain with a particular problem long enough to approach, by degrees, an adequate solution. They cannot profess "Modernism" in the spring and Neo-Victorianism in the fall—to abandon modern design is really to confess one has never achieved it. The other condition is that the patron must learn to distinguish between quality and mere expense which is not directed toward securing quality. A design should be right, even though to a careless eye it may not look costly. Chanel taught that secret in women's costumes; but there have not been enough Chanels to go round in the industrial and decorative arts. Hence all the wearisome insignia of "art" and expense: the paintings, scratchings, moldings, beadings, flutings, turnings, indentations, in the current exhibition; whereas the great principle of modern art is to let well enough alone. The first person who styled a kodak or a fountain pen or a bathroom should have been shot. Unfortunately, nothing less than a wholesale execution would balance up accounts with the present exhibition at the Metropolitan. —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

BITTERSWEET

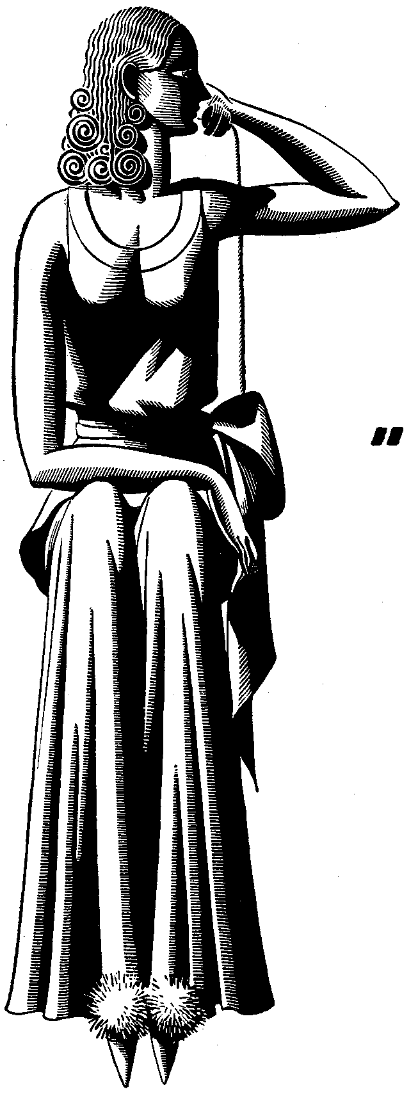
[*From the Yuma (Ariz.) Morning Sun*]

Charles Boyce was given a fine cake in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the poorhouse.

•

LADY wishes to place useful man, whole or part time. Caledonia 6-5479.—*Adv. in the Herald Tribune.*

There's a girl who would place us the minute she saw us!



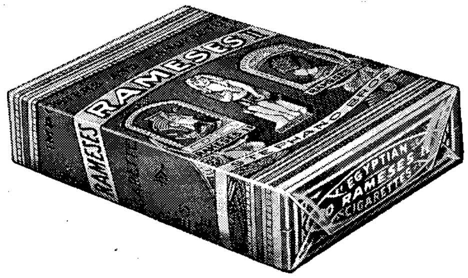
"WAS it a night?"

" . . . do stop jittering a minute and let me tell you . . . He had a build like a life guard—and he *saved* the life of the dinner party single-handed. His eyes alone would resuscitate a drowning woman. They were pools, nothing but pools! . . . And speaking of the stock market, he probably owns a couple of aisle seats . . . He was like that Rameses smoker we met last week. I tell you it's an unfailing guide." Just one statement will explain why Rameses is the choice of cigarette connoisseurs everywhere! The tobacco alone in *one* Rameses cigarette costs more than that used in *five* cigarettes of ordinary manufacture. So, when you are offered a Rameses you are five times favored . . . If you enjoy the good things in life don't deny yourself the pleasure of Rameses . . . Stephano Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

TUNE IN WJZ . . . 6:15 P. M. EVERY TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

RAMESES II

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES



10 Cigarettes for 20 Cents

20 Cigarettes for 35 Cents

STEPHANO BROTHERS

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE FLOUR RIOT OF 1837

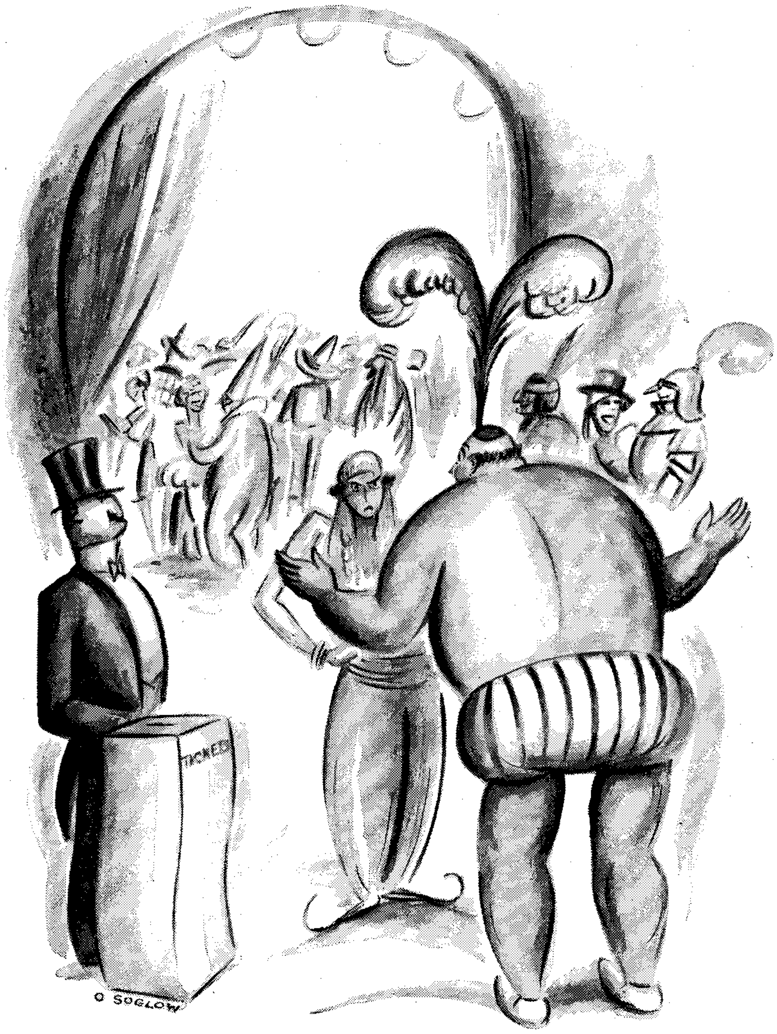
THE instability of the American financial and business structure during the year that preceded the panic of 1837 added immeasurably to the distress that had been caused by the Great Fire of 1835, in which nearly seven hundred buildings were destroyed with a total loss of some twenty million dollars. Few of the insurance companies were able to meet their obligations after the fire, and financial houses and banks were compelled to suspend operations, so that owners of factories and other business establishments were unable to obtain money with which to rebuild. Consequently, the thousands who had been thrown out of work by the ravages of the flames remained idle during the following year. In the spring of 1836 the alarm over the situation was increased by depressing reports from Virginia and other wheat-producing states, and by late summer it was apparent that the winter would see a decided scarcity of flour, and a sharp advance in price. The great grain fields of the West were then a wilderness, and the bulk of America's wheat was grown east of the Allegheny Mountains. Some, of course, was imported from England and the Black Sea countries, but they also reported short crops.

By the early part of September, 1836, flour was selling at seven dollars a barrel, and within a month had advanced to twelve dollars, with the demand far exceeding the visible supply. Commission merchants predicted that before the winter of 1836-37 was over flour would go to the unheard-of price of twenty dollars a barrel. Bread soon became a scarce article of diet among the poor, and in the slums of the Five Points and the East Side thousands faced actual starvation. Their sufferings were increased by corresponding advances in the prices of other foodstuffs and of fuel, meat almost doubling and coal going to ten dollars a ton, although there was more coal on the market than there had been the previous year.

ABOUT February 1, 1837, reports were circulated that New York had but four weeks' supply of flour on hand, that there was no more in sight, and that the great flour-and-grain depot at Troy contained only four thousand barrels instead of the customary thirty thousand. The newspapers published these rumors under their largest headlines, and in inflammatory editorial articles denounced certain merchants who were said to be hoarding grain and flour, waiting for the inevitable advance in price. Great unrest prevailed throughout the city, and the Tammany heelers and politicians made political capital out of the situation by industriously spreading reports that England had refused to send flour to the United States, hoping thereby to starve the Irish who had become citizens of this country. The temperance agitators added fuel to the flames by asserting that the shortage of grain was due to the enormous quantities used by the breweries and distilleries.

During the first week in February, a meeting was held in the Broadway Tabernacle, at which speeches were made and resolutions adopted, but all of them had a decided political complexion, and nothing practicable was proposed. Popular feeling now began to be directed against the merchants who had been accused of hoarding, and particularly against Eli Hart & Company in Washington Street between Dey and Cortlandt, and S. H. Herrick & Company, near Coenties Slip. The warehouses of both these companies were known to be packed with both wheat and flour, and were protected by massive iron doors guarded by armed men. Rumors were afloat that these two firms alone had stored sufficient flour to tide the city over the emergency, and soon anonymous letters began to reach Hart, the Mayor, and High Constable Jacob Hays, warning them that unless the flour was released for consumption at a reasonable price the poor people would destroy Hart's store and seize the provisions. Hart only laughed at the warnings and refused to take additional precautions. Nor would he put any of his stock on the market.

The first direct action was taken on the morning of February 10,



"I must have left the tickets home in my other pants."

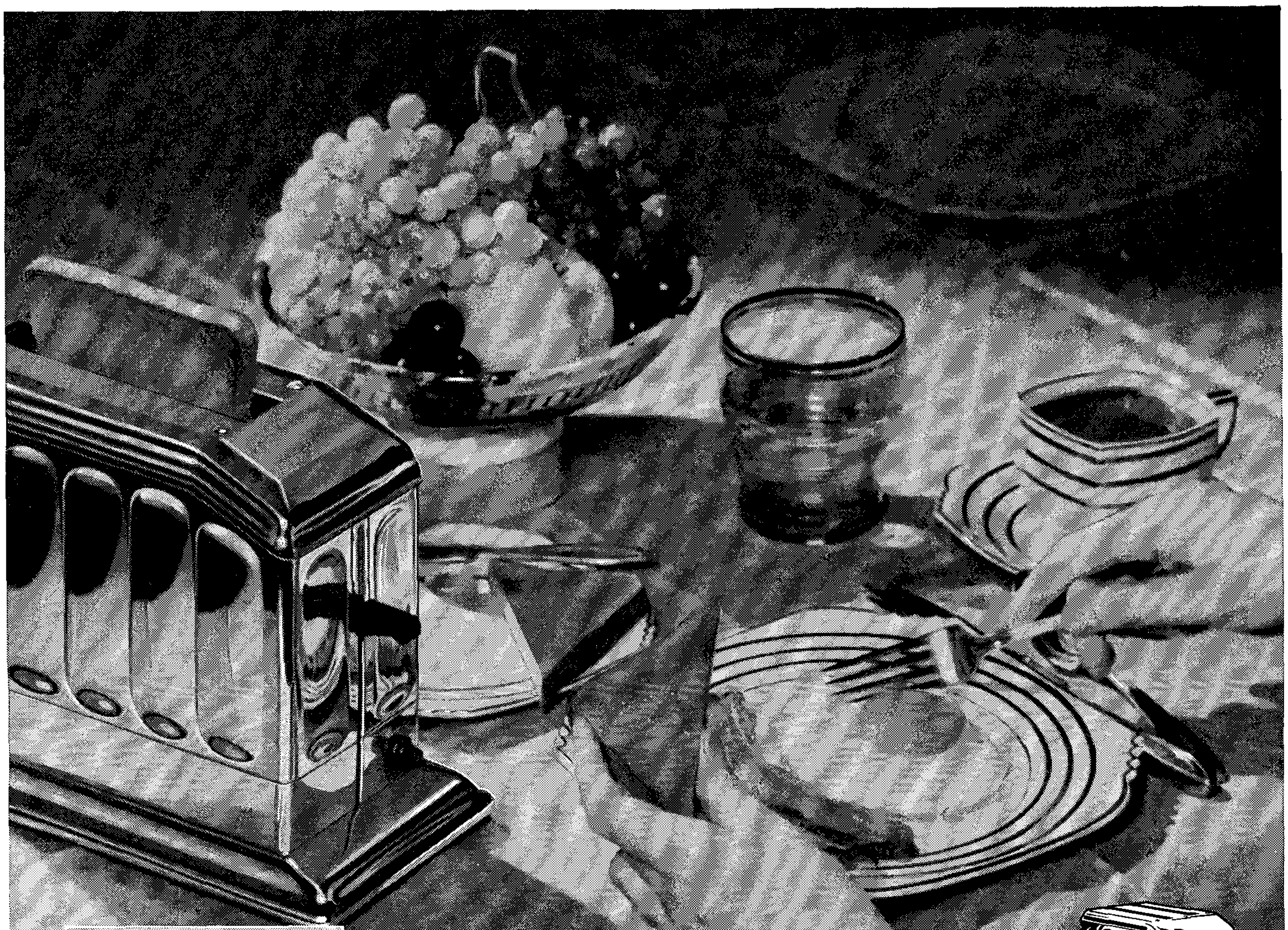
Have toast as often as you like

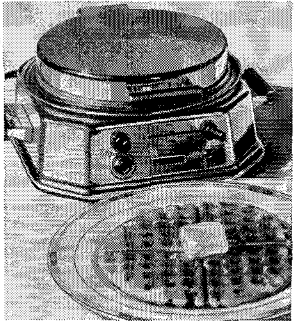
TOASTMASTER TOAST ◆ CRISP & GOLDEN OUTSIDE ◆ HOT & TENDER INSIDE

◆ ALMOST MAKES ITSELF

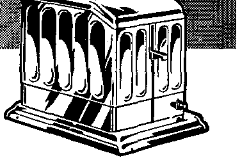
The crisp, fragrant, golden toast you have always wanted to serve is now far easier to make than ordinary toast! You make it right on the table and serve it piping hot—for breakfast, for dinner, for sandwiches, for tea. And how many more slices everybody likes to eat. ◆ ◆ See how easy it is. Put your bread in the Toastmaster and press down the lever. When the toast is browned to the degree you like best, up it pops, ready to serve, and the current shuts off automatically. ◆ ◆ Could it be simpler? There's no watching, no waiting, no turning. Toastmaster Toast almost makes itself. Never dry, never hard, never scorched. It's always uniform, crisp and golden outside, hot and tender inside. And it keeps hot till you're ready to serve it. No wonder Toastmaster families enjoy toast so much oftener than other folks. ◆ ◆ You will love to see Toastmaster on your table. It's beautifully designed and finished in modern chromium plate. And it will not spill crumbs. ◆ ◆ Enjoy perfect toast from today on. See how easy it is to make. You will find the new Toastmaster at almost any store carrying electrical conveniences for the home. And remember—it's completely automatic. There's no other toaster like it.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
227 N. SECOND STREET · MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
A division of McGraw Electric Company





With Wafflemaster, waffles too, almost make themselves. You pour in the batter, set a lever, and take out the waffle. No food is more enticing to eat or more delightful to serve — in countless ways. $14.50.



The 1-slice Toastmaster is faster than most 2-slice toasters. It makes more than enough toast for the average family, $12.50. *For greater capacity, 2-slice Toastmaster,* $17.50

TOASTMASTER

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

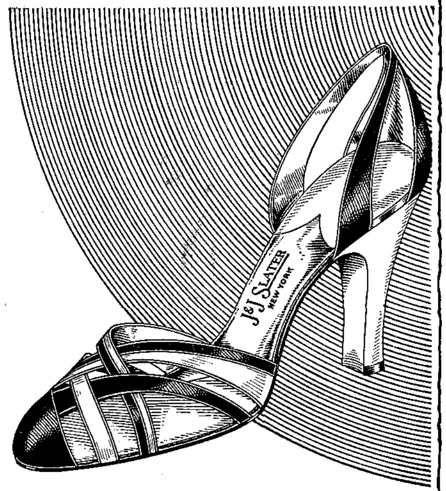
MULES go MODERN

J&J SLATER NEW YORK

In fact, these particular mules have kicked over the traces on being confined strictly to boudoir duty. Now, they're appearing at informal dances and teas. And why not? They're chic enough for formal wear—almost too smart for just lounging, ultra modern in styling, made of materials usually found in the finest evening slippers. You should see the gold and red, the silver and black!

Slater quality from toe to heel

$13.50 and $14.50



J&J SLATER

415 FIFTH AVENUE
15 EAST 57th STREET

"Style . . . and a touch of genius"

when the following placard appeared on the streets:

> BREAD! MEAT!
> RENT! FUEL!
>
> The Voice of the People Shall Be Heard and Will Prevail!
>
> The People will meet in the Park [City Hall Park], rain or shine, at four o'clock on
>
> MONDAY AFTERNOON
>
> To inquire into the cause of the present unexampled distress, and to devise a suitable remedy. All friends of humanity, determined to resist monopolies and extortioners, are invited to attend.

The call was signed by Moses Jacques, Paulus Hedle, Daniel A. Robertson, Warden Hayward, Daniel Graham, John Windt, Elijah F. Crane, and Alexander Ming, Jr., who had several times been a candidate for city register. Moses Jacques acted as chairman when the crowd assembled, and by dusk between four and five thousand dirty and ragged men, most of them hailing from the rookeries of the Bowery and the Five Points, were surging about the speakers' stand. Alexander Ming made the first speech, but he became so excited that he wandered from his subject, and launched into a harangue in which he attributed all the troubles of the Republic to the issue of banknotes. He urged his hearers, most of whom had not owned so much as a penny for weeks, to refuse banknotes and accept nothing but specie, whereat they howled in glee and voted wildly in favor of a resolution, embodying that principle, which Ming offered for their approval. Then the men nearest him lifted him to their shoulders and carried him across the Park to Tammany Hall, then at Nassau and Frankfort Streets, where he took them into the bar and bought whiskey for all hands.

OTHERS whose names appeared upon the placard made very inflammatory speeches, however, blaming various agencies, from England to Eli Hart and S. H. Herrick, for the shortage of wheat and flour. They depicted Hart and other rich men as wallowing in luxury while the poor had no bread or fuel, and one of them concluded his harangue with "Fellow-citizens, Mr. Eli Hart has fifty-three thousand barrels of flour in his store.

PEARL·LOVERS

must see IT!
RICHELIEU PEARLS from $5.00 up
Premier showing at the BETTER SHOPS

Recent discoveries now permit identical reproductions of fine oriental pearls.

This marked advance in technical science makes all previous imitations ridiculous.

JOS. H. MEYER BROS. 389-5th AVE. NEW YORK

BASCOM THEATRE SERVICE
1511 Broadway
One of the Hotel Astor street front shops
VANDERBILT 3-5900

"Why did the driver wait till we'd tried a dozen places before he told you about Bascom?"

"Said most of his customers know about it. Scoop up seats at the *first* stop and ruin the size of his fares . . ."

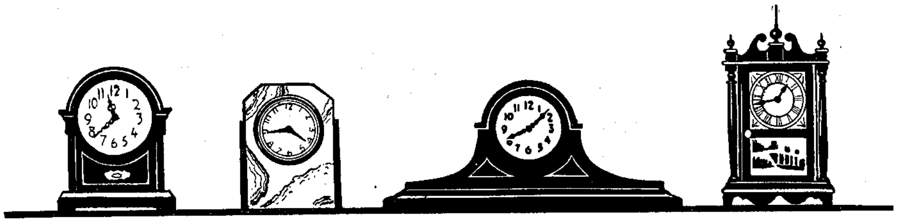
. . . Branches at 1511 Broadway, The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy-Plaza, Pierre, Vanderbilt, Astor and St. Regis

THEATRE TICKETS, BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Let us go there and offer eight dollars a barrel for it, and if he will not take it . . ." He closed on this note of suggested violence, though he asserted afterward that he had added "we shall depart in peace." Every man within hearing of his voice promptly surged out of the Park and started down Broadway toward the store of Eli Hart & Company, followed by the remainder of the mob. They streamed through Cortlandt Street into Washington, and Hart's watchmen, hearing their shouts and curses, hurriedly closed the great iron doors and retreated into the store.

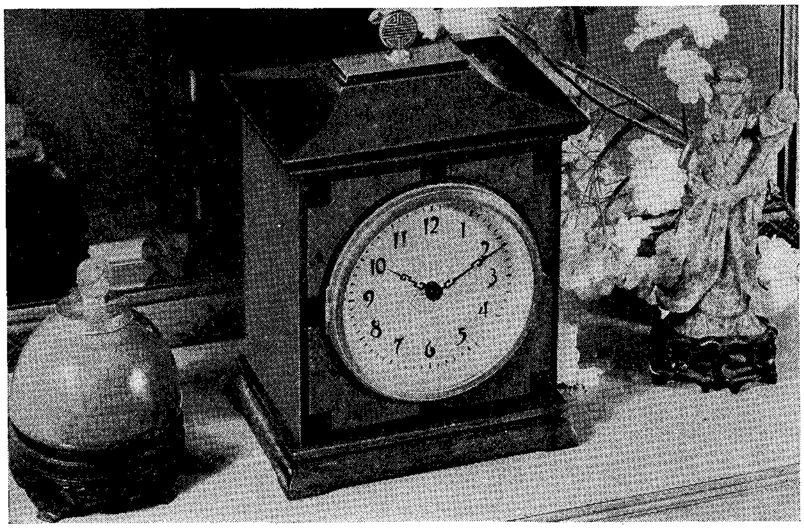
But in their haste they neglected to bar the centre door, and it soon gave way to the battering assault of the rioters. A great throng swarmed into the building and scattered through the various floors and rooms. Eli Hart, who had been standing a block away watching his property, ran to City Hall and asked for a guard of watchmen. Twenty men were sent, but when they marched down Dey Street the mob attacked them and took away their clubs. Nevertheless, they managed to make their way into the store, and with sticks provided by Hart chased away those of the crowd who had gained entrance. By this time the Mayor had arrived, and he mounted the steps of the store and began to harangue the mob, but he was assailed with such a shower of bricks and stones that he was compelled to retire.

The rioters then made a rush for the doors, and wrenching one of them from its hinges, employed it as a battering ram, soon demolishing the others. Through the three doorways the mob poured, routing the watchmen and clerks. One gang invaded Hart's private office and destroyed his documents and furniture and stole a considerable sum of money. Other groups climbed the stairway to the storerooms, and after breaking the windows began rolling barrels of flour and sacks of wheat to the sills and dumping them into the street. Most of the kegs were staved



Electric TELLERS OF TIME

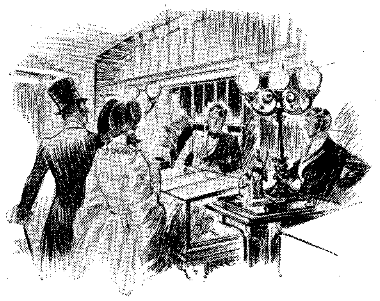
with the pride of a grand old ancestry



YOU buy time-honored time when you buy Seth Thomas. Yet modern time . . . electric time . . . nothing to wind or adjust.

Clocks with a silvery chime, clocks with a pleasant strike, clocks that are quiet as the hands glide around. All are electric . . . all come to you in authentically designed cases—a credit to generations of clock craftsmen.

Your jeweler has models priced as low as $9.75. He'll welcome an opportunity to help you select a genuine Seth Thomas! Seth Thomas Clock Company, Thomaston (formerly Plymouth Hollow), Connecticut.

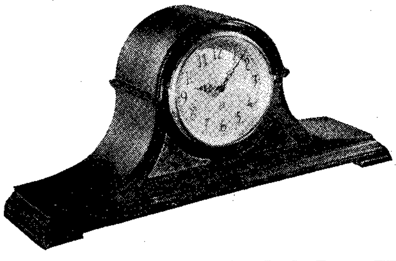


Back in the days of John and Abigail Adams (1800, if your memory fails you), Shreve, Crump and Low opened their doors to Boston gentlefolk. "In those early days, only English and French clockmakers shipped us their wares," writes Mr. Shreve. "Then a clockman in Connecticut brought to us accurate timepieces of rare beauty and for years we have proudly featured these American-made Seth Thomas clocks."

• •

AT TOP: It's a Good Luck Symbol *you see at the top of this graceful Chinese Chippendale Nanking, a mantel clock of distinction. Only* $30.

AT LEFT: Musical Westminster Chimes *add to the charm of this graceful tambour electric clock, the Roxbury in American Walnut. For* $35.



SETH THOMAS

clockmakers for more than a century

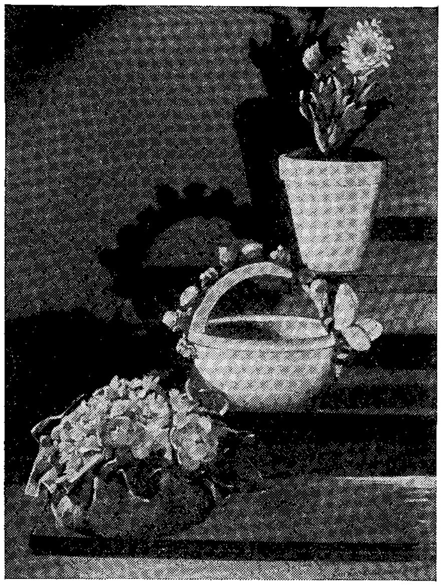
ELECTRIC *and* KEY WOUND

Lenci
WHIMSICALITIES
in Felt

IMPORTED BY AND EXCLUSIVE WITH MACY'S $1.98

LITTLE La Traviata with wistful wooden faces, yearning Pierrots with guitars, elephants waving posies on their nosies, —all waiting to be stuck with pins. Flower pots that are really little boxes, powder bowls with bumble-bees, and lavender bags strewn with felt flowers; lovely gifts!

BOUDOIR SHOP, SEVENTH FLOOR



MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

in when they struck the pavement, and the others were soon smashed by the rioters, who had set up a sing-song chant of "Here goes flour at eight dollars a barrel!" Within a few moments the street was ankle-deep in flour and wheat, and men were filling their hats and pockets, while women who had been attracted by the disturbance were gathering up large quantities of flour in their aprons and skirts. The mob had destroyed five hundred barrels of flour and a thousand bushels of wheat in sacks when a large body of watchmen appeared, supported by two companies of the Twenty-seventh Regiment of the National Guard. Frightened by the clubs of the watchmen and the glistening bayonets of the soldiers, the mob fled, but some fifty of the ringleaders were captured and placed under arrest. A detail of police commanded by Watchman Bowyer started with them to the jail, but they had gone no more than two blocks when rioters attacked them and rescued the prisoners.

MEANWHILE the bulk of the mob, routed by the watchmen and the troops, had rushed across the city and attacked Herrick & Company's warehouse, smashing the doors and windows with paving stones and brickbats. The rioters began rolling out barrels of flour and sacks of wheat, and within ten minutes had destroyed thirty barrels and about a hundred bushels of grain. Then, for some unknown reason, the throng of men and women suddenly fled from the store and the rioting was over. Some of the rioters said afterward that they left the Herrick store because the owner had promised to give all his flour to the poor, but Mr. Herrick vehemently denied this. Moreover, he didn't do it. The next day the price of flour increased one dollar a barrel.

—HERBERT ASBURY

•

Her first assignment was to make a speech before a group of women she was supposed to organize for a fund-raising drive—her first speech and she was scared to death.

Three years passed.—*From an interview in the World-Telegram.*

While the group of women waited?

•

Richmond is a great music and art center. One of the largest round houses in the world is located there.—*From "A Few Facts About Richmond, Ind."*

Rather *conveniently* located there.

BATHTUB
REVERIE

SOME bright morning, my Gallant Sir, you'll wake up and think thusly: Today I'll call at Her door in a hansom cab, and we'll drive down the Avenue together in our best bib and tucker, and stop off at . . . where . . . ? My Gallant Sir, for such a day and such a mood was Guy Lombardo born . . . and his Royal Canadians . . . and our Grill, with its superb floor for Tea Dancing (if the day happen to be a Saturday) or Dinner Dancing (if it be not). And to top it all off in the grand manner *obviously* calls for Supper Dancing there again after the theatre.

Guy Lombardo plays at

The ROOSEVELT
Madison Avenue at 45th Street
Edward Clinton Fogg—*Managing Director*

POUR LE SPORT

"HERE it is," said the girl in the lapin jacket wearing the pale-blue feather. "Section 12, Row C."

"We have Seats 9 and 10," the young man with her said. He was carrying a steamer rug, a program, and a pair of binoculars in a case. They squeezed past rows of knees to Seats 9 and 10. Two small boys in torn sweaters were sitting there. They were told to beat it.

"Isn't this nice!" the girl said, settling herself elaborately. "It isn't as nice as the Yale Bowl but you can see better." She looked around her. "Look, Charlie," she said. "Those people in back of us are drinking something out of paper cups. And the girls are smoking. I shouldn't think a boy would like to take a girl to a game and have her smoke all the time. I don't think it looks very nice."

Their team came on the field. "Oh, there they are," she said. "What funny uniforms! They look modernistic and funny. Let me see the program, Charlie." He handed her the program. "I don't think this cover is very cute," she said. She turned the pages. "Oh, is that how Nicholas Murray Butler looks? Well!"

The boy with her was standing up cheering. She tugged at his coat. "Sit down, Charlie," she told him. "Those people in back of you can't see a thing. If everyone would only sit down then nobody would have to stand up." She continued to look at the program. "Ovington's has an ad in here," she said. "How do they get all these ads, Charlie?"

He said he didn't know.

"I think Ovington's has perfectly lovely things," she said. "I got a wedding present there once for Harriet McCalum. She married that George Fuller. My, he was funny! He was a perfect peach. You met him once, that time that we decided that we wouldn't stay any one place more than twenty minutes. We must have gone to more than forty places that night. Anyway, I gave them a perfectly darling wedding present. It was wrought-iron and you could use it for ivy plants or for ashtrays. It was a very modernistic design."

There were wild cheers from the stands. "Oh, we scored, didn't we?" she asked, clapping her hands vigorously. "My, I bet those people in the other stand are furious! They have the sun in their eyes, too. That doesn't seem quite fair, does it? I mean, after all, they're the visitors and it really doesn't seem terribly polite."

She put down her program and looked out at the field. "Oh, who is that? That man running out on the field now?"

"That's Montgomery," he answered.

"He's awfully nice-looking," she said. "Let me have your glasses, Charlie, I want to see what he looks like close to." She studied him through the glasses. "He *is* nice," she said. "What did you say his name was—Montgomery?"

She turned to her program again. "Montgomery. Here it is. Montgomery, Clifford. It says he's five feet nine inches, and weighs a hundred and sixty-two. That's pretty fat, isn't it, Charlie? How tall are you? About five feet eight inches? How much do you weigh? About a hundred and fifty? Well, then, that's not so bad, is it? And I suppose he's a lot more muscular than you are. Muscular people weigh heavier. Is he a good player?"

Charlie said he was.

"Then I'm going to watch him," she said. "Let me have your glasses again."

THERE was a small commotion at the foot of the stands. She stood up to see what it was. "Oh, look!" she exclaimed. "They're carrying a boy out and he doesn't want to go. Why, Charlie, he's tight! Oh, isn't that a shame! He's quite a nice-looking boy, too. Look, Charlie, he's trying to fight that cop. Goodness!"

Someone in back of them yelled: "Down in front!"

"They don't have to yell at me like that," she said. "I only stood up for a minute. Anybody would have. That poor boy!"

There were more wild cheers from the stands. "Did we score again?" she asked, clapping. "They did? Now it's a tie, isn't it? I love it when it's a tie. There's a man hurt, too. Give me the glasses again, Charlie, I want to see what's the matter with him. Oh, he looks awfully! He's as white as a sheet. I think they ought to take him out, the poor thing!"

"He's just had the wind knocked out of him," Charlie volunteered.

"Oh," she said, "is that all? I thought he was really hurt. I went to a game once where a boy had his leg broken." She watched the field once more. "That other boy's going to kick, isn't he? Did he make it? That means it isn't a tie, then. Well, if it isn't tied, Charlie, let's go down and get a sandwich before the crowd starts going out between the halves. I'd like a glass of water, too. I'm terribly thirsty."

THEY squeezed past the line of knees again and walked down to the cinder path. She was clinging to his arm and looking up brightly into his face. She was a very pretty girl.

"You were a dear to take me today, Charlie," she told him. "I love to go. I haven't missed going one Saturday this year."

"Oh, that's all right," he said.

There was another terrific cheer from the stands. She edged closer to him and gave his arm a little squeeze. "What are we going to do afterwards?" she asked. —SALLY BENSON

•

COUNTRY WEEKEND

[END OF FALL]

Brief candles on the maple tree
Flared up in gorgeous energy;

The quiet torches of the oak
Burned with a rich and sullen smoke;

The fires of the sumac ran
Up where the winter brooks began,

And down the shining valley came
A million leaves in flakes of flame;

A slow and hesitant delight
Lay waiting at the edge of night,

A cloud no larger than a sail
Rode up the wind—and sweet and pale,

Appropriated half the sky
While half a dozen gulls went by;

The sun went out; a rushing gray
Drank up the very dregs of day.

—PATIENCE EDEN

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, NOV. 4

THE fashions business seems to have been made an honest woman hereabouts. Every couturier—well, practically every couturier—has apparently had his or her fling at trying first this, then that, in the way of big puffed sleeves, trick collars, and bustles, and has at last settled down to making clothes that can be worn. The current midseason collections show less waste in energy, ideas, and actual fabric than any other group of fashion shows seen here since I was a young girl.

NO one, for instance, could ask for anything more pleasing to the eye than the things Mainbocher is making. He is in the Trend, but not in a tiresome way: he'll accent shoulders, but only ever so slightly. For example, there's the beige coat-dress you'll be seeing everywhere. It has tiny tucks placed around the shoulder lines, going over onto the sleeves themselves in a way that makes the shoulders just the tiniest bit wider. He does the same thing on a gray wool dress that is a good example of the new color arrangement for accessories: white cuffs but no collar, a black belt and white flowers at the waist. (There's no telling just yet which stores are going to have which models. Practically all the buying this midseason is being done by manufacturers rather than by retailers. But you'll see these things, all right all right.)

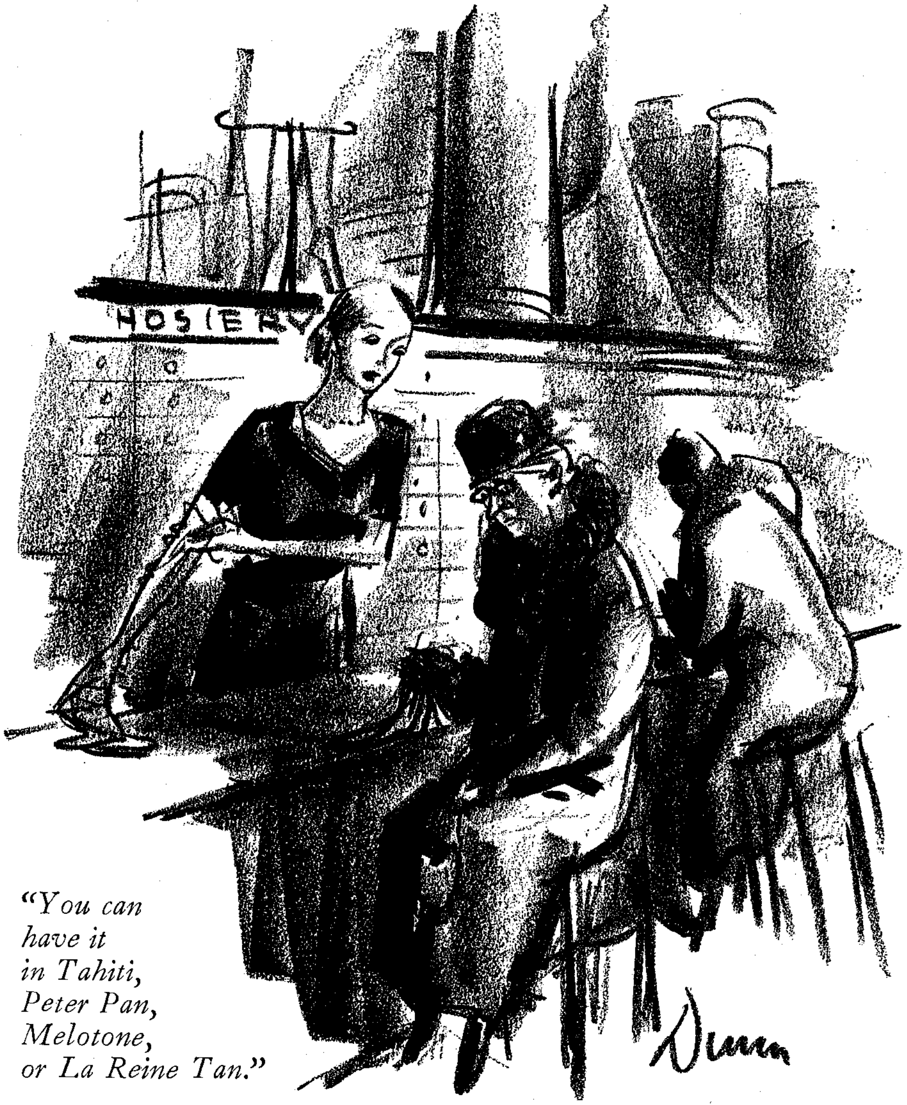
Mainbocher's evening clothes are already on the list of Fords. Look first of all for the first printed evening dress you've seen from here in a long time. It's black and pink satin, with the pattern more or less run together so that nothing is too obvious. Look for the black crêpe-mongol (the double-width material) dress that has a red scarf beginning at one shoulder, at the back, looping several times through the belt to deflect the angle, then hanging to the hem. Look at the white one, with a red-and-white scarf looped from shoulder to shoulder at the back, following the line of the décolletage. And look especially hard (for I understand it's not to be found everywhere) for the black dress with the narrow lace edging around the neckline and the little shoulder cape of black lace.

I FEEL quite bitter about the things Schiaparelli has done with her clips this time. The ones in the shape of the letter "S" (because it is her own initial) were all right, though I don't know what people whose names are Kominsky and O'Hanrahan did about that, but the new clips are in the form of a dollar sign. Actually, $. I mean this to sound angry, for she can really do so much better.

She does well, indeed, in two of her new suits, which—aside from the clips—are both just the sort of thing that Young (and even Not So Young) America will be wearing by the hundreds. One is of honey-colored corduroy, the other of a new pebble-weave woollen in dark green. The corduroy suit has a honey-colored blouse in heavy marocain, with the yoke covering the shoulders, then tying in a bow at the front. The green one's blouse is bright orange, and of the same woollen material.

She uses plenty of orange, as usual, though in some of the dresses it has been slightly grayed—which is lovely on blondes. Sometimes it's combined with brown, sometimes with green, sometimes with dark red. A couple of times she uses it for an entire dress. Her new red is brilliant—almost of a cerise cast. But my favorite Schiaparelli color combination is dark gray with reddish brown. She makes a beach costume of the dark gray in wool and tops it with one of her bellhop, less-than-waist-length jackets of the brown.

JANE RÉGNY is one of those persons whose clothes are so difficult to write about but grand to wear. They're



"You can have it in Tahiti, Peter Pan, Melotone, or La Reine Tan."

© 1931 BY STEHLI SILKS CORPORATION, 200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK: LONDON: PARIS: ZURICH

SHEER

There's the bloom of an exquisite rose petal on this lovely new Stehli Silk . . . Nu-Sheer Canton. Rich, dull and soft . . . its miraculous finish makes the delicate crinkle of its canton texture appear at first glance to be an optical illusion, commanding the closer and closer appraisal of admiring (and covetous) eyes. The dress . . . made throughout with a marvelous workmanship that is indicated in its beautiful hand-fagoting and flattering neckline . . . may be purchased in Caroub Brown, Forest Green, Wine Berry, Sapphire Blue . . . or Black.

IN NEW YORK . THE TAILORED WOMAN INC.
IN CHICAGO . . . . BLUM'S—VOGUE
IN BOSTON . WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY
IN PITTSBURGH . . . . JOSEPH HORNE CO.

Stehli Silks

FRANCONIA
WORLD CRUISE

An open road to the places of the earth once remote and celebrated only in sailor's yarn and poet's song . . . Bali, island home of the loveliest native women in the East Indies . . . Saigon, Canton, Korea, Nikko, Zamboanga . . . included without extra cost, as well as all the usual highlights of such a voyage.

Rates greatly reduced. $1750 and up. 140 delightful and instructive days; a cruise ship of supreme comfort, yet of a size as to permit deck-to-dock transportation in the majority of the ports. EASTBOUND FROM NEW YORK JAN. 9TH.

Literature from your Local Agent or
CUNARD LINE
25 Broadway, New York
THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Avenue, New York

well tailored, beautifully simple, and completely untiresome—but that does not describe anything to you. You'll have to see her new sweaters. They're extremely short, so that the tightened portion at the hem fits close around your ribs, leaving the bosomy line above loose. She'll show three or four of them with the same skirt or suit or ski costume. You'll have to see, too, her tailored coats—double-breasted, and made without fur or any other disturbing touch. It's too bad you can't see Madame Régny herself, and the way she wears a black dress with a dozen or so little short necklaces, all of them in bright colors. —B. M.

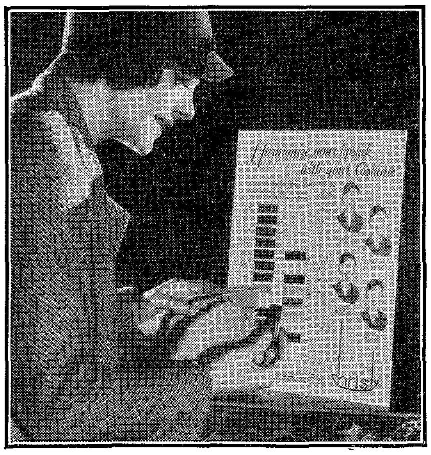
THIS AND THAT

Coats, Cocktails, and Brand-New Contours

AT the present moment, I haven't the vaguest idea in the world as to what the subject of the lecture is to be this week, but all you bright-eyed little pupils will have to be very patient and guess with me. Auntie is about to reminisce. And besides, it is Cleaning-Up-the-Desk Week.

FOR instance (taking things as they come) Peck & Peck have a new sports coat that is a love, a positive love. It is of a nubbly wool, equipped with the wide revers, belt, and raglan sleeves adored in the countryside, and it is lined with natural baby-lamb skin. I saw it in Dublin green, but I should think they probably have it in other colors, too. It is one of those ideally practical things, and the cost is $59.50.

THE next thing to arrive was the somewhat mad Cocktail Wheel—just a gaily painted circular piece of cardboard with a smaller circle twirling above it. Names of cocktails are written all around the edge of the bottom wheel, and all you do is point an arrow to the one you crave. Instantly, the various ingredients necessary appear in apertures (what a phrase!) in the top wheel and there you are. My only criticism is that two to one for dry Martinis is only about one-half dry enough, but everybody is crazy about the Wheel regardless. It's fifty cents at Doubleday, Doran



And this, Madame
is the adroit secret of
exquisite make-up

A DELIGHTFUL aid to the magic of harmony in color—with this chart you will find it a fascinating pastime to choose just the Christy Lipstick that will most fetchingly complement the color of your newest frock.

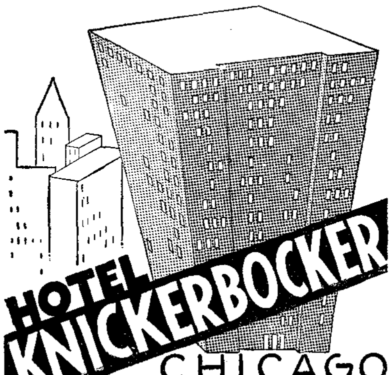
Ask for the Christy Costume Chart at your favorite toilet goods counter. It will tell you with unerring good taste, just the lipstick and rouge color (both day and evening) that will add so much to the charm of your color harmony.

The Christy Lipstick (seven glorious colors) in its smart case of black and silver is featured at

B. Altman & Co. Arnold Constable
Lord and Taylor Saks, Fifth Ave.
Saks, 34th Street Stern Brothers
Frederick Loeser & Company
Kresge Department Store, Newark

Also at leading toilet goods counters throughout the country.

Christy
67 West 44th St. New York

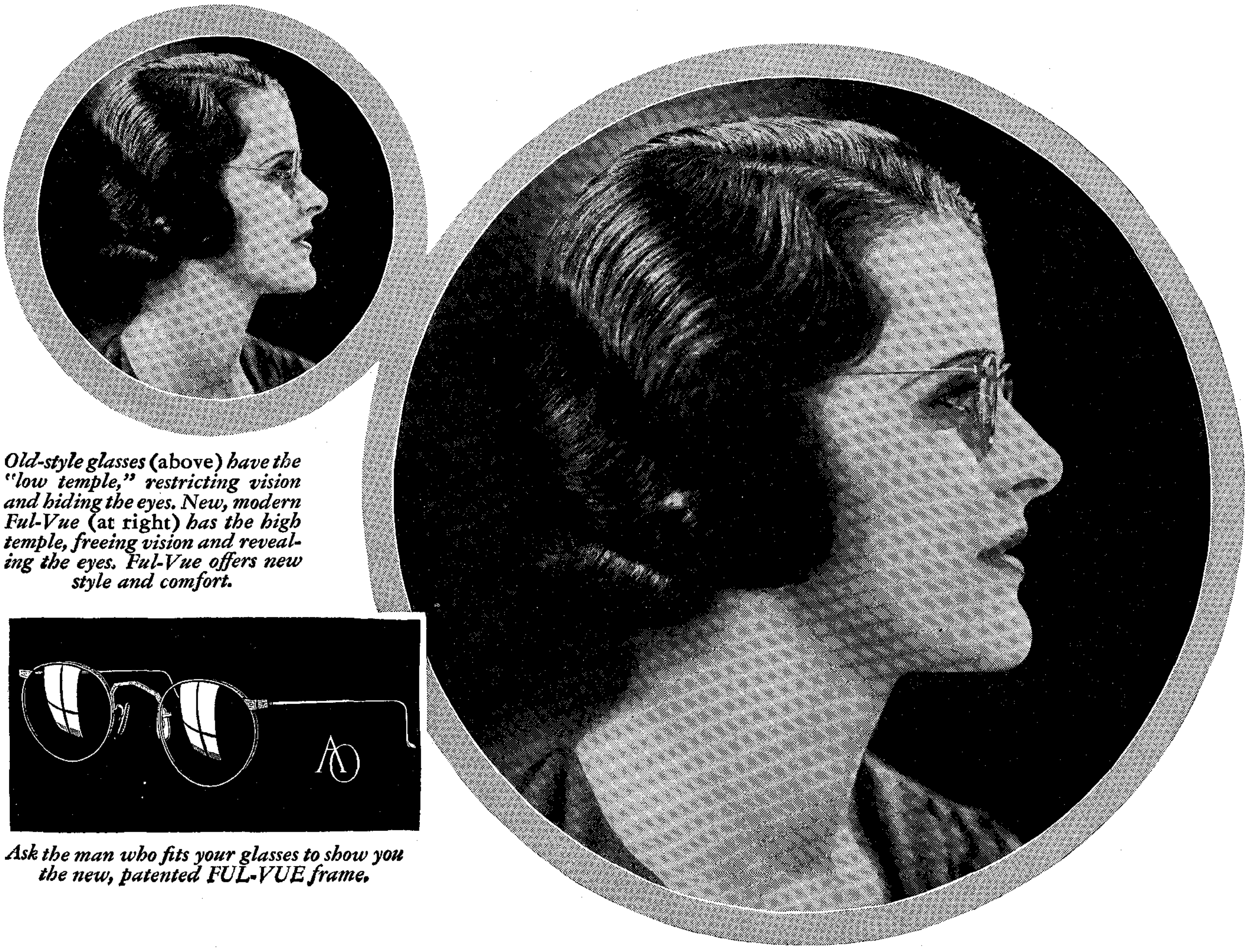


Standard five-dollar rooms $3

Here's a smart, cosmopolitan hotel you will enjoy! Adjacent to "Loop" business center, yet away from its clatter and grime. Spacious, cheerful outside rooms with bath, shower, circulating ice water . . . and Servidor service (minimizing tipping). Parking and garage.

Restaurant and Coffee Shop
Write for illustrated folder.
Walton Place (Opposite The Drake)

WEAR GLASSES *and Still Look* YOUNG *and* SMART!



Old-style glasses (above) *have the "low temple," restricting vision and hiding the eyes. New, modern Ful-Vue* (at right) *has the high temple, freeing vision and revealing the eyes. Ful-Vue offers new style and comfort.*

Ask the man who fits your glasses to show you the new, patented FUL-VUE frame.

With modern, high-temple FUL-VUE... *you see better and look better to others*

HOW MUCH more becoming than old-style glasses! Ful-Vue reveals your eyes at the side. The large photograph shows you what we mean. Notice the high temples, or "bows." See! They form a pleasing streamline to the ears instead of a downhill line that partly covers the eyes and restricts sideway vision.

Compare the girl with old-style glasses with the same girl wearing Ful-Vue. The difference that the camera sees, your friends will see.

From the front, Ful-Vue is just as smart. The shape of the lenses is a flattened oval—like the natural contour of brows and eyes. Ful-Vue does *not* hide the brows. And the comfortable Ful-Vue bridge does not touch the nose—cannot leave a mark.

There are Ful-Vue models for women and men—in pink or white gold, or Zylonite, which resembles shell. Ask the man who fits your glasses to help you select your model of new, modern, comfortable Ful-Vue.

FUL-VUE

FRAMES FOR YOUR GLASSES

Send for beautiful new booklet, free

Mail the coupon, and receive, without obligation, "What's New in Glasses?" It gives you, with many pictures, the whole story of Ful-Vue and what it means to you in vision, looks and comfort. It also tells you about Tillyer Lenses, the "wide angle" lenses, accurate to the very edge. Mail the coupon now.

• • •

American Optical Company,
Dept. Y6, Southbridge, Mass.
Without obligation, please send free booklet on Ful-Vue to

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________State__________
The name of the man who fits my glasses is
____

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Have Your Eyes Examined Every Year

The Suede and Plaid-Tweed

SPORTS COSTUME

for active sports and country wear

Suede jacket . . . in natural, brown and peach blow . . . $35.

Plaid-Tweed skirts . . . bold and colorful . . . . . $17.50.

Meshy-Knit Hat and Scarf . . . . $15.

Imported turtleneck sweaters to be worn under jacket, $9.50.

Misses' and Women's Sizes

DE PINNA

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

bookshops and similar places all over town.

I DON'T know exactly what it is that Mme. de Boor does to your face at Saks, but the woman certainly does something. She casually removes your makeup, puts on a powder of her own that lets the pores breathe deeply, and then, crouching over you like a tigress, begins to remodel your face. Noo, she doesn't stretch the skin or do anything like that, she just sculps your contours and changes them around. (She didn't have quite enough time, but she was all set to make my eyes a bit more Chinese, which worried me a little.) After an hour, your jeers subside when you realize that your mouth is lifting at the corners and you look ever so much better. Meanwhile, you can have fun listening to her tirades against grease on the faze and other pet ideas of your favorite beauty specialist. The catch is that it costs fifty dollars a treatment and—heavens alive!—you have to take six; but people take them all the time, she is that good. For less bulging purses, it is well to know that her preparations are all that they should be, my favorites being her face powder (which gives the pores a chance to inhale) and a skin-finishing cream called L'Art de Rester Jeune. Gives your skin a real glow and a creamy finish, and I, who ordinarily loathe finishing creams because they make powder cake and clog, am a maniac about it. Sixteen dollars a small jar, but it *does* last a long time.

THOSE of you who are collecting little addresses in New York that compare with the ones you laboriously tote around Paris should add to your collection that of the Handmade Luggage Shop, at 201 East Forty-fourth Street. It is just one of those tiny places, with a patient artisan slaving away making up simple, smart luggage in any leather and any style you happen to like. The man is one who loves his work, so you can't be sure of

VULCAN
Clara Skinner

LORD & TAYLOR
FIFTH AVENUE

Business serenity goes with that well-dressed feeling. The *young new yorker shop* supplied the dress. In rough crepe, green, blue, rose or beige. Junior sizes, 11 to 17. $16.50 fifth floor

getting rush orders done on time, but the stuff is first-class. You can have fittings incorporated into the bags you select, and a great point is made of repairing, cleaning, or readjusting any special piece of luggage that needs attention.

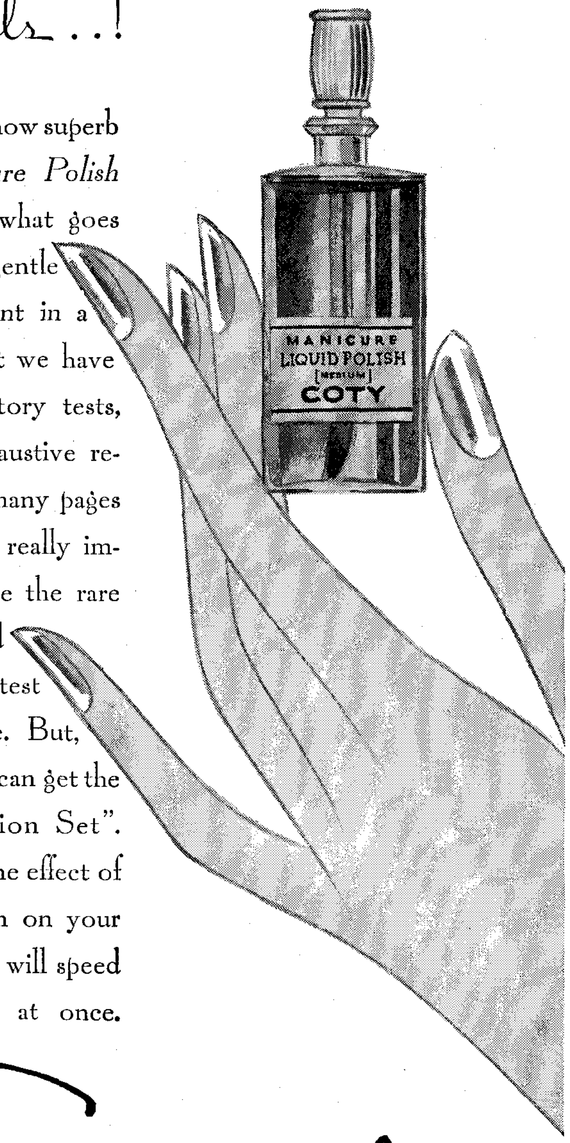
THAT Elka nail polish, which won prizes all over, is very much de luxe—has a sort of milky texture that gives an exceptionally transparent look. These people also put out a silver nail polish which is new and amusing. You apply it with a firm and steady hand to the tips of the nails only, and it is not too conspicuous to be very smart, particularly with black or white evening clothes. It lasts about twenty-four hours, but please don't wear it in the daytime. . . . Those wild wigs of Antoine's are a sensation among the women who dare to wear them. . . . The makers of Mimzy, a charming flowery perfume, are out with Honeysuckle, both in liquid and powder form, and very nice, too. . . . The Princess Pat people have leapt into the fray with Tap-It, the deb's delight. It looks like a pencil; there is a compartment on top in which you put lip rouge; and when you tap the other end, enough powder emerges on your puff to take the shine off. A cute trick. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

More Fabrics—A Shop for the Very Modern — The Grownups' Gadgets

SO Christmas is coming! Well, you are in for it while this department tries to put its affairs in order.

One thing that needs to be adjusted right away is this business of upholstery fabrics. A few weeks back I came out—rashly, as you will see—with the statement that there weren't many interesting new ones around town, and I am still a touch bewildered at the storm of indignation this innocent remark drew forth. It seems I am one of those meanies who never can bear to do justice to the deserving, and go about rubbing my hands and gloating over a good chance to hurt people's feelings. At any rate, the upset brought me word from two old acquaintances who had gone off and forgotten all about me until I inadvertently stepped on their toes in the aforesaid manner, and in justice to them I hasten to tell everybody present that Jones & Erwin, 15 East Fifty-seventh Street, have per-



We're all filled with a laudable zeal to put a new Sparkle on your Nails . . !

We happen to know just how superb Coty *Perfumed Manicure Polish* is—we not only know what goes into it, how much more gentle it is, how delicately fragrant in a truly well-bred way—but we have impartial chemists' laboratory tests, comparative analyses, exhaustive reports! These run over many pages and employ thousands of really imposing words. They prove the rare quality of Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish. They attest its amazing economy in use. But, after all, for a *quarter* you can get the Coty "Trial Combination Set". That will soon *show* you the effect of this *finer* perfumed Polish on your nails! The coupon below will speed the "Trial Set" to you at once.

Coty

AMBASSADOR TO BEAUTY

So economical! Enough Polish for a *month's trial for a quarter;* Send for it today . . . You'll *thank* us for the hint!

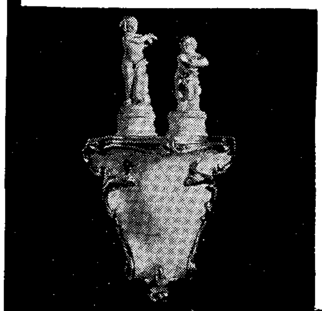
Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish—$1
Polish and Solvent Combined—$1.50
Exquisite Manicure Sets—$3 to $5

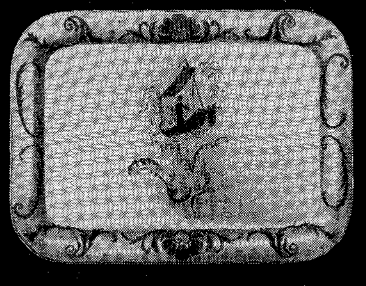
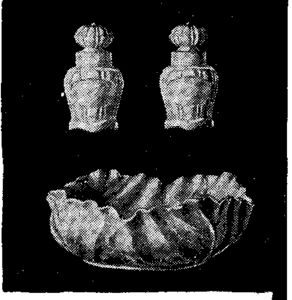
COTY, Dept. N-11, 714 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Enclosed find 25c for Trial Combination Set. Please check polish shade desired—Clear ☐ Medium ☐ Deep ☐

Name..

Address...

City and State..



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WHITE
ACCESSORIES
from the
CORNER SHOP
to your smartest friends, this year

WHITE and GOLD
Bracket $4.49
Figurines .98 ea.
Bowl $12.89

16x22 inches Tole Tray $7.94
Old scent bottles $2.97 pr.
Leaf bowl $2.89

NINTH FLOOR
MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway
New York

fectly *lovely* fabrics, and so has Robert Heller, 424 Madison Avenue.

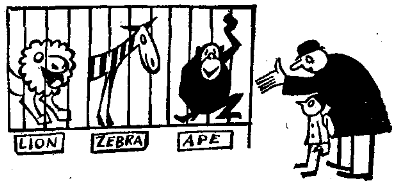
Woolly effects are what Jones & Erwin go in for. Some of them have a hooked-rug texture, others are plushy and silken to the touch, and they come mostly in dirty whites that are as smart as anything you will find in this town.

But the candlewick cloths are the high spots of the lot, to my way of thinking. Regular tufted candlewick designs on muslin, these are, just like candlewick spreads, with the tufts in white or brown, thickly clustered in neat patterns. They make swell coverings on Empire pieces, for instance—a fact which I rejoice to throw in the teeth of scoffing friends who turned up their noses a year ago at the fringed candlewick spreads in my Directoire bedroom. Jones & Erwin (who will probably feel pretty low on finding they didn't really think of this first after all) can use me for precedent any time they like.

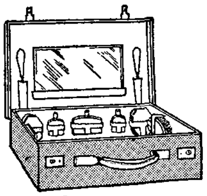
Robert Heller, now, is up to something different. He likes plaids, and weaves them out of all sorts of funny wools into good, subtle color blendings, with threads of rayon laced in to give them an occasional glint. He also makes a corded chenille that looks like corduroy done in wool, and wears like iron. For real excitement, though, you ought to see his haircloth—a stiff fabric in plaid, with horsehair going one way and a wool thread the other (you know: warp and weft). This is marvellous with metal furniture, and ideal for outdoors and bars and gamerooms, since nothing, I should think, would hurt it. It can be ordered in any colors. Ask them to show you the spongy cotton glass-curtainings, too. These are sheer and lacy and soft; a curtain-length looks like an enormous Shetland wool shawl. They come in cream and beige, or any color you feel like ordering.

YOU may think you have heard enough about fabrics for one day, but you don't get away from me without listening to what W. & J. Sloane have done in their curtain department. Goodness knows that it's about time this note crept into one of our programs.

They have had Ruth Reeves do de-



GAZELDA SUEDE
Men's gazelda sports jacket, made of fine imported Persian and East India sheepskins, chocolate brown or natural. Sizes 36 to 44. 25.00
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Best & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE



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fitted cases
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Also depot for
VUITTON Trunks and Service
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Arthur
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SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
by Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University 5 years and who has trained over 4,000 secretaries at the
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1450 Broadway at 41st St., N. Y. City.

signs for them on old familiar curtain fabrics like chintz, marquisette, and plain cottons; to say nothing of velvet, which makes grand wall hangings in tapestry-like designs; and Turkish towelling, which is perfect for gamerooms or anything you want to be gay and playful about. There is one design done on cotton that looks like a whole series of old horticultural prints laid out in neat rows; this they like to waterproof on the back, for shower curtains or country-house windows. The whole series is very, very good, and you ought to look.

PLAYLAND, at 686 Madison Avenue, should need no introduction to constant readers, who in turn should need no reminder that the shop does more than sell toys and children's gifts. Some of the newer gadgets to come to light there are these:

A handsome pyrex-and-silver-plate dish with a deep hinged cover, to hold hot cheese sandwiches, hot dogs, and other delicacies; for $12.50. No home bar should be without one.

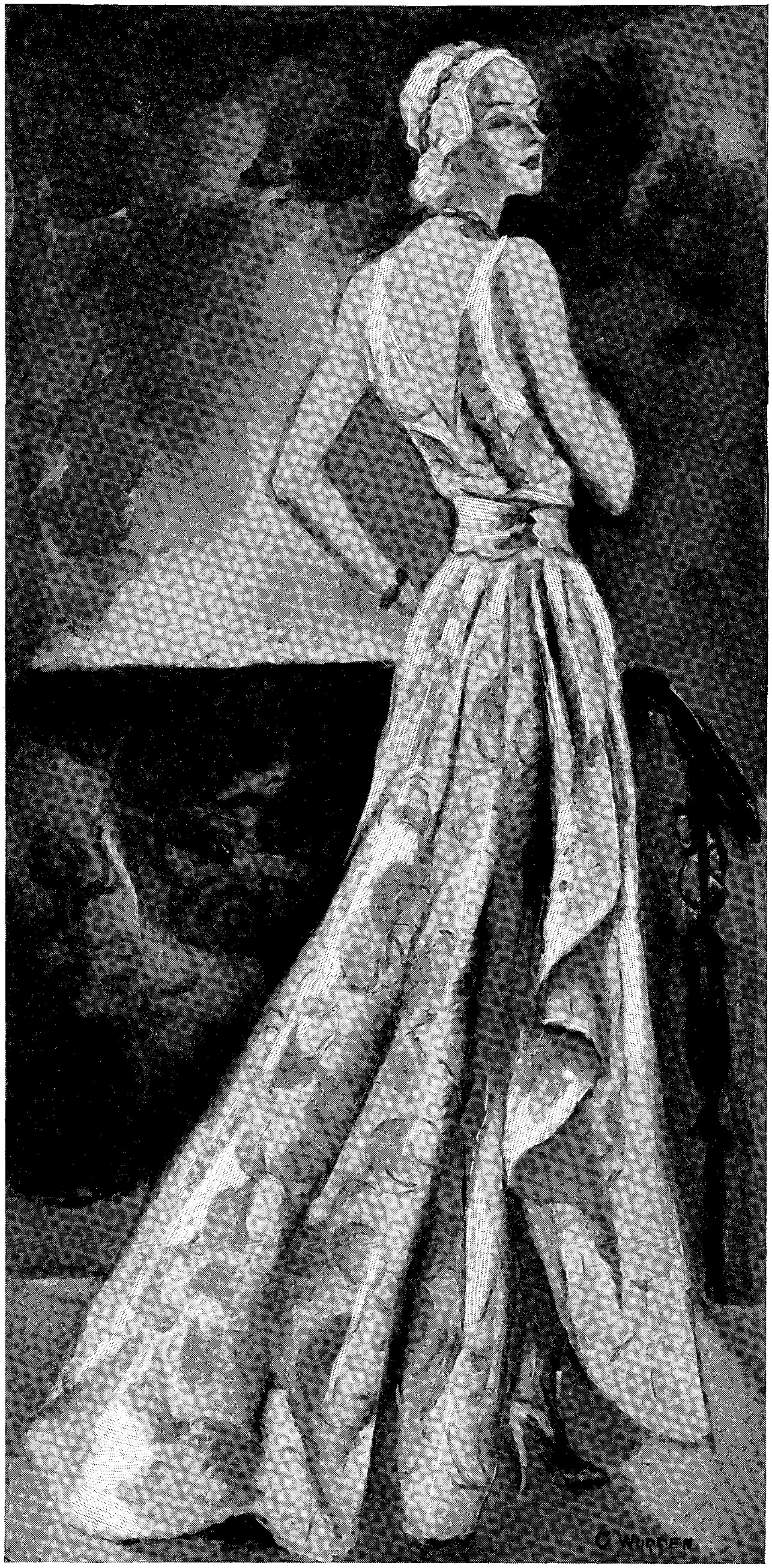
A big black-glass platter for sandwiches and things, bordered and monogrammed in metal. This is called a "Sunday-evening plate" and costs $15. Also in clear glass.

A two-cup thermos coffeepot, any color, with chrome trim. Monogrammed or decorated to match hobbies. Price, $5; monogram, $2.50 extra.

A mirror cocktail tray with fighting cocks painted on it. Side handles make it unusually steady to carry; $13.75.

Highball glasses with square hollow bottoms into which the average ice cube will just fit. This prevents the cube from knocking about and hitting you in the teeth every so often—that is, until it melts. But you shouldn't be so slow.

COMPRESSED NEWS: Mosse, the linen shop at 750 Fifth Avenue, has handsome bath towels and mats in gray, with black-and-white monograms; and their smartest trousseau this season had lots of good old-fashioned huck and bird's-eye towelling in it, which ought to set a lot of people delving into old trunks in the attic. . . . Distracted mammas, anticipating the Christmas avalanche, should see Alice Starr's new toy-and-book cabinet that fits into a corner and probably has more storage space than you ever thought to see in one small piece of furniture. (224 East Fifty-seventh Street). . . . The Ficks Reed Company, 335 East



After candle light — when plain women become attractive, attractive women beautiful, and beautiful women fatal, an evening gown by Henri Bendel completes the enchantment. To your order—or for immediate wear

Henri Bendel Inc.
Fifty-Seventh Street West

When it comes
to
TOYLANDS
Schwarz comes first

Have you ever been to Schwarz? *Have you ever been to Schwarz in the pre-Christmas time?* All year 'round we make a business of fun. Just fun. A whole store full of toys and games, books and sports.

All year 'round Schwarz *is* Toyland. Fascinating. *Complete.* And when Schwarz gets in full stride for Christmas—well, you're selling young America cruelly short if you don't bring the youngsters in.

And something else—a practical point—you'll find more to choose from at Schwarz. More of everything.

IF YOU CAN'T COME IN, WE'LL COME OUT!

If you can't get to our store, send for our new Christmas catalog. It's the second best Toyland we know of. Page after page of fun. And our mail department works fast and accurately. There's a coupon below.

F.A.O.SCHWARZ

TOYS · GAMES · SPORTS · BOOKS

745 Fifth Avenue at 58th St.

Telephone: PLaza 3-1010

IT'S FUN TO SHOP AT SCHWARZ

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, Dept. NY
745 Fifth Avenue, New York
Gentlemen: Your catalog at once, please.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

Forty-fifth Street, is doing nice new furniture tricks with metal, rattan, and reed. . . . Shelton Looms are putting out a luxurious sponge-backed bathroom mat which won't slip; Altman has it. . . . Marian Wright Bouché has opened a new shop for drinkers and smokers at 578 Madison Avenue; everything for both pastimes except the drinks and the smokes. . . . The opening of Bloomingdale's new modern shop (under the direction of Marianna von Allesch) was so crowded with eager sightseers that it was all I could do to squeeze in; but the fleeting glimpses I caught left a pleasant impression. . . . If you are a brave one who can face turning your furniture over to an organization called the Cyclone Cleaning Company, you may be interested to learn that this house is said to be a wonder at cleaning upholstered pieces. The fabric stays on; they use a special process that scrubs it without hurting a hair of its head. Call Vanderbilt 3-1677. —B. B.

SANTA-CLAUS TROUBLE

CHRISTMAS has never been exactly a festival season around here, partly because we never were very good carollers, mainly because, by the time it arrives, we are so busy looking at clothes for spring that we get our dates mixed. However, we are always startled to find that there are lots of people who dash around of their own free will at this time looking for thoughtful presents to give their nearest and dearest. As usual, we warn one and all that we are never near telephones, we are that busy prowling around, so save your back copies if the lists to follow have any possibilities for you at all.

Last week there was a masterly treatise on Christmas cards and monograms.

This week we insist upon discussing:

Art, below
Frames and framers, Page 61
Miscellaneous orders, Page 63

ART

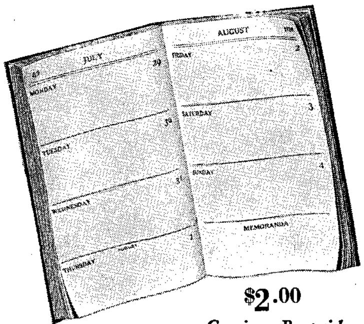
THIS is one of those fields into which the giver wanders at his own risk. We are happy to refresh your memory with a list of galleries that won't waste your time by showing you large collections of junk before getting down to business.

The impending list goes succinctly

Smythson's

WAFER DIARY

AMERICAN EDITION—1932



$2.00

Carriage Prepaid

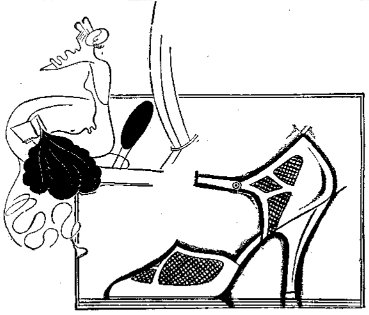
A POPULAR and unique 12 months' diary in most compact form—4¼ inches long, 2¾ inches wide, and, owing to the peculiar thinness of the special paper, less than ¼ inch thick. Fits the waistcoat pocket perfectly. This extraordinary fine little book is being reordered by the thousands every year by the many who have already found it indispensable.

Printed on blue paper with gilt edges, bound in limp roan, very durable. Though the paper is unbelievably thin it is not transparent and takes writing with pen or pencil equally well. As the 1932 edition is limited, order at once by cheque or money order.

Initials stamped in gold, 15 cents each. Name in full stamped in gold, 7 cents a letter.

MM IMPORTING CO.

543 Madison Avenue : New York City



SILVER MESH

forms the novel and resplendent decoration of this silver kid evening sandal. Also in gold kid with gold mesh. Entirely hand-sewn, $22.50.

unusual mail service—send for folder ny

SHOECRAFT

SALON: 714 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
between 55th and 56th streets
FITTING THE NARROW FOOT
SIZES to 11, WIDTHS AAAAA to C

"A Bit of Spain in Greenwich Village"

Los Flamencos Orchestra for dancing

4 Shows nightly

Southern & Spanish Dinners $1.25-$1.75

No cover charge at any time

EL FLAMENCO

Open 5:30 to 2:30

15 Barrow St. Sheridan Sq. Tel. SPring 7-4330

into the subjects of prints, etchings, small bronzes and ceramics, lithos, and even oils and water colors. It doesn't pretend to be inclusive, or to tell all about every gallery; but we believe, in our modest way, that it will help bring you up to date on the particular specialties of each one named:

Arthur Ackermann & Son, 50 East Fifty-seventh Street: An exhibition of modern American sporting prints is here until the end of November. Good picture gifts for your friends in the hunting set.

Art Center, 65 East Fifty-sixth Street: Houses the Opportunity Gallery, where beginners accept any bid you make—within reason.

Balzac Galleries, 449 Park Avenue: Good nude studies in original drawings by Segonzac. Prizefight subjects (lithos) by L. A. Moreau. Prices, around $100.

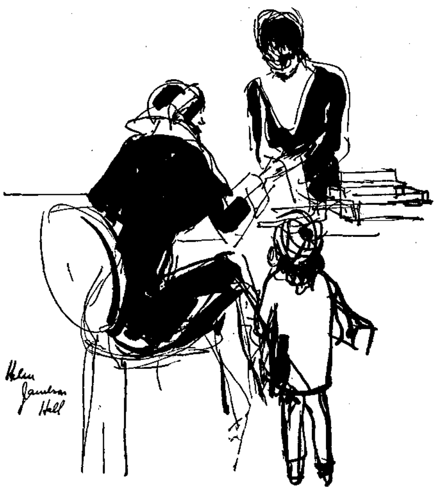
John Becker, 520 Madison Avenue: Originals of leading French and American artists, running to the smaller sizes. Oils, water colors, lithographs, drawings; also colored reprints of French Moderns and amazingly beautiful rugs woven by Lurçat.

D. Caz-Delbo Art Galleries, 561 Madison Avenue: Perfectly enormous collections of prints, etchings, and whatnot. Prices run from around $10 to well into the thousands. If you can't find something here, you might as well give up.

Charles Daniel, 600 Madison Avenue: More Kuniyoshi lithographs than you can shake a stick at, all gathered conveniently in one place; and the best of the younger Americans. Prices, from $15.

Delphic Studios, 9 East Fifty-seventh Street: A tendency toward Mexicans of the best school and other Southern artists.

Downtown Gallery, 113 West Thirteenth Street: Among other



THE PECK & PECK PUPS
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● At the very height of the season—just at the moment when you can use smart sports things the most, hundreds of Peck & Peck suits, dresses, hats and coats are cut down in price in the splendor of their youth. The discounts are drastic!

A Roster of Opportunity!

All BLOUSES are now
$10.95

COATS
$27.95 $79.50 $98.50 $110

DRESSES
$14.95 $19.50 $23.95 $27.95 $33.95

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$9.95 and $14.95

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CLOTH SUITS
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$4.95 $7.95 $9.95 $12.95 $14.95

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WHITE PLAINS CHICAGO BOSTON DETROIT MINNEAPOLIS ST. LOUIS
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Reservations
now being made for
The Coming Season
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THE GRAND BALLROOM
SMALLER BALLROOMS BALCONY DINING ROOMS

A Famous Restaurant

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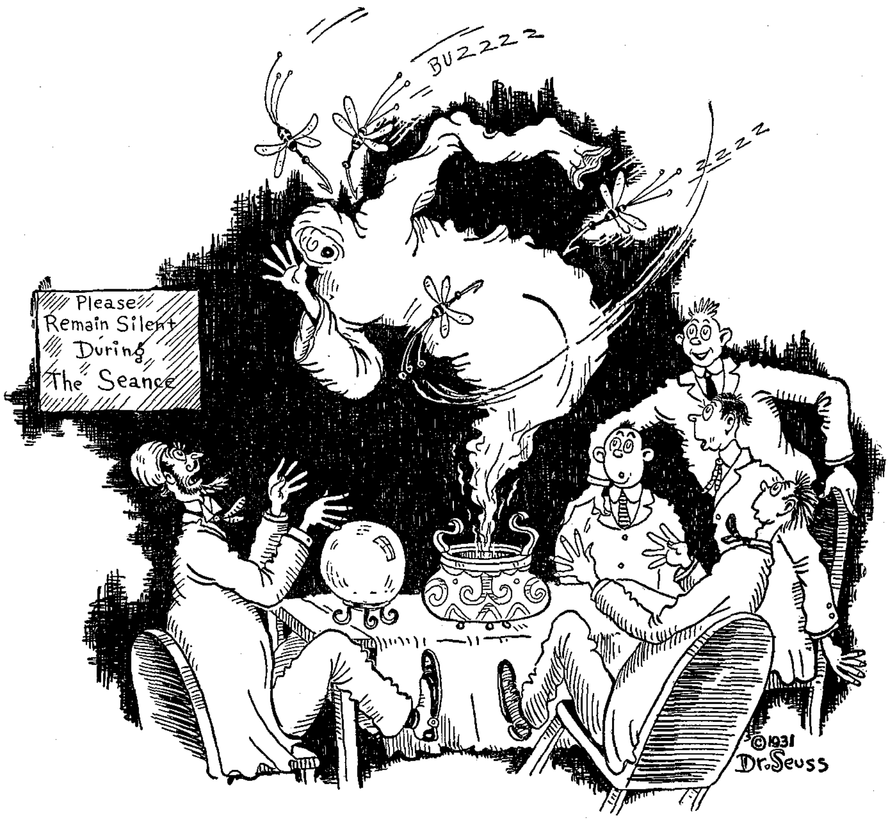

BUZZZZ
ZZZZ
Please Remain Silent During The Seance
©1931 Dr. Seuss

"Quick, Henry! The Flit!"

(Advertisement)

things, scenic lithos and small water colors by Stuart Davis. Lots of Peggy Bacon cats ($10 to $50). Pop Hart lithographs and water colors, all under $100—some well under. Also, ceramics and bronzes.

L'ELAN, 50 East Fifty-second Street: A French gallery devoting itself to unknown Americans, some of whom will be top-notchers.

HARLOW, MCDONALD & CO., 667 Fifth Avenue: Some colored etchings, done with a sort of Japanese effect by Dorsey Potter Tyson. Regulation etchings from $12.

MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY, 63 East Fifty-seventh Street: Two new and different notes: (1) A group of large wash and line drawings by Walt Kuhn: studies of trees, and quite exciting. These run from $200 to $250, all framed and matted. (2) Some weird things by K. Tonny, who uses a new process and gets an effect rather like an etching. You may like these and you may not.

KENNEDY & COMPANY, 785 Fifth Avenue: New bronze specialty—the head of a duck, copied from an old decoy, done as doorknockers, paperweights, doorstops, etc.; $30. An awfully nice gift for a man who likes sporting bronzes. Also, new etchings by John Taylor Arms (architectural) and Martin Lewis (New York subjects); new polo lithos by Percy Crosby, who knows as much about horses as he does about small boys ($12 for most of these); and some very nice small wood engravings (also around $12) by Esmé Sandercock, a new English lady artist.

FREDERICK KEPPEL & COMPANY, 16 East Fifty-seventh Street: Everything you ever thought of in etchings, prints, engravings, etc., with prices starting at $6. Old prints and the Moderns, both.

E. & A. MILCH, 108 West Fifty-seventh Street: Any amount of terra cottas, bronzes, animal figures of all orders. Some small things in bronze and alabaster by Margaret Postgate; very charming; $20 to $75.

MONTROSS GALLERY, 785 Fifth Avenue: Principally, the pottery of Varnum Poor, America's best maker of pottery, plates, etc., in a price range that runs from $2 to $200. Mr. Poor also has some colored etchings here.

J. B. NEUMANN—NEW ART CIRCLE, 9 East Fifty-seventh Street: Unsung Americans and Germans, with some French. Lithographs in the contemporary manner, by Rouault, Beckmann, Kopman. Heads, grotesques, etc. From $10. Worth examining.

The Potters' Shop, 20 East Sixty-ninth Street: The sales-outlet store for the really fine American potters. Many notable examples of the ceramic art, sculpture in tile, vases, etc., including one of the best collections of ashtrays in town. Prices go from $2 to almost any heights.

Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Avenue: Among those present—Wanda Gág and Martin Lewis (etchings); Picasso and Matisse (signed lithos, $25 to $100); Sintenis (animal bronzes); Warneke (terra cottas). And some large and decorative lithographs, at $12, by Grosz. Almost anything in the way of prints, oils, water colors, lithos, etchings, books, sculpture; known abroad as the best shop of its kind in the world.

ALSO it happens that there is an exhibition going on right now in a third-floor room at W. & J. Sloane, the furniture house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, which nobody interested in modern ceramics should miss. Most of the things are little Negro studies from the Shearwater Pottery in Mississippi—really swell, and all of them on sale, happily, for Christmas. Prices start at $3.

FRAMES AND FRAMERS

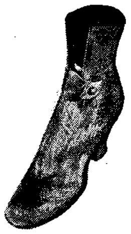
IF the pictures you plan to give this Christmas are yet to be bought, you will, of course, make arrangements at their own home gallery about having them framed. If, on the other hand, they have been burning a hole in

Peggy Bacon

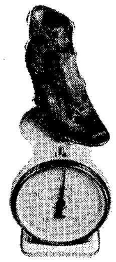
A PHILADELPHIA DEBUTANTE

SNAPS HER FINGERS AT BAD WEATHER

Miss Betty Upton Favorite, daughter of Mrs. Upton Favorite, is one of Philadelphia's loveliest and most charming débutantes of this season.



Black rubber Zipper with snug fitted lines and slide fastener. Other Shower Boot models in brown and gun metal with either slide or snap closing.



They weigh no more than seven ounces

"What a débutante in this town would do without Shower Boots, I just cannot imagine. What with Hunt and Country Clubs doing things you do not want to miss regardless of rain, hail or snow, and with hotels having good food and good orchestras in all weather, there is just one answer . . . Shower Boots.

"As we all grow more and more aviation conscious, these Boots become indispensable for winter wear on the oozing soppiness of the Philadelphia Flying Club's field. Driving back to town, you simply zip them off in the car and there you are, with high-heeled slippers and chiffon stockings all spotless and unharmed, ready for tea at the Ritz. If you own several pairs, I'll bet you are saving money in shoes." The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corp., Watertown, Mass.

Shower Boots and fabrics

GOODRICH ZIPPERS

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

Five O'clock Crepe
Hand - finished detail
Budget Price — 16.75

Sizes 12 to 20 in six vivid shades
BUDGET DRESS SHOP, SECOND FLOOR
Lord & Taylor
FIFTH AVENUE

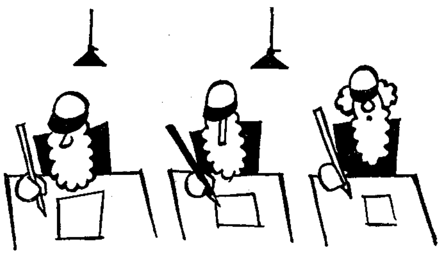
a trunk ever since you picked them up on that trip abroad last summer, you will want to know what the city has to offer in framers.

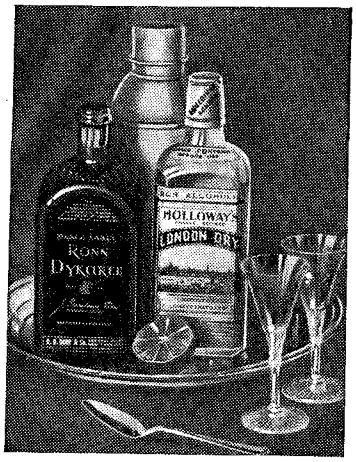
Here are a few in various parts of town. We know they are good:

FIRM OF BEED, INC., 17 West Eighth Street.
BRAXTON FRAME COMPANY, 341 West Thirty-eighth Street.
M. GOLDBERG, 310 West Forty-second Street.
THEODORE GOLDBERG, 233 Fifth Avenue.
A. MILLER, 401 Madison Avenue.
GEORGE F. OF, INC., 126 West Fifty-seventh Street.
J. POCKER, 790 Lexington Avenue.
ZINN'S ART STORE, 33 West Fourteenth Street.

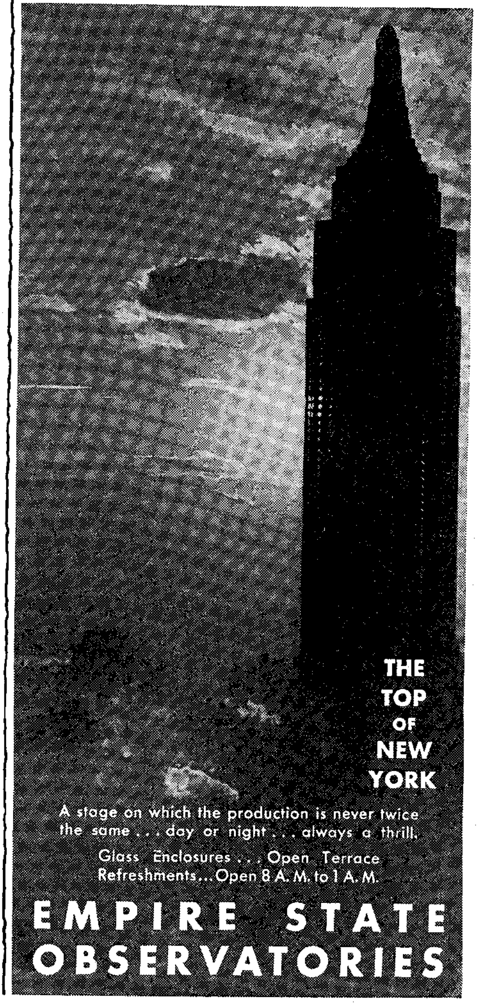
MAYBE it's photographs that are on your mind. All the department stores, you know, go in for regulation photograph frames in their leather-goods and silverware departments, both of which are usually located on the main floor. Shops like Yamanaka (not that there *are* many shops like Yamanaka), at 680 Fifth Avenue, do remarkable things with frames hand-wrought from precious metals, or hand-carved from semiprecious stones, if you must be exclusive and expensive. This type is generally done to your order, but they also have a large collection of stock frames in almost every recognized substance. Or you can go to the Old Arts Shop, at 805 Madison Avenue, and have Grandmother's Paisley shawl cut up and used to frame your favorite picture; or you can choose a fabric from their collection of old altar cloths, priests' robes, and antique brocades, and use that, if you'd rather. They have a new trick here, too, of mounting a pair of photographs on a pair of bookends. You might like to do something like this for a change, probably for your own household. It will cost you $75, and ought to work out nicely for twins, roommates, or even husbands and wives.

It should hardly be necessary for us to remind this smart audience that all such special orders ought to be placed





Try a DYKAREE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Bacardi Flavour
Havana's Famous Cocktail
1 part Dykaree, 3 parts Holloway's London Dry, add juice 1 lime or ½ lemon, shake with cracked ice.
HOLLOWAY'S LONDON DRY
IMPORTED FROM LONDON
At all good grocers
FREE Cocktail Recipes
Send us your name and address and we will mail to you 28 delicious recipes for cocktails, punches, and aperitifs. Ask for booklet N.
Sole Importers
B. B. DORF & CO.
350 W. 31st St. New York



THE TOP OF NEW YORK
A stage on which the production is never twice the same . . . day or night . . . always a thrill.
Glass Enclosures . . . Open Terrace
Refreshments...Open 8 A. M. to 1 A. M.
EMPIRE STATE OBSERVATORIES

at once, if they are to be done in time for Christmas. Do it now and avoid nail-biting and watching at the window later.

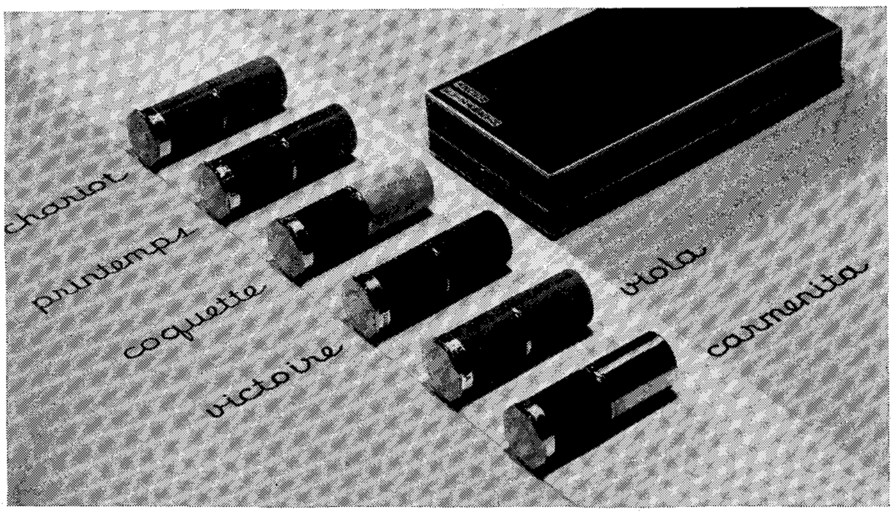
A. MILLER (see foregoing list of framers) has a lot of ready-to-wear frames for people in a hurry; nice ones, too. The double-faced idea, for instance: two sheets of bevelled glass stuck upright in a metal base. Two pictures, back to back, go between the glass. These are inexpensive: around $2.50 to $5. They also have a really grand lot of old frames dating about thirty-five years back—perfect for pictures out of the family album. Photos of the older generation in their youth, dressed up in the right frames, would make pretty swell tree and stocking presents, or table favors for family reunions.

Russell Wright, 165 East Thirty-fifth Street, has a pewter device for modern photographs which is the frame of frames to us. It's as simple a thing as you ever saw, giving full value to the picture and looking beautiful itself, all at the same time.

MISCELLANEOUS ORDERS

THE struggle for that incomparable personal touch leads hundreds of gift-givers to place special orders in the shops every year, for this and that. The trouble is they usually place them about two weeks before Christmas, which leads to complications, arguments over the telephone, and sometimes tears. Therefore, if you are the ordering type, we think you ought to sit right down and go over the list we have compiled for people who never are happy unless

ELIZABETH ARDEN
PRESENTS
a wardrobe for well-dressed lips



Flowers fascinate by their eternal variety. Woman's beauty, too, can vary! She can wear colors she never wore before...and wear them successfully, merely by changing her make-up to blend with her gown • Miss Arden's new Lipstick Ensemble, with its six pencils in six charming shades, is of invaluable assistance in accomplishing this fascinating task • The lipsticks themselves...petal-smooth, a delight to apply, *really* indelible, tinted to harmonize with every color gown and accent every mood...constitute one of Miss Arden's most important achievements • You will adore the attractive box of six, because it is a complete wardrobe for your lips and will dress them to blend with every costume and occasion. You may buy the lipsticks individually, if you prefer.

These are the new Arden lipstick shades—and costume colors they enhance:

CHARIOT *(Lacquer red case)*—Rich flame...a very youthful color. Good with costumes of green, woodsy brown, black, and flame-color.

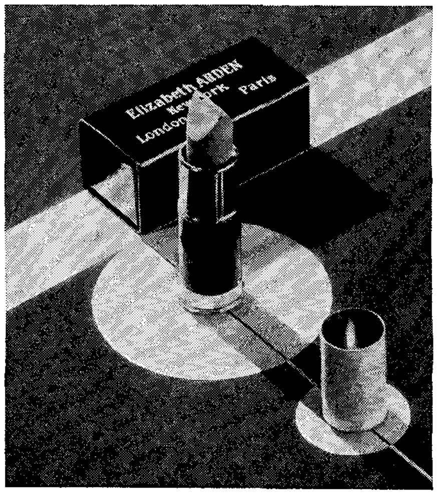
PRINTEMPS *(Fern-green case)*—Designed by Miss Arden to contribute to the success of pastel frocks, and also to wear with cool greens and blues. It can be worn with black and white as well as other shades.

VICTOIRE *(All black case)*—Triumphant with black! It is becoming to both blondes and brunettes.

COQUETTE *(Black case with oyster white top)*—A deep red, with raspberry, winey tones. A dashing touch for the woman who likes a definite make-up.

VIOLA *(Blue case)*—Perfect for wear with blue because there is a hint of violet in it. It seems to make the skin whiter and the eyes more shadowy.

CARMENITA *(Black case with silver top)*—Darker than Viola, and more likely to be the choice of brunettes, who will wear it with most dark colors.



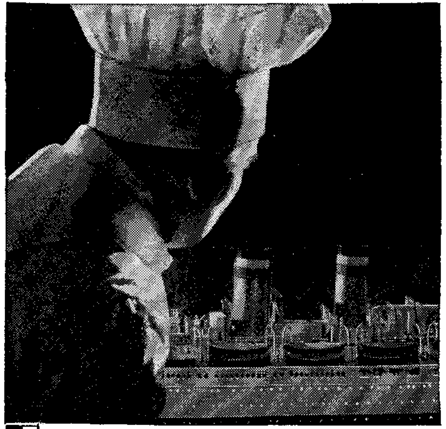
• Elizabeth Arden Lipstick Ensemble...six lipsticks in six different shades, $7.50...Each lipstick, $1.50.

• Would you like a color book that tells you exactly which lipstick to use and exactly what make-up accessories harmonize with each new autumn color? Write to Miss Arden, 691 Fifth Ave., New York, and the Color Harmony Book will be sent to you.

ELIZABETH
ARDEN
691 Fifth Avenue · New York

© Elizabeth Arden, 1931

SECRETS
OF HOSTS
E-X-P-O-S-E-D!



Certain people of excellent social registry have made it a practice, while traveling Europe-wise on our boats—the *Famous Four—to invite fellow passengers to elaborate meals served in our ship-board Grills.

VARIETY

These hosts and hostesses have exercised marvelous ingenuity in selecting novel hours for these repasts and, also, in arranging most unusual menus.

But *every* first class passenger has the privilege of playing host to himself or herself or to any seemly number of fellow passengers in our Grills, at all hours, and for all dishes that the most epicurean mind can conceive—and *with the "Line" footing the bill!*

We are glad to have our guests play hosts at our expense. We are that kind of sea-faring people.

BALANCE

They—the *Famous Four—have the unique Frahm Anti-Rolling Tanks, which provide a most extraordinary steadiness during the entire seven days of crossing the North Atlantic, all the way to Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg. This is often mistaken for a native gift of equilibrium on the part of those frequenting our grills.

The First Class Rates are also most attractive—merely **$195 up.**

***NEW YORK** NOVEMBER 19
***ALBERT BALLIN** NOVEMBER 26
***HAMBURG** DECEMBER 3
***DEUTSCHLAND** DECEMBER 10

Also, excellent "Cabin" Liners with Grills and Frahm Anti-Rolling Tanks—to Ireland, England, France, Germany—Cabin Rates start at $152.50.

Consult LOCAL AGENT or

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

HAPAG

39 Broadway, New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver.

they are having something made up specially. It may help to crystallize your ideas, and even get you to do something definite about them before the month is out. This is the list:

BARS

CONSULTATION with the recipient is indicated here. For the type of bar which is installed in a spare closet, try Aguilar Closets, at 572 Park Avenue. It is an organization fully equipped to handle everything, from plans to fittings and equipment. Telephone, Regent 4-6347. For more pretentious arrangements, L'Élan, 50 East Fifty-second Street, Wickersham 2-7987. They can show you plans for a superb wood-panelled bar-room in the modern manner. The Hearthstone Furniture Company, 224 East Fifty-seventh Street, Plaza 3-6196, makes up nice bars to your requirements in three to four weeks, using their own inspirations or following yours.

BATH AND BOUDOIR LUXURIES

THE town now boasts three specialists in bath equipment: The Bath Shop, 390 Park Avenue; Bath & Boudoir, 696 Madison Avenue; Chez le Bain, 751 Madison Avenue. One of the things they all like to do is put monograms on everything: bottles and jars, scales, hampers, wastebaskets, and, of course, towel and mat sets (which we discussed last week). They even put them on some very elegant scented soaps. Making up matching sets of everything is another favorite pastime. Particularly recommended: Chez le Bain's brown-and-white ensembles—big white monograms on brown bathroom accessories.

Tufted, puffed, and quilted bits for the boudoir can be ordered from Eleanor Beard, 519 Madison Avenue, and Carlin Comforts, 536 Madison Avenue. The most luxurious chaise throws, puffs, pillows, and blankets you have come across probably originated in one of these two shops. Orders should be placed at once.

FURNITURE

THIS division had better be handled in out-and-out list form to avoid confusion:

CAMPBELL SHOPS, 216 East Forty-first Street: One of the better unfinished-furniture shops, where you can order practically anything made up in any finish, but particularly Early American things in maple.

CURTIS, 55 Fifth Avenue: For up-

WHAT! not about best sellers?

Forgive us, Madam, if in an age of best-sellers (God bless them) we intrude for a moment to tell you about three fine books still in their first editions. It is our guess that these first editions will one day be collector's items.

LAUGH AND LIE DOWN

by ROBERT CANTWELL. "Cantwell can write rings around most novelists in the experimental field. The reader interested in the most intense and eloquent expression of the modern mood is confidently referred to him." William Soskin, N. Y. Evening Post.—"One of the best and most unusual first novels of the year." N. Y. Times.—"Extraordinary skill; genuine art." William McFee. $2

TIME EXPOSURE

by PARKHURST WHITNEY. Another American first—a novel with the appeal of "Our Times"—the story of a marriage which endured through three decades of social history. Just out, so we can't quote the critics yet. But it's really fine. $2

THE SWORD OF GOD: Jeanne d'Arc

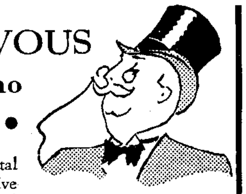
by GUY ENDORE. "The story is a beautiful and reverent one. Mr. Endore has created a most original biography. His writing reflects a Gallic simplicity as well as a certain virility of Old Testament flavor." N. Y. Evening Post. $3.50

P.S.

And now, Madam, as you ask for Best-Sellers: try Katharine Brush's RED-HEADED WOMAN, Faith Baldwin's SKYSCRAPER, Floyd Dell's LOVE WITHOUT MONEY, and Selma Robinson's CITY CHILD, the clever verses with the Rockwell Kent illustrations.

FARRAR AND RINEHART
9 East 41st St.

RENDEZVOUS of those who live well...



A marvelous Continental cuisine . . . an exclusive tenantry . . . delightful rooms and suites.

● YOU WILL ENJOY YOUR STAY HERE

The Warwick

Just a step from the Avenue

65 West 54th Street, New York

holstered pieces, all of them custom-made. Great variety; moderate prices.

OLIVETTE FALLS, 563 Madison Avenue: Particularly good small upholstered chairs, covered to your order.

BENJAMIN FERBER, 666 Lexington Avenue: An antique shop with a workroom in the basement which will reproduce anything they have upstairs—or, in fact, anything at all—in about three weeks. The shop will undertake to match any piece you want copied, and is particularly clever at getting old-wood effects. Good work at good prices.

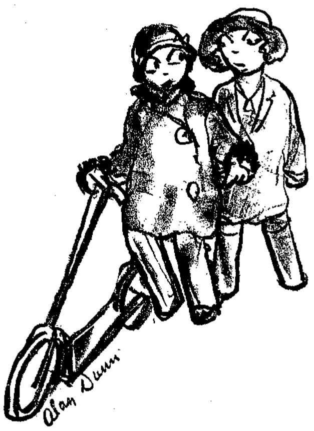
HEARTHSTONE FURNITURE COMPANY, 224 East Fifty-seventh Street: Although formerly devoted almost exclusively to Early Americana, this unfinished-furniture house has three new specialties: custom-made radio cabinets; Biedermeier furniture; and a children's furniture shop under the direction of Alice Starr, children's decorator. The nursery pieces are simple, modern things, ingeniously designed. Three to four weeks required for the completion of all orders.

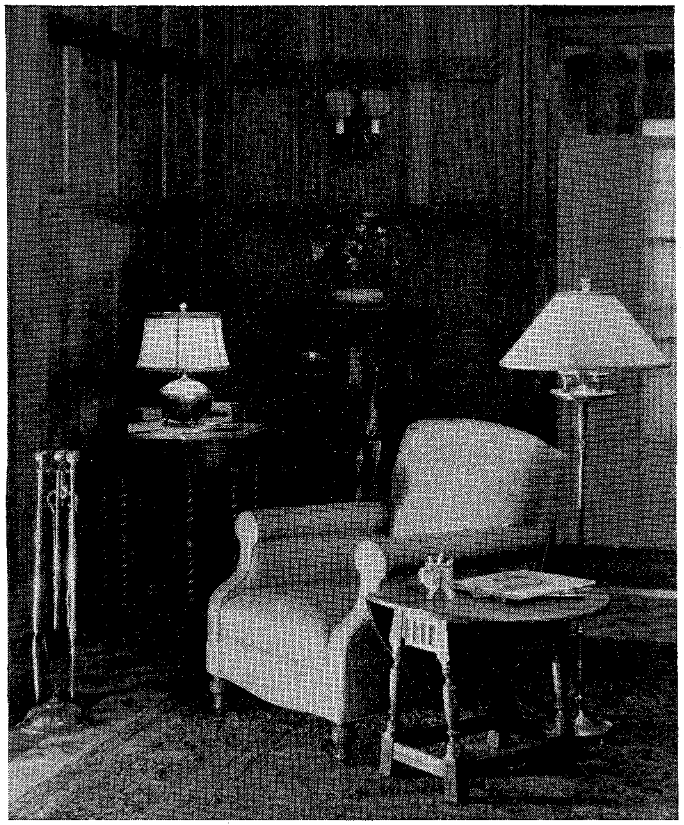
HERTER LOOMS, 19 East Fifty-fifth Street and 501 Madison Avenue: Furniture, painted by a process that gives an effect of age. Pieces in almost any style, done in all kinds of subdued color effects.

MODERNAGE, 59 Fifth Avenue: Anything for the 1932 apartment, made up in short order (provided you don't wait until the last-minute rush begins) and at moderate expense. Staggered bookshelves to fit special needs; lots of upholstered chairs.

PILLOWS

SOME of the choicest pillows in town are done at the Chintz Shop, 443 Madison Avenue; mostly in chintz, of course. The Pillow Shop, 522 Madison Avenue, is expert at pillows covered with samplers, crewelwork, embroidery, etc. Both these places will go to great lengths to match things,





A CHAIR that promises restful ease.... and faithfully keeps its promise! A companionable side table at your elbow. A snug little haven before a roaring fire on a blustery, fitful evening. These pieces.... and 700 others equally distinctive, all inspired by fine 17th and 18th Century masterpieces, developed in solid cabinet-woods exclusively.... will greet you on your visit to our New York showroom. The latchstring is always out at

385 Madison Avenue

KITTINGER
Distinctive Furniture
Sold only by Leading Dealers and Decorators

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription for THE NEW YORKER—
☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00
(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)
(Tariff: Canada, $2.60 additional per year)

Name..........

Address..........

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

Do you pay too much for your *whistles?*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once paid too much for a whistle. He was just a kid. But he went home and wept over the thought of what he could have got for his money.

How many times has that happened to us all? Plenty. But some of us believe in Ben's saying that "it pays to be thrifty." When you come to Philadelphia, let us show you.

You get your money's worth at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Rooms much larger than the average, with luxurious beds. Twelve hundred of them, a bath with every one. Convenient to every part of Philadelphia's business section. Food that cannot be excelled. In other words, all that you may want and more than you expect.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
CHESTNUT AT NINTH STREET
Horace Leland Wiggins, *Managing Director*
UNITED HOTELS

or to work out pillows to suit established decorative schemes.

SCREENS

THE Screen Shop, 640 Lexington Avenue, knows all about the building of screens and has large stocks of good wallpapers, Chinese panels, and fabrics for covering. A. L. Diament & Company, 101 Park Avenue, use prints and special Zuber papers on soundly constructed screens.

WEATHERVANES

IF your favorite weekend host has no weathervane on his country house, Edward G. Washburne, 207 Fulton Street, will make one to suit his hobby, whatever it is. Nice gift, if needed; embarrassing if not. One should be sure.

COMPLETELY MISCELLANEOUS

PLAYLAND GIFT SHOP, 686 Madison Avenue, puts swell monograms on glassware, smoking things, bar equipment, thermos containers, and on an ingenious group of trick devices for the gay hostess. . . . The Old Arts Shop, 805 Madison Avenue, covers anything it can get its hands on with old fabrics (yours or their own): boxes, bookends, wastebaskets, trays, desk equipment, anything. . . . Benello & Pillori, 584 Madison Avenue, will make up handsome lamps from appropriate glassware out of the shop's superb Venetian collection; pleated linen shades, bound and tasselled, can be ordered in any colors. . . . Edwin Jackson, 175 East Sixtieth Street, the fireplace-accessories shop, has another idea for the country gentleman: fire screens done with a silhouette figure representing his particular hobby. Also applicable, of course, to city slickers—provided they have fireplaces.

IT must be understood that most of the shops mentioned in this division do many more things than we speak of here. All that will be gone into later. For the present, we have simply tried to pick out information which would be useless if we waited too long to publish it.

Final warning: It will be just as useless if you wait too long to use it.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Stearns was born in Hartford, Conn., has lived in Pairs for the last eight years, but is now making his home in California.

The NIGHT HAWKS

Double-Header
DANCE MUSIC

The only dance orchestra in town with two live-wire directors, is here at the New Yorker, in our Terrace Restaurant...where Coon-Sanders and their Nighthawks perform nightly. Come tonight...hear them...and you will learn one reason why it's twice as much fun to do your dancing and dining here!

● No couvert at dinner. $1 after 10 p.m. ($2 on Saturdays and Holidays)

HOTEL NEW YORKER
34th Street at 8th Avenue, New York
RALPH HITZ, MANAGING DIRECTOR
New York's Most Popular Hotel

The Barbizon
A RESIDENCE
OFFERS
Music and Painting Studios . . . . . .
Roof Garden . . . . Social Activities . . . .
Swimming Pool and Gymnasium
under direction of Mary Beaton, R.L.S.S.
TO
Students of Art, Music, Drama,
Business and Professional Women.

And the rates are made to order for the year 1931—from $12 weekly, from $2.50 daily.

Descriptive booklet sent on request

140 East 63rd Street, New York City

MAINBOCHER
COVTVRE
12 AVENVE GEORGE V A PARIS
TÉLÉPHONE: ÉLYSÉES 27-29
27-30
27-31
CABLE ADDRESS: BOCOMAIN PARIS

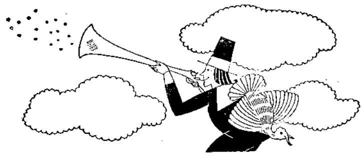
FRESH FROM
THE FARM

Let the Jones Family supply your Thanksgiving Breakfast of

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

But won't you please place your order early with the Jones Dealer as Holiday Seasons always tax the capacity of the Farm to make all the sausage wanted and we don't like to have our friends disappointed.

JONES DAIRY FARM, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
In Wisconsin's great dairy center—owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834.



BE THANKFUL THIS *Thanksgiving*

Spend the holiday at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall . . . where there's a year-'round array of things to be thankful for. Sea and sun and salt air . . . and comfort.

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is hospitable, friendly, informal. Come for the day or stay the week-end. Ride on the beach, play squash, golf, lie in the sun, take health-baths. And then enjoy the bountiful Thanksgiving dinner.

Fall and winter rates are in effect. Write for information or telephone 4-0141.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
ATLANTIC CITY
Leeds and Lippincott Company

THE CAPTURE OF OLD 87

Come all you newspaper-readers,
  I pray you all draw near;
It's all about Element 87
  Whereof now you will hear.

It was good old Dr. Papish,
  Dr. Papish of Cornell,
Who said: "I will find old 87
  Or know the reason full well."

For all of the other elements
  The scientists well did know
Except 85 and 87,
  Which were unknown, you must
    know.

Then Dr. Papish said to himself:
  "I will work, whate'er befell,
To capture that wild element
  For the glory of fair Cornell."

And he took his X-ray spectrograph,
  And he took it into his hand,
And he pursued the wild elements,
  As you may well understand.

And he got on old 87's track,
  And he never made a sound
Till he isolated some milligrams
  All in a sulphate compound!

He never surrendered or faltered,
  But patiently her he followed,
And he found her at last in samarskite,
  Just an insoluble solid!

They say: "Come home, Dr. Papish!"
  But all he will do is laugh,
And he sits in his laboratory
  And cleans his spectrograph;

Because it is his ambition
  To bring back home alive
The last uncaptured element,
  Element 85!

She's a solid jet-black halogen,
  And her atomic weight
Is about two hundred and eighteen,
  And her density is eight.

So hurrah for Dr. Papish!
  Let us all wish him well,
And may he bag old 85
  For the glory of fair Cornell!

—Morris Bishop

•

Tomorrow
BENNY RUBIN
in person
with Hollywood Specialty Idea
and Tallulah Bankhead
and Tallulah Bankhead
—*Adv. in Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

We heard you.

Amazing new way to

DRY SHAMPOO YOUR HAIR · :

. . . in 15 minutes without affecting the curl, marcel or permanent !

10 Beauty Editors witnessed the extraordinary results clearly shown in these unretouched photographs

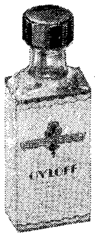
Does your hair become oily and dirty too soon after a shampoo? Haven't you always longed for a quick, easy way to clean and freshen it without affecting your curl, marcel, or permanent?

Now you can do it! Oyloff, a new liquid dry shampoo, completely cleans your hair in 15 minutes without the bother of a wet shampoo, without danger of catching cold, and without taking out your curl.

It sounds too good to be true! Of course it does. That's why we invited ten of the beauty editors of America's leading women's magazines to see Oyloff in use.

These beauty editors were amazed and delighted. They saw Oyloff remove the oil and dirt from the model's hair without affecting her marcel, just as these photographs show. They watched the natural blond color and lustre return to her hair. They even felt her hair to see how fluffy, clean and free from oil Oyloff had left it. Astonishing! Yes, and especially when you learn that Oyloff is odorless and contains no alcohol or inflammable substance.

You'll like this new liquid dry shampoo. It's so convenient—especially when you must have your hair fresh, clean and in curl for a sudden engagement. Get the $1 size at your department store, druggist or beauty shop. If they can't supply you, send direct.
GODEFROY'S, 3506 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.



Godefroy's OYLOFF

Available in New York at:
Saks-Fifth Avenue   Stern Bros.
John Wanamaker   B. Altman & Co.
Franklin Simon & Co.   Lord & Taylor
Arnold Constable

Kimm-Libbey, Ltd., New York
Sales Representatives

GILBERT MILLER presents
THE SEX FABLE
A Comedy by EDOUARD BOURDET
with
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
RONALD SQUIRE
"Finely cast and beautifully produced, shocking and sophisticated in the modern mood."
—*Robert Garland, World Telegram*
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St.
Eves. 8:30 sharp. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

Payment Deferred
with CHARLES LAUGHTON
"The most remarkable character actor New York has been privileged to see in years."
—*John Mason Brown, Eve. Post*
LYCEUM THEATRE 45th St. E. of B'way.
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S Trilogy
"Mourning Becomes Electra"
Composed of 3 plays
'Homecoming,' 'The Hunted,' 'The Haunted'
All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:15 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7. No matinee performances.
PRICES Orch. & Mezzanine $6. (includes Balcony, $5, $4, $3 & $2. 3 plays)
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way

ETHEL BARRYMORE THEATRE 47th W. of B'way
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PHILIP MERIVALE
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CYNARA
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Henry STEPHENSON Phoebe FOSTER Adrianne ALLEN
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STORIES OF TODAY

PATRIOT

Bandit-Leader Spada
On the island of Corsica
Is warring on competitive
Bandit-Leader Cavigliolo
Because the latter
Attacked tourist parties.

Spada asserts
That acts of banditry
Should be practiced only
On native residents.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Theodore Quillen
Of Logansport, Indiana,
Was arrested for fighting,
But promised the judge
To be good thereafter.

Mr. Quillen's age
Is one hundred and nine.

A HEART AS BIG . . .

Dr. I. N. Penick
Of Union University
Announced a plan
To help relieve
The economic depression.

He will marry any couple
For fifteen cents,
Or two couples
For twenty-five.

IN OLD CATHAY

The traditional jinrikishas
Have gone modern.

Their hoods carry ads
For cigarettes
And patent medicines.

SENTIMENTALISTS

The Austrian Union
Of Lovers of Animals
Asked the government
For permission to spread cheer
Among the convicts

By placing cages of canaries
Within the gaol cells
To edify the prisoners.

SUNSHINE-SCATTERER

Dr. Thurman Rice
Of the University of Indiana
Recently reported
Scientific experiments

Proving that spinach
Is not necessary for health!

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

PETER ARNO presents
CLARK & McCULLOUGH
in his new musical comedy
HERE GOES THE BRIDE
CHANIN'S 46TH ST. Thea., W. of B'way
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

A JED HARRIS PRODUCTION
"WONDER BOY"
A Comedy, Edward Chodorov & Arthur Barton
"One long loud laugh"—*Lockridge, Sun.*
ALVIN Thea. W. 52 St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

HERMAN SHUMLIN
in association with
HARRY MOSES
presents
GRAND HOTEL
with
EUGENIE LEONTOVICH,
SAM JAFFE, SIEGFRIED RUMANN,
HORTENSE ALDEN and Cast of 50
Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30 Sharp
2ND YEAR NATIONAL Theatre, W. 41st St. *Eves. 8:30 Sharp*

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SING HIGH SING LOW
A Comedy by
Murdock Pemberton and David Boehm
SAM. H. HARRIS Thea. 42nd St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Seven Days' Rest—Crime and Marriage

THE movie industry is worn out again. It has produced two or three good pictures lately, and the result is only what you'd expect. Not that it isn't making a brave little pretence of keeping up. There is a lot of new pictures this week, quite a number of big names—as they are supposed to be by people in the business—and looking back, summoning up remembrance of things past, as it were, I even find a bit here and a snack there of talent made manifest.

One bit, for instance, would be Eric von Stroheim as the blackmailer, with a smirk and a touch of the sadistic, in "Friends and Lovers." He is killed, however, so early in the picture, and the rest of it, including all the palavering by Lily Damita and Adolphe Menjou, is so simply wearisome and distressing that the picture itself is merely another trial to be faced by those who get cornered at it. Another bit would be the burlesque gangster wedding—nuptials contrived by the royalty of the underworld to knock the eye out of the public, to surpass even the funerals for which this phase of the social order is so celebrated—in "Bad Company." This picture, however, aside from the problem presented in featuring Miss Helen Twelvetrees, has apparently been through such an unduly gruelling experience—at the hands of the censors, or of a director with a temporary amnesia, perhaps—that it is almost unintelligible at times. For a snack of humor I am inclined to prefer above all other offerings thrown out this past week that momentary flicker of an earthy, wicked old peasant woman—a lady not mentioned on the program—in "Terra Madre," but the rest of that, too, is just for the homesick Latins.

PURSUING this genial strain of mine, I might say that I was somewhat more pleased with "The Ruling Voice" than many I have chanced to meet. For this spasm of enthusiasm on my part I must concede that I haven't a very sound reason. It's a silly, sentimental story about a great underworld baron whose weak spot is his love of his daughter. Walter Huston plays the part, and though he is always more clearly a human being on the screen than most of his colleagues, he can't do much in this *sonata pathétique* except work up a St. Bernard sort of wistfulness on occasion. My pleasure in the picture—as far as that pleasure went, anyhow—lay in the somewhat subdued quality it had. A picture of gunmen and racketeers, it was a smooth, polite affair, and there was something extraneously comic, perhaps, in the notion I had that the meeting of the underworld leaders somewhat approximated in its suavity a meeting of the house committee of the Union League.

THERE may be another kind of extraneous interest to be found in "The Speckled Band," for the Sherlock Holmes in the piece is played by that young Raymond Massey who is now doing Hamlet on the stage in town. With a certain suggestion of the young Lincoln, after a mean day at the rail-splitting, Mr. Massey is a worn and haggard Holmes, one who has the talent, evidently, for solving other people's problems, but not his own. The picture is nothing at all, especially as you probably read the Conan Doyle story years ago and recall the solution of the mystery at the start.

MISS RUTH CHATTERTON is out again. "Once a Lady" teaches us how disastrous it is for lovely Russians to marry genteel Englishmen, for it means that they must spend some years with their in-laws, and Slavs are hard on Anglican in-laws. Miss Chatterton, as Anna Keremazoff, finally bolts to Paris and is there years later when the daughter she had to leave behind grows up and goes a bit berserk too. She is not only there but is covered with diamonds, for which—ah, God!—she has to pay, and is quite able to assist her child and manage the proper marriage for her. We fear that there is no gaiety here to enliven us.

NOR is there in "Compromise," with Rose Hobart, anything to indicate that the movies have strained themselves. It is their week of rest, and we had best simply sit aside and wait for better things to come when they are well and strong again, perhaps even inspired.

—J. C. M.

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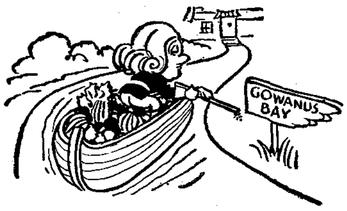

Those Dutchmen certainly liked their canals and dikes! Old "Nick" Vechte dug him a canal from Gowanus Bay right up to his kitchen door. *That* put the bee on neighborhood competition and got his stuff to the market first—or should we say, in the "Nick" of time!

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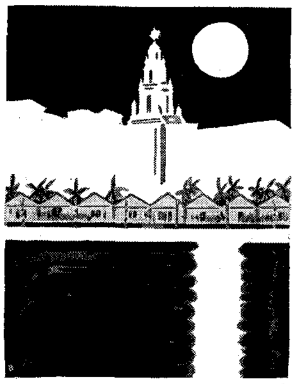

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THE RACE TRACK

Top Flight Obliges

THERE is no question now as to who will head the owners' list this season: Sonny Whitney, of course, who is three stakes and an overnight handicap up, and a fortnight to go, on the Greentree Stable of his aunt, Mrs. Payne Whitney. You see, his Top Flight, this department's darling, won the Pimlico Futurity last weekend (pardon a gloat) and became the greatest money-winning two-year-old in racing. Her record is seven stakes, worth $219,000, in seven starts—nearly twice as much as all of his other horses have won together.

Old Audax, with his (sometimes) unerring judgment, didn't select Top Flight as the best juvenile of the year because she preferred beef stew and a cigarette to California hay and Oregon oats, or because she had the look of eagles in her eyes. He saw her do a fast trial the morning of the Belmont Stakes, last June. Sonny Whitney might have kept that gallop a stable secret, and won a big bet the first time the filly started, but he didn't. Instead he sent her out for the Clover Stakes a few days later, and the rest is in the past-performance book.

In the somewhat delirious satisfaction over the result, there is a feeling of—

Well, that's that! All last week there were so many rumors about her training—that a knee was giving trouble (although this was not apparent in her gallops), that the mile and a sixteenth was beyond her powers—that even the most incorrigible optimist might have lapsed from the spirit of sublime confidence one had before the Saratoga Special and The Futurity. One almost hoped she would not start, so strong was the feeling that she would be beaten. Tom Healey, her trainer, did a marvellous job in keeping her fit.

TOP FLIGHT ran her best race, but Workman, who rode her, deserves as much credit. I don't know another rider who could have won with her. The race unfolded quickly. Lucky Tom, breaking from the rails, slipped into a long lead, but Workman had Top Flight away nearly as quickly from an outside position, and saved lengths at the clubhouse turn. In the run down

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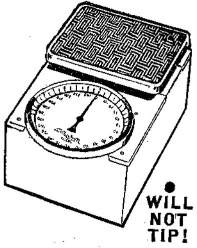

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the backstretch and around the turn, he waited just off the pace, and pegged back Lucky Tom as they turned into the straight. Here Tick On challenged, and again, as in The Futurity at Belmont Park, Top Flight bounded forward, as though Workman had touched a spring, just as we thought she must be headed. She has a way of stretching out like a whippet in those moments. Tick On was unlucky, and so was Mad Pursuit; but the race is to the swift.

I AM disappointed in Burning Blaze. I saw him in the paddock for the race before the Pimlico Futurity, and I could not believe that he was the colt who had run so well last month. He looked like Hatrack the Horse—just a tough old hide. I have seen many eight-hundred-dollar selling-platers with better conformation. Well, he ran that way.

HORSES for courses! Brother Bostwick's Mate returned to the scene of his triumphs in the Walden and The Preakness to triumph again in the Bowie Handicap. Obviously, I was wrong in supposing that he had had too much racing, for he galloped to such purpose that he beat Mrs. Payne Whitney's St. Brideaux by half a length. St. Brideaux, who had won the Latonia Championship a few days before, seemed nervous, while Kurtsinger, who rode him, seemed to lack a definite plan of action.

STEEPLECHASING is over—except for the hunts and the point-to-points—and Mrs. Jock Whitney's Green Cheese is on the top of the heap of jumpers, at least in money winnings, with the Grand National and the Manly Memorial in his bag. Rigan McKinney, who partnered him so successfully in the Grand National, rode a game race in the Manly, as he was in close all the way. Later in the afternoon I met Mrs. Whitney and Big Jim Healy, her trainer, in the paddock and congratulated her, with a bow to the horse and trainer. "Oh, don't congratulate the trainer," she said. "He'll get so much of that he'll not be able to train any more winners."

I THOUGHT I had closed my book of trainers' alibis, but Mel Church has told me another: "Horse ran a great race, just beat a nose—for third. He'd a win, too, but the boy stopped riding at the head of the stretch. He had the asthma and he give out of wind."

—AUDAX MINOR

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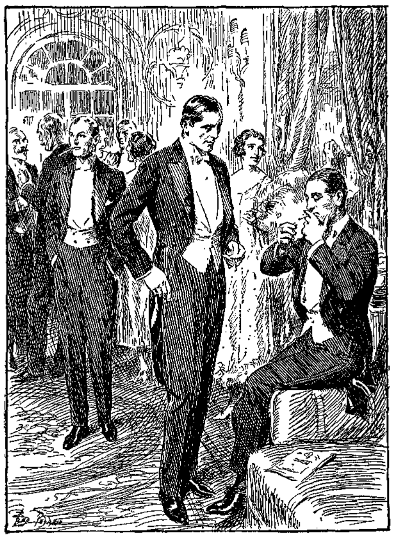

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FOOTBALL

Intersectional Weekend—Little on the Sidelines — Harvard's Doubleheader

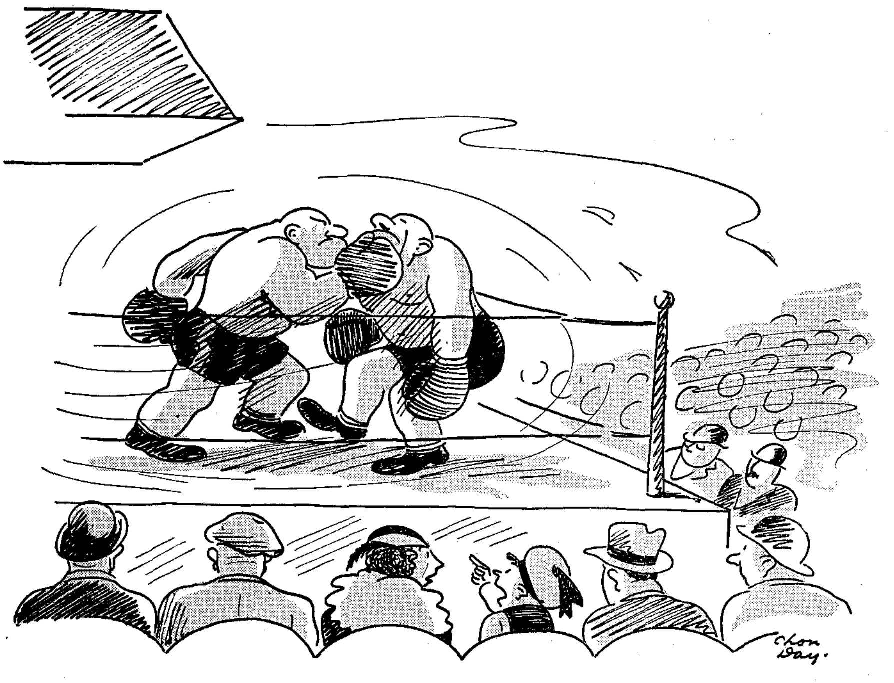
THE fact that all three of the important teams in New York—N.Y.U., Columbia, and Fordham—played intersectional games last weekend is evidence of what seems to us a rather ridiculous situation. Intersectional games have been becoming more numerous and more meaningless for several years. This year there have been more of them than ever, and we fail to see why. The theory is, of course, that they draw bigger crowds, but as far as we have been able to find out, they don't. If N.Y.U. had played Columbia instead of Oregon two weeks ago, there would have been at least twice as many people in the stands. Most intersectional games—because football in the Far West and the South is a comparatively recent development—have very little tradition connected with them, and there is always, for us, a feeling that they have been cooked up with one eye on the box office and the other on the next day's headlines. In a year when dollars seem to be fairly scarce, colleges could save a good many of them by playing football nearer home.

THE Columbia-Virginia game is not exactly a case in point. The two really have something in common and a rivalry between them does not seem entirely artificial. The game, of course, was put on the Columbia schedule as a sort of breathing space between the Cornell and Brown games—incidentally, it is a long time since any team could be regarded as a setup for Columbia—and it turned out exactly as it had been intended. Instead of having the first team pile up a score at the beginning, and using substitutes the rest of the way, Coach Little mixed up his regulars and his reserves so that at no time was a full team of either on the field. Columbia's two touchdowns in the first half made it safe to experiment later on. Little was still experimenting—with a line composed of reserves and a backfield of regulars—when, with Ralph Hewitt in the game again, Columbia got its last two superfluous touchdowns in the fourth quarter. Virginia—with the exception of a fine back named Thomas—had exactly the sort of team which coaches favor for easy games in midseason, when the idea is to have a fairly exacting test without the danger of being beaten.

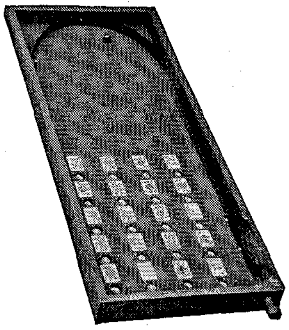
THE way Little handled his team against Virginia was characteristic of the methods by which he has achieved an amazing football renaissance at Columbia. Another thing typical of Little's coaching is the way the team comes out of a huddle. At first glance, it resembles the system contrived by the bands of urchins who play tag football in side streets. After the play has been chosen, the entire team breaks up into what appears to be complete confusion. Linemen stumble between the backs and trip over each other to get to their positions, and the backs whirl around in a dazed fashion as though no one of them had the least idea where he was going. Suddenly—too suddenly for you to see how it has happened—you observe that the team is in position. At this instant, the ball is snapped and the play begins.

This huddle, which leads into every play without a shift, is one which Little tried to teach his teams at Georgetown for several years. Because he had not perfected the details, or because football-players at Georgetown are more thick-witted than they are at Columbia, the confusion was not confined to appearances and the idea did not work. He began to use it at Columbia a year ago and it has proved its efficiency this season. It has the advantage over a shift of avoiding that momentary pause between the time the shift is completed and the time the ball is passed which gives an opposing team time to adjust its defence to an unbalanced line, a kick formation, or anything else. Columbia's opponents have no way of knowing how to arrange their defence, and when they find out, it is too late to do anything about it.

FOOTBALL coaches, in general, interest us less than anything else about the game, but the credit for Columbia's recently rediscovered football prowess belongs squarely to Little. A tall, burly, slow-spoken Southerner, the most noticeable thing about him is a long, magnificently hooked nose, closely resembling the nose of the bronze lion which also keeps watch over Columbia practice fields. In showing one of his linemen how to make a tackle earlier this season, Little chipped a vertebra in his neck. This accident has since handicapped him in his coaching, though not very severely. At practice, Little goes up to the fifteenth or sixteenth row in the grandstand, where he can supervise the whole field. He directs operations with a megaphone



"Say, Mom, when is Pop gonna do his dive?"



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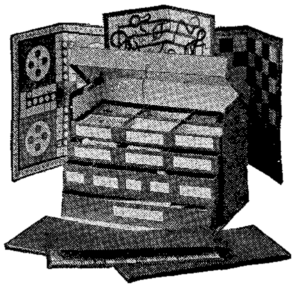

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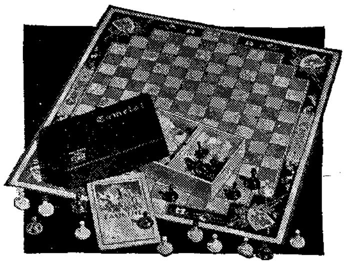

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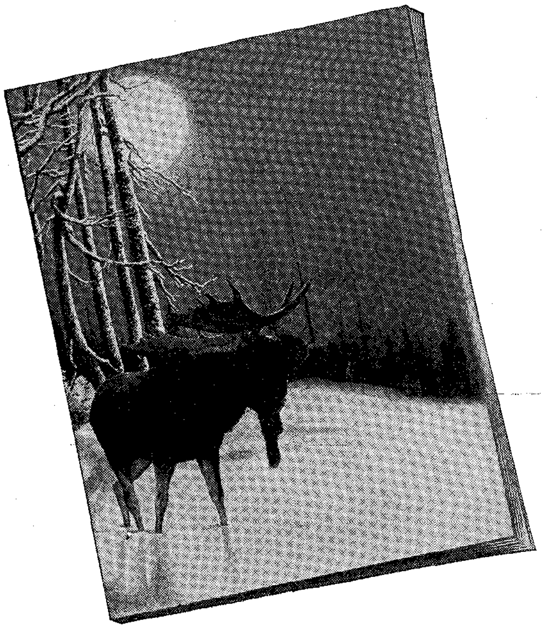

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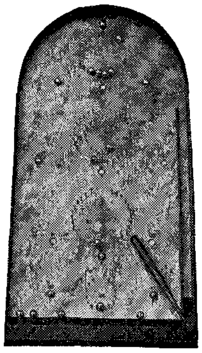

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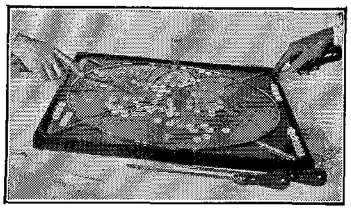

Scram—Off we go on a new and exciting game of word building and association of ideas. A riot of fun for any gathering. Board nicely finished in chromium and lacquer. Complete with instructions. $10

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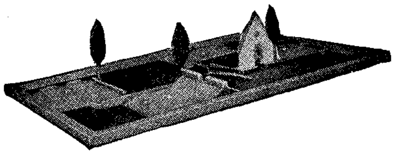
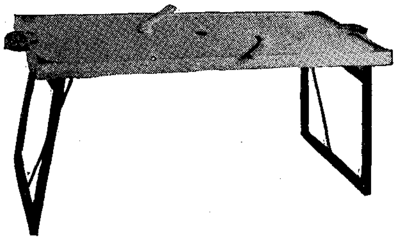


Billiards-Golf—An outstanding novelty golf game. Playing board 39 in. x 59 in., comes in nine sections which fit together over a cloth furnished with the game. Can be played on a dining table. Holes numbered 1 to 9, full instructions with each set. Complete with folding baseboard. $19.50



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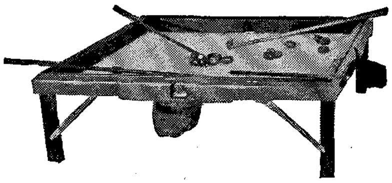

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and never stops shouting. Coming in to the field house after practice, he is as hoarse as a cheer-leader. At games, since he cannot turn his head without turning his whole body, he has a swivel chair placed on the sidelines. When the team played Virginia, he had a line coach, Bill Dudack, sitting in the stands beside a telephone which was connected with the swivel chair. When Dudack thought he saw a lineman who needed to be taken out, or something else which Little might have missed, he called Little up and told him about it.

—R. L. T.

HARVARD spent a busy afternoon at Cambridge playing against two teams: Dartmouth and Harvard. Dartmouth made the game interesting, but it was Harvard, really, that made the victory difficult. Or, in justice to a robust Harvard line, it might be more fair to say that Crickard displayed a fine spirit of impartiality. He made most of Harvard's gains and was also very helpful to Dartmouth, particularly by his handling of Morton's kicks.

The touchdown plays were both exceedingly dramatic: Dartmouth's because it came so suddenly, Harvard's because it was so slow in coming. Wood's pass to Hageman that won the game for Harvard covered fifty yards. Hageman, recognized as a receiver, was alertly covered. He pulled down the pass—a marvellously accurate one, in view of its length—from the only point that the defensive half, running alongside, could not possibly reach.

The Phi Beta Kappa judgment of Barry Wood looked to us, at times, very much like an average one which might have been attained by any Class C mortal. He wasted the strength of his running attack deep in his own territory, and early in the fourth quarter he risked a pass over the goal-line when it would have been better strategy to bury the ball deeper and let Dartmouth kick from the corner rather than from the twenty-yard line. Aside from a quick use of its early opportunities, one goal-line stand, and an occasionally alert defence against passes, Dartmouth didn't show much.

IT will be hard for Harvard to beat Holy Cross and Yale on successive Saturdays. Our hunch is that if the Harvard coaching staff sees things the same way, it will use a second-string team against Holy Cross and have an alibi ready. This undefeated-all-season business is an awful thing to have around anyway.

—G. R. H.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Schwanda, the Pied Bagpiper—Mr. Stokowski Opens a New Hall

"SCHWANDA," the opera by Jaromir Weinberger, who taught music not so far above Cayuga's waters some ten years ago, is one of the more entertaining items in the Metropolitan repertoire. It is a giddy variation on a folk tale, snapped up with contemporary cracks, including a few in English, which the German corps of the Metropolitan thinks necessary to the success of any opera except, perhaps, "Parsifal." The score is full of tunes and the orchestration is loaded with devices that will be the despair of many a radio special arranger. Mr. Urban's settings are smart and the stage direction of the recent Mr. Niedecken-Gebhard has plenty of amusing detail. I can imagine a brighter, more pointed performance of "Schwanda," but the Metropolitan has done well by its first novelty of the season.

The tenor in the case is Babinsky (Mr. Laubenthal), an amorous cutpurse who has a delicate way of leaving one of his cuffs on the premises of wives whose husbands he plans to cuckold. To win the recent bride, Dorota (Mme. Mueller), he induces her husband, Schwanda (Mr. Schorr), to pursue instrumental fame at the court of the Ice Queen (Mme. Branzell). Schwanda is a bagpipe virtuoso, an irresistible musicmaker, a pied bagpiper, if you will.

Schwanda overwhelms the Ice Queen with a polka (the same one with which Mr. Coates used to overwhelm the Stadium attendants), but a Sorcerer (Mr. Andresen) is an obstacle. So is Dorota, who turns up in time to reclaim her wandering minstrel, whose declarations of conjugal virtue so incense the Ice Queen that she orders Mr. and Mrs. Schwanda to be decapitated by the public headsman (Mr. Windheim). Babinsky, who still has an eye for Dorota, substitutes a broom for the snickersnee, and all would be well if Schwanda did not protest too much to his wife. If he has granted the Ice Queen the tiniest favor, may the Devil (Mr. Schuetzendorf) fetch him; and off to Hell he goes, proving that as a matter of fact the way there is paved with trapdoors.

The Hell scene is hot stuff, in many senses. Schwanda declines to pipe for the Devil, who, by the way, reads the *Graphic* while Schwanda sings of his Eurydice (or am I in the wrong opera?). Mr. Schuetzendorf's Devil is one of those perfect affairs that happen at the opera every other decade. He is a suave, self-pitying, pompous, apologetic racketeer. "The Devil," he explains, "has become a poor devil." He has valuable assistance from his stenographer (the ubiquitous Mr. Windheim), who is also a reader of the *Graphic*, and, in his odd moments, a radio listener.

Into Hell comes Babinsky to rescue Schwanda. After pilfering most of the Devil's private plate, he consents to play cards with him (I think it's pinochle, but you probably know better) for Schwanda's soul. The Devil, who is down to solitaire because he always has an ace in his boot and no one in Hell will play with him, cheats, but Babinsky knows about these knavish card tricks and wins.

Here there is an incomprehensible cut, eliminating the dramatic thought that twenty years have passed and that Babinsky still has an interest in Dorota. The finale, therefore, is a quick scene of jubilation, with a slam-bang choral finish. As the clothes that were hanging out to dry in the first scene are still there in the last scene, perhaps twenty years didn't elapse.

IF you are a theme snooper, you will have a good time noting resemblances in the music to such varied masterpieces as "Die Meistersinger," "Salome," "Till Eulenspiegel," the Siegfried Idyll, Ravel's "La Valse," "Faust," "Mein Himmelblaues Bett," and "Nights of Gladness." I'm not especially good at this game, and I have no doubt that many of you will compile a much more impressive list, beginning with "The Bartered Bride."

The important thing about Weinberger's music, however, is that it is entirely faithful to the book, always good theatre, and unfailingly ingenious and euphonious. Mr. Bodanzky conducts it with zeal, and perhaps he will let it ride a bit more ribaldly at subsequent showings. Mr. Schorr, as Schwanda, looks like pictures of Lester Wallack and acts like the Flying

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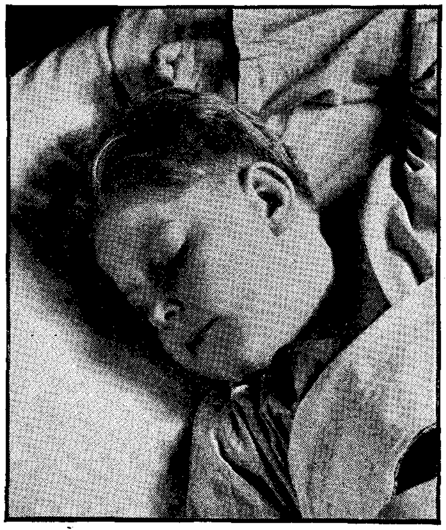

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Dutchman in one of his lighter moments, but he sounds fine, as usual. Mme. Mueller does another of her amusing bumpkinesses, and Mr. Laubenthal goes Dennis King with considerable success, although he isn't always kind to his throat. Mme. Branzell and Mr. Andresen sing wickedly high passages brilliantly, and the ballet cavorts efficiently.

THE dedicatory orchestral concert in the new auditorium of the Juilliard School of Music, up in Claremont Avenue, was pretty much a hit for everybody except those who were packed in the lobby beforehand, trying to ooze in through a single door. The hall is *moderne* but simple; the acoustics seem to be excellent; and the only objection is the blinding overhead lighting on the stage, which can give you a headache in case the performance doesn't.

This first performance, by the combined orchestras of the Juilliard Graduate School and the Institute of Musical Art, had no headaches about it. The conductor was Leopold Stokowski, who outdid even his customary brilliant self, and drew from his youthful associates a remarkable sonority and precision, as well as finesse. The horns and trumpets seemed to be a bit frightened, but the winds are fine and the string section is as good as anybody's.

HANDEL's Water Music, arranged, I take it, by Sir Hamilton Harty, and three of Mr. Stokowski's magnificent Bach transcriptions made up the first half. In the second half there was Rubin Goldmark's Negro Rhapsody, that sturdy work which still is without a peer among similar fantasias, and Robert Russell Bennett's "Abraham Lincoln," a symphony. This Victor prizewinner is one of the most important of American compositions, and I hope to tell you more about it next week, when we'll look at some recent native products. Meanwhile, it's enough to say that it made a curiously right conclusion for a singularly happy occasion.

—R. A. S.

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"Try to Forget" "I'd Be a Fool"
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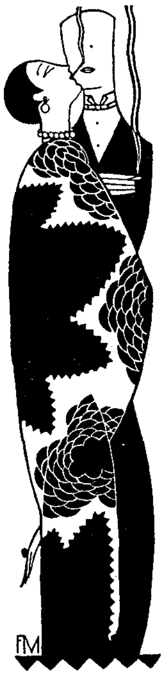
Friends" on disc 2556-D), you may wish to turn to Leslie Hutchinson, the imported article, who records for Parlophone. I don't mean to shove Mr. Hutchinson to the same shelf that our own lachrymose larks occupy, for he was exploiting his gentle baritone before radio press-agents started to make causes out of the Messrs. Crosby and Columbo. Furthermore, Mr. Hutchinson is a pianist comparable to such sources of delight as Milton Rettenberg, Frank Banta, Muriel Pollock, Vee Lawnhurst, and Arthur Schutt. His entertainment is civilized and musical. You may recall his recording of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and in any case you will find joy in his doings with "Time on My Hands" and "I'm Glad I Waited" (Parlophone R 925).

ANOTHER importation which will startle you, if you understand German or can find someone to interpret the text for you, is a ditty called "Jonny," sung inimitably by Marlene Dietrich (Ultraphon A 887). Not only does *die Marlene* come into her own vocally here, but she has the aid and comfort of an orchestra which provides subtle intimations of its own. The director is Peter Kreuder, who so far is only a name. With "Jonny" you will receive "Peter," who is merely "Mon Homme" *unter den Linden;* but "Jonny"—*das ist etwas anderes!*

SHOULD you be dancing these evenings, you may find stimulus in some of these:

CAN'T YOU SEE? and WHEN IT'S SLEEPY TIME DOWN SOUTH—Paul Whiteman



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Let's Drift Away on Dreamer's Bay and Love Letters in the Sand—Victor Young and the Brunswick Orchestra. Dramatic but rhythmic presentations, powerfully arranged. *(Brunswick 6188)*

Good Night, Sweetheart and Who Am I?—Cloverdale Country Club Orchestra. Genuine dance-floor tempi, with low, gracefully amorous scorings. *(Okeh 41523)*

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And kingdoms fall away from kings,
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And Fame and Fortune fly away,
 And Love goes back to Yesterday—
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—Persis Greely Anderson

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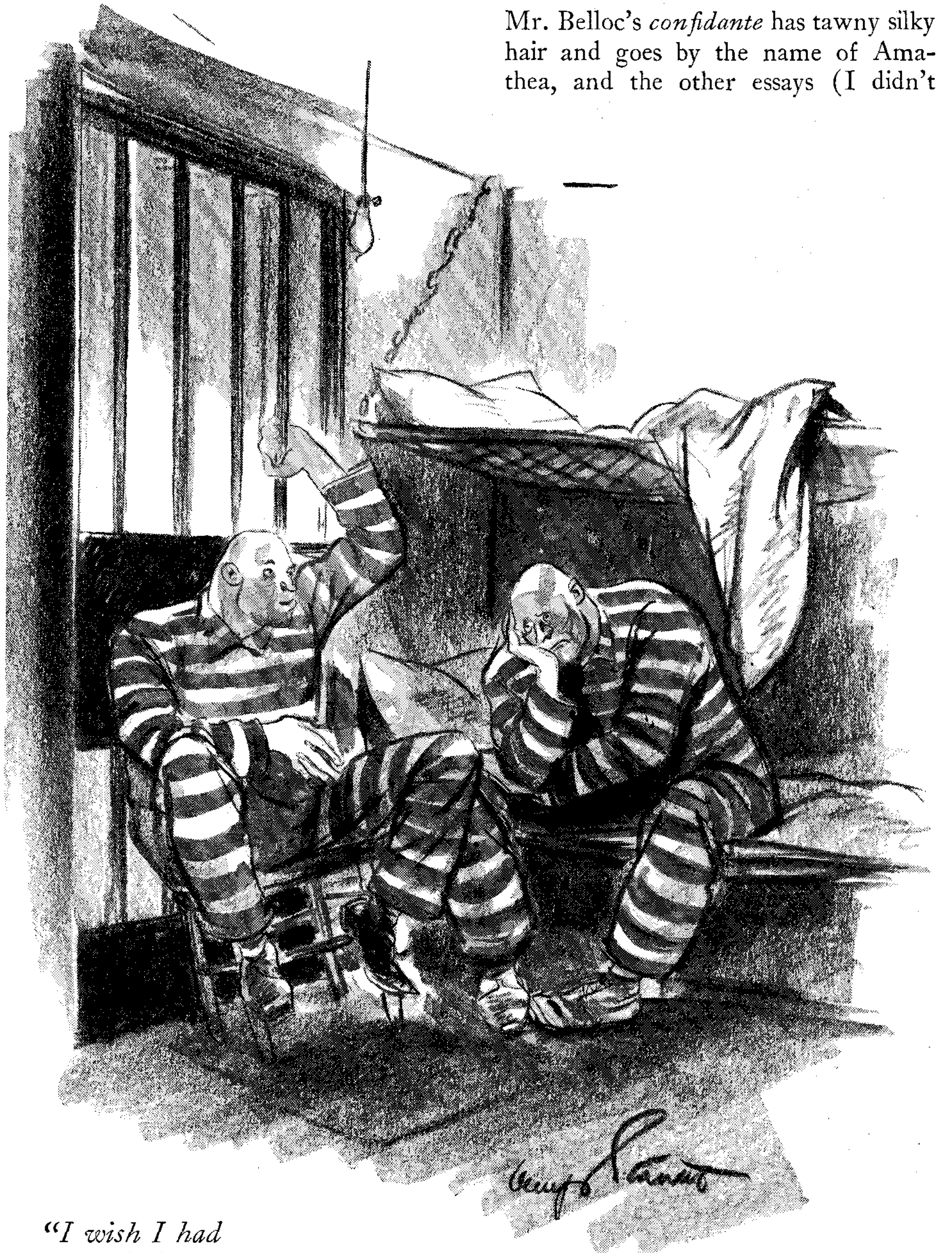
BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

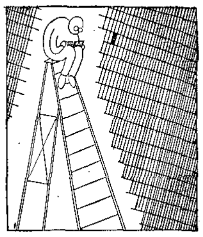
Variety

THE air is simply buzzing with books these days, all by very important people. Some you needn't bother about, however. There's a collection of the late Arnold Bennett's short stories, published by Doubleday, Doran, under the title of "The Night Visitor." They demonstrate, variously, what love is like, how strange is the life of theatrical people, how easy it is for an intelligent man to commit a murder and get away with it; but if published over the signature of anyone less distinguished than Mr. Bennett they would, almost all of them, come obviously under the heading of "Unimportant." For that matter, even over Mr. Bennett's very distinguished signature, they still seem pretty tricky, pretty trivial, pretty—what *is* the word?—unimportant. Why they should be important, of course, is another matter. But Arnold Bennett did write a number of very good books, before writing books got to be too easy a trick for him, and it seems too bad to exhume these lesser things just now.



"I wish I had
a good detective story."

There's also "A Conversation with a Cat—and Others," by Hilaire Belloc, published by Harper, which, for all its flossy silver-paper wrapper, you can let slide without great loss. Of course, this warning may well be just so many words wasted on my part; you probably know the world well enough by now to duck any book that tells of the author's chats with domestic animals. Mr. Belloc's *confidante* has tawny silky hair and goes by the name of Amathea, and the other essays (I didn't need to tell you it was a book of essays, did I?) follow right down the usual groove: "On Making an Omelette," "A Guide to Boring," "On Books as Wares," and so on. Ideal for a gift book, but for nothing much else.



WE come now to "Return I Dare Not," a novel by Margaret Kennedy, published by Doubleday, Doran, which, though of course it's infinitely more readable than these last two, I still found a little disappointing. Or maybe I'm just being captious today; at any rate, I thought her "The Constant Nymph" a very good book, "Red Sky at Morning" even better, and this one rather worse.

It's an odd thing, as to plot, reminding you a little of Max Beerbohm, Maurice Dekobra, P. G. Wodehouse, and Elinor Glyn, mixed, and topped off with a dash of French farce—which you must admit is a pretty confused state for any book to put you in. It has to do with young Hugo Potts, a popular and very successful dramatist, at one of those English weekends-in-the-country. All sorts of things happen. Husbands and wives strike out for freedom; gossip-writers peer through bushes and get drunk in the main hall; titled ladies tell of mad moments when they hired out as chambermaids; a pianist's nose is pulled; a miss of seventeen routs an aged bacchante and wins the object of her affections (who happens to be Hugo Potts), and instantly sends him away for a year of purification, promising to marry him at the end of that period.

Miss Kennedy, it must be admitted, weaves her way through this intricate narrative with considerable grace and skill. She displays her usual ability to make dialogue seem like actual conversation, even at moments of high emotion; particularly, she has that gift, so well employed in "The Constant Nymph," of conveying pathos and delicate renunciation. It seemed to me, however, that she rather overreached herself in an effort to show the irony of trivial lives. Her characters are all either wealthy dilettantes or invitation-grubbing poetasters: the ladies pause at the brink of an elopement to interview

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a new maid; the men postpone sitting down and writing something really Worth While to keep a dinner engagement at Lady So-and-So's. But after a number of brave gestures have been balked by such happenings the process comes to be mechanical, and you follow the development of each succeeding situation half-occupied with wondering what tricky little device Miss Kennedy will use to turn it back to futility again. Moreover, it's a little difficult to figure out precisely how the author's moral emphasis would fall in all this. The only personage she represents as being wholly laudable is an old lady who's very doddering, completely absent-minded, and knows almost nothing at all about anything, anyway. In short, a book like so many nowadays, that's very plausibly written, but very implausibly contrived.

BUT let me see—where was I, and how many more books have I to report on? There's "In My End Is My Beginning," by Maurice Baring, published by Knopf. This is a fictionized life of Mary, Queen of Scots, cast in the form of a collection of memoirs by various of her ladies-in-waiting. It has the advantages, as well as many of the disadvantages, of that style of writing. It wanders, it is diffuse, at times the course of events in the queen's life is completely lost among the jumbled, everyday reminiscences of the supposed authors. On the other hand, one can oneself wander about in it, much as one can in the writings of the old chroniclers themselves, paying more attention to details of dress and of court procedure and to casual anecdotes than to the historic happenings related. All this, of course, was intentional on Mr. Baring's part, and it must be said that he has succeeded admirably in his purpose: the book has the very flavor of the writings of the time it deals with. I think you'd enjoy it, if only as a historical *tour de force,* though you'll surely never read

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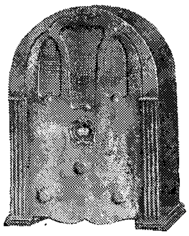

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it through, enthralled, at one sitting.

Then we have "American Tramp and Underworld Slang," by Godfrey Irwin, published by Sears, which I recommend to those who are interested in having a dictionary of modern jargon. It's quite complete, and very up-to-date—which is, of course, the main thing, for no such compendium of any authority that I know of has appeared in more than a decade. Under the circumstances, however, I could wish that Mr. Irwin had gone a little more deeply into his subject, particularly with regard to derivations of his terms.

THERE remain "Sins of America," by Edward Van Every, published by Stokes, a companion volume to "Sins of New York," both being cullings from the exciting pages of the *Police Gazette* of bygone years—nowhere near as good as the first one, but very amusing nevertheless; and "Old Waldorf Bar Days," by Albert Stevens Crockett, published by the Aventine Press, offering a collection of anecdotes about the strident and gaudy fellows who frequented that famous taproom and, more interesting still, a compendium of recipes for the drinks they had there. Also, I might just call your attention to "Illustrated Magic," by Ottokar Fischer, published by Macmillan. There's a rather discouraging chapter, with diagrams and pictures, describing the secret pockets, hidden hooks, and other gadgets the amateur magician should fit his dress clothes with before sallying out of an evening, but even if parlor tricks aren't in your line, you may be interested in his exposés of stunts of the professionals. Who knows? It may start you to mystifying people with matchboxes, too.

—R. M. C.

READERS of THE NEW YORKER may be interested to know that Doubleday, Doran have just published "The Fourth New Yorker Album," a collection of drawings appearing in this magazine during the past year.

•

MAYFLOWERSKI

The Cabots speak only to Lowells
In the land of the succulent cod.
And the Woods who call signals at
Harvard,
And sport on the stadium sod,
Pass only to Nazros, Schereschewskys,
Pescosolidos, Moushegians, and
other good blonds on the squad.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

I DRINK COFFEE but I don't count sheep

I have always been a lover of fine coffee, but for years I could not drink it without lying awake till the wee, small hours. Then one evening a considerate hostess served Cafe des Invalides. Now I drink all the coffee I want—and my sheep-counting nights are over.

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WHEN we realized that the depression had settled down with us like an out-of-town relation, my husband and I talked things over seriously and decided that private schools were off the budget. At the moment we made the decision, we had no thought save economy. One doesn't get all the subtle and far-reaching implications of going to public school at the first crack.

"Boys," we broke the news, "you're going to public school this year."

"Not," said Bud, with significant emphasis, "in these pants."

For years the Popkin children had been set apart from the neighbors' children by details of knickers worn out at the knees and slipping down, neckties pulled under ears, balloon-tire socks, scuffed shoes with broken laces. ("I know, Mrs. Sullivan, they look like tramps, but that's the new freedom. You ought to see the children at the Walden School. These children are positively immaculate by comparison. And the Lincoln School, where Rockefeller's children go. I'll bet there isn't a polished shoe in the whole place. Don't talk to me about it. Talk to John Dewey. Free a child's feet and his larynx and you unfetter his mind. It's not sloppiness, it's progressive education.") But that's all over now. We'll show everyone that a Popkin child can be the sartorial equal of a Sullivan any day of the week.

I DON'T know what gave us the notion that tidy knickers and shoes were the only requirements for admission to public school. Actually, you first begin to realize the duties of citizenship and the responsibilities of parenthood when you induct a child into the system. It isn't enough to show them the children, with the right number of vaccination marks. There must be documentary proof of every-

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thing. With no notion of the consequences, we brought home the records.

The offspring pounced on the papers.

"What're these?"

"Your birth certificates."

"Where does it say us?"

I indicated the properly filled-in spaces.

They paled and then burst into wild hysterical mirth.

They chorused: "Nobody *ever* calls us those." "I'm Bud. He's Sambo."

A terrible thought broke upon Sambo. We could see him struggling manfully with a trembling upper lip.

"They won't *really* call us those?" he faltered.

We conceded the possibility.

"But we can't even spell them," he wailed.

"Everything's going to be different in public school. Naturally, you'll be called by your real names and not by your nicknames. The public schools are part of the government of the City of New York, and you wouldn't want to get familiar with the City of New York, would you?"

"I LIKE public school," Sambo ventured after his first day. "It's like going to the movies. You stand in line outside. And then they open the doors and you rush for seats. I got one way up front."

"They think we're funny," Bud said, "because we didn't have neckties on. Everybody had a necktie except us. Teacher said I couldn't come back unless I had one. You have to have a necktie to study your geography. And my teacher's name is Miss Ibex. I told her I knew how to spell it from cross-word puzzles and she got red in the face. She says we have to call her both names: Miss Ibex."

"We write with ink," Sambo's voice was boastful. "See my fingers and my shirt. I wrote with ink this morning. I have to have a penmanship."

"There were some words on a wall," Bud went on, dreamily. "They were the words Howard used to say at the other school that you thought were vulgar. The penmanship on them was very good."

THE days having multiplied into weeks, Sambo and Bud have become adept at writing with ink and standing in line. There's *sir*ing and *ma'am*ing all over the place and the overhead for brown shoe-polish is simply terrific.

But what's happened to us isn't as simple and superficial as that. The significant thing is that Dewey and Watson simply don't mean a thing around our house any more. Alfred Adler and Sigmund Freud are just ghosts out of a troubled past. The boys haven't time for the new freedom now. They've got homework to do and lines to stand in at 8:40 and 12:50. And we, we have discipline. We have a house just oozing discipline. No more of this hazardous business of treating your children as equals for us. They respect us now. They tremble at our approach. They'd better! Just let them get familiar! The principal's office, Superintendant O'Shea, Mayor Walker, the Board of Aldermen, and the government of the United States stand solidly behind us, to a man, when we tell the offspring it's time to go to bed. And no more of this wondering whether John Broadus Watson would O.K. the tone of our voice.

I don't know why we never found it out before, but the public schools make being a parent a soft sweet snap. It's Miss Ibex and not I who worries them about washing ears and cleaning fingernails. That's what we pay taxes for. I don't have to say "Drink your milk now, Bud and Sambo." It's on a printed slip from the principal's office. You have to do what you're told to do. You simply have to, or—or somebody will take your name down and report you. What's more, we haven't torn a sock or lost a blouse button, and I'll back the condition of our family's knickers against any knickers in the block. We know about the Westerly Wind and Who Was a Friend of the Negroes After the Civil War and we write "pro" and "quo" and "div" after our arithmetic examples. That's education for you! Wonderful institution, our public-school system! —ZELDA F. POPKIN

•

After a vacation of five years, Mr. F. E. Barr is again on the mechanical staff of the News.—*Zephyrhills (Fla.) News.*

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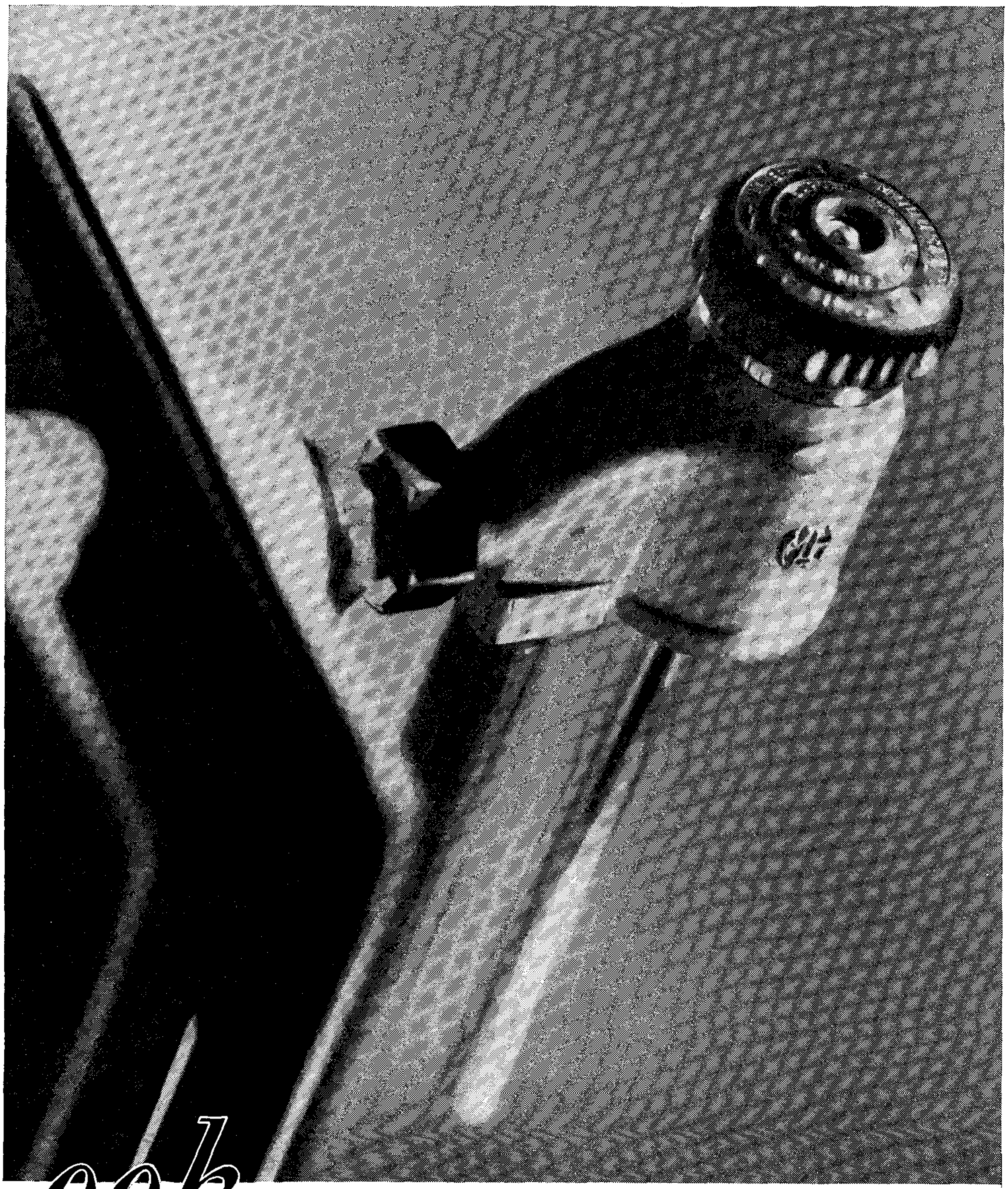

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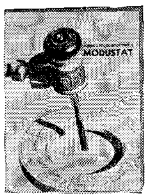

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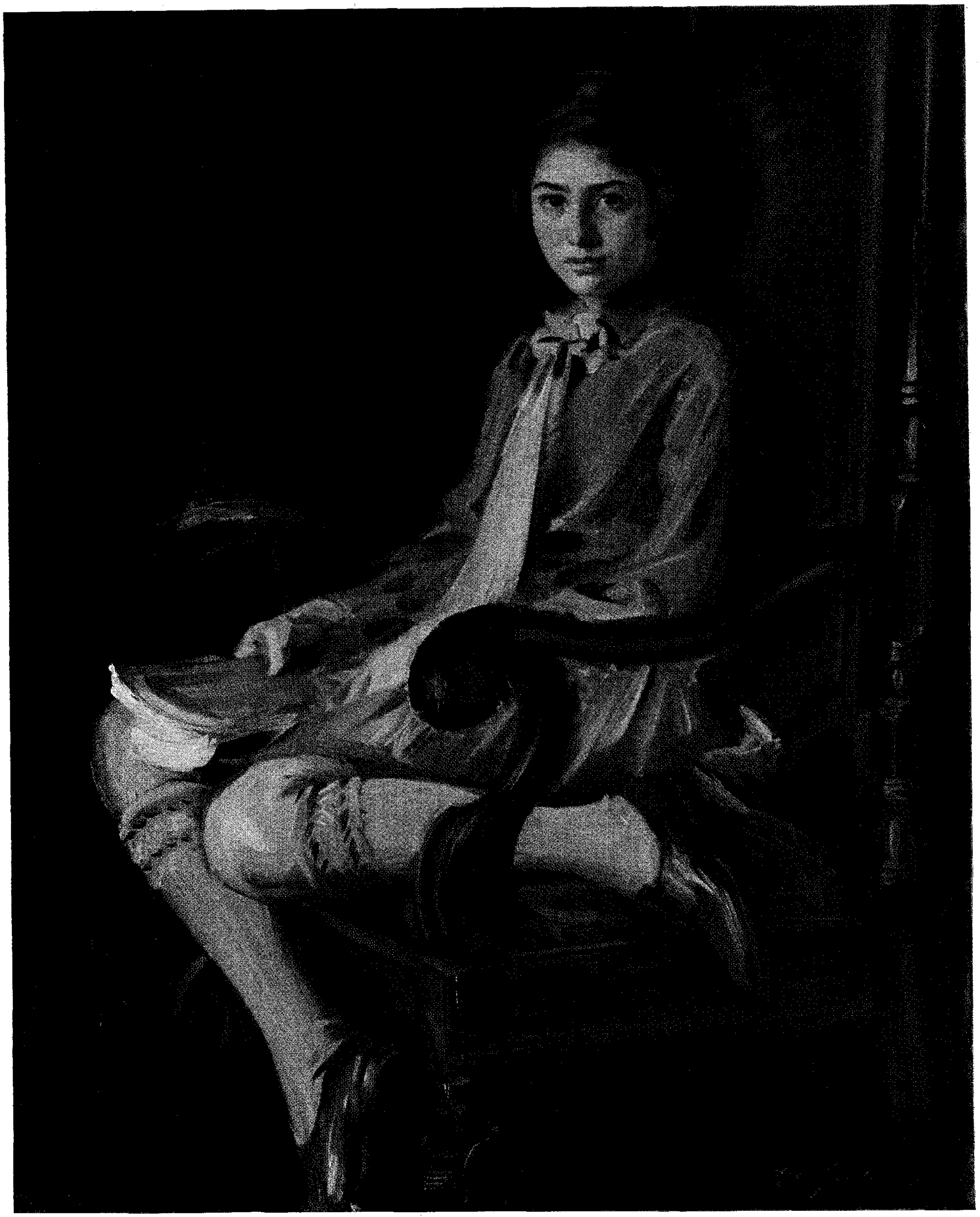

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